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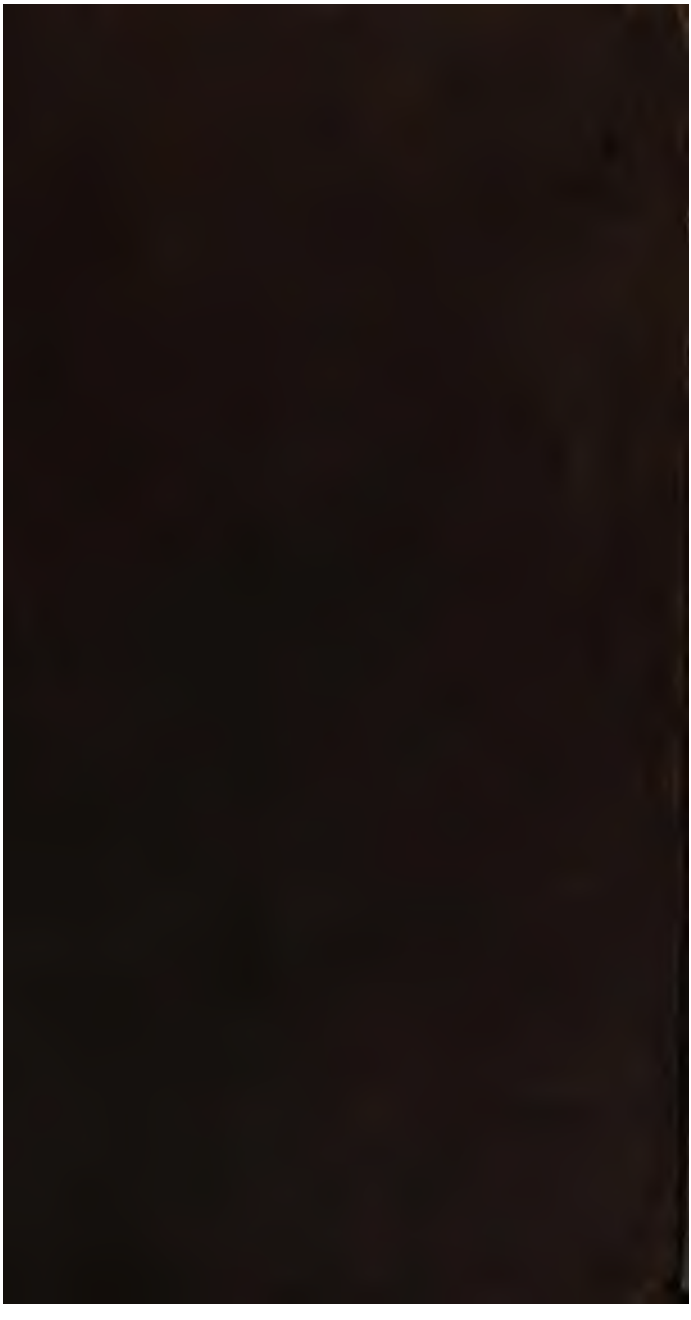

2765 f. 109

Annie Cotter

Anne THE Kearny

MODERN MONITOR;

OR,

FLYN's SPECULATIONS.

THE SECOND EDITION.

CORK:

Printed by WILLIAM FLYN, at the *Shakespear*, near the Exchange.

M,DCC,LXXI.

BODLEIAN
24 3 1913
LIBRARY

TO

MRS. ELIZABETH GRAY.

MADAM,

WE requeſt the liberty of introducing to the public, under the ſanction of your name, the following collection of little eſſays, to which, in their ſcattered ſtate, you were pleaſed to give ſome very flattering marks of your approbation

approbation. The design was new among us, the purpose good, and your usual candor made every due allowance for the haste in which they were necessarily written. The principal object of their intention was the female world. We wished to amuse them with innocence; to rally with that respectful delicacy to which they ever are intitled, and sometimes perhaps to steal in a sentiment which might set the heart right without the insolence of precept. Our first and great desire indeed was to see the whole sex as like as possible to a certain amiable original, which every person, who has the honour of your intimacy, must admire. If our sketches have any merit, it must be imputed to the excellence of this model. A fine understanding, graced by the most polished manners; a genuine elegance of sentiment and taste, corresponding with the most pleasing form,

and

and united to every virtue that can command eſteem, or captivate affection. Had the work not been interrupted by ſome inevitable accidents, it might perhaps have been more worthy of your protection; but, as it is, it affords Us this pleaſing opportunity of declaring ourſelves,

with the moſt perfect regard,

MADAM,

your moſt obedient,

humble ſervants,

The AUTHORS.

THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE following papers having met with general applauſe on their appearance in the HIBERNIAN CHRONICLE, I have been encouraged to ſend them into the world in a collected, and more permanent form.

As I have no ſhare in them, but merely that of an Editor, I may be allowed to ſay that, in the opinion of perſons of the moſt critical taſte, they have happily touched the true manner of an eſſay, ſo often and unſucceſsfully attempted. The ſentiments are original; the moral ſteals pleaſingly on the reader; the humour is eaſy, cloſe, and natural; the raillery of falſe politeneſs and modiſh foibles is ſupported with a ſpirited delicacy, and a variety of fancy, equal to any thing of the ſame kind in the *Spectators*; and the ſtile, through the whole, has perhaps more accuracy, harmony, and neatneſs than is generally to be met with, even in thoſe celebrated compoſitions.

The reader will pleaſe to conſider them as only the ſketch, or outline, of a more extenſive plan, formed by ſome ingenious perſons among ourſelves; interrupted by the death of one, (ever to be regretted by all who knew him!) and the indiſpoſition and unforeſeen avocations of others—Soon *perhaps to be reſumed.*

Of

Of the authors I have leave to ſay but little. The papers marked W. F, L, Y, N, were written by one Gentleman; thoſe marked Z. M. O. Q. with the paper on Card-playing, and the letter from P. Q. by another. No. 34, 42, and 46, are effuſions of fancy for which I am indebted to a very amiable Lady, as I am to her fair friend for the communication of the poetical favour, No. 54. To another worthy and ingenious Lady I owe the letter in No. 39; and to a fourth, the valuable epiſtle from *Thaleſtris*, ſufficient to make every reader regret that even an exemplary attention to an extenſive circle of domeſtic duties ſhould prevent the more frequent uſe of ſo animated and elegant a pen.

For No. 53 and 58, two papers of uncommon merit, I have reaſon to think I am obliged to a Lady in the city of *Limerick*.

No. 41 had been publiſhed not long ſince in a Dublin Magazine, but, in the abſence of the Author, I took the liberty of inſerting it in my paper. Some few eſſays, being on ſubjects of a local and temporary nature, though extremely well written, I have been induced to omit, for which I hope the much eſteemed writers will excuſe me.

I have given a Tranſlation of the Mottoes for the ſatisfaction of the Engliſh reader; but, that it may not offend a claſſical taſte, I have detached it from the original, which muſt always have a peculiar beauty, incapable of a verſion without being injured.

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THE

THE MODERN MONITOR; OR, FLYN's SPECULATIONS.

No. 1. Monday, March 26, 1770.

—— Aliquid jamdudum invadere magnum
Mens agitat Mihi, nec placida contenta quiete eſt.
VIRG.

WHEN I determined to publiſh the HIBERNIAN CHRONICLE, my view was to entertain my readers with ſomething above the common run of news papers. I conſidered them as ſo many gueſts, for whom it was both my intereſt and inclination, to provide every diſh which the place and ſeaſon could afford, ſo as that every one may be pleaſed. A perpetual round of political anecdotes, and a conſtant re-publication of incidents, either falſe or nugatory, ſeemed to me no proper food for the palates of many friends to whoſe approbation I aſpired; and I imagined that an intermixture of little eſſays, on any uſeful or amuſing ſubject, would be an agreeable relief from that tedious ſameneſs, which clogs and diſcredits the periodical publications in this part of the kingdom.

I was the more encouraged to form ſuch a deſign, as I have had many opportunities of knowing, that, tho' we are a commercial people, a proper reliſh for matters of taſte and literature is far from being deficient among us. All books of eminence meet with a ready demand. Profeſſors of uſeful ſciences are encouraged. The company of men of learning and genius is ſought after, and a polite attention paid to them, very different from that ignorant roughneſs, and illiberal reſerve, by which other trading places are diſtinguiſhed. Indeed it would not be eaſy to find, in any town of equal ſize, ſo many perſons engaged in commerce, who have had a liberal education; and among thoſe who are without that advantage, a good will towards letters generally prevails, and a zealous deſire of repairing the deficiency by proportionable application. This diſpoſition among my fellow-citizens is gaining daily ground, and with pleaſure I can ſay, that the peruſal of our beſt Engliſh authors forms a conſiderable ſhare of our relaxations from the fatigue of buſineſs.

From conſidering theſe circumſtances, I was induced to hope that my plan would not only meet with the public approbation, but alſo be conſiderably and promptly aſſiſted. In the firſt article I have ſucceeded beyond my moſt ſanguine expectation; and I am ſincerely grateful for the very kind and ſingular degree of encouragement with which I have been honoured. Indeed I have reaſon to be more particularly thankful, as I have had but a few occaſional opportunities of deſerving the favour of the *public*, by preſenting them with any original eſſays.

Some

Some, indeed, I have received worthy of a place in the beſt collection; and that they have not been more frequent, is owing, I am convinced, more to the timidity of young eſſayiſts, than to any other cauſe. The novelty of ſuch matters in this city is a great diſcouragement. A kind of falſe modeſty prevails, and a terrible apprehenſion of being even ſuſpected of committing any thing to the preſs. To obviate all theſe difficulties and take upon me the whole odium of the deſign, I have determined to commence author myſelf, and open the field of Speculation.

This reſolution may appear, at firſt ſight, to be a bold one, and occaſion many jeſts at my expence; as my capital for ſuch a branch of buſineſs may be doubted. But I muſt beg leave to inform my readers, that I am by no means abſolutely unqualified for ſuch an undertaking. There is nothing more common than to ſee the apothecary, from ſitting in the midſt of the *Materia Medica*, become ſuddenly a very uſeful practitioner in phyſic. I have been, all my life ſurrounded with literature; and, beſides imbibing the effluvia of my books, being always curious, and ſometimes idle, I have frequently had recourſe to their inſides, for an addition to my ſtock of knowledge. A zealous aſſiduity will do a great deal; and I have run through moſt of the eminent writers in our language, not without gleaning conſiderably as I paſſed. My ideas, it is true, are very miſcellaneous, and not as regularly claſſed as in more ſcholaſtic heads; yet perhaps they may not be the leſs amuſing. I have ſkimmed the ſurface of divinity, poetry, ethics, hiſtory, criticiſm, travels, fables, trade, law, logic *and romance; all* which, mixing odly in my brain,

may produce ſomething like originality. I feel indeed, a kind of literary *Plethora*, from which I muſt endeavour to relieve myſelf. If I have any deficiency, it is in the learned languages, of which, I am ſorry to ſay, I know no more, than the general tendency of a few Latin ſentences, which I have happened to collect from tranſlations. Theſe, however, ſhall be made the moſt of, and prefixed as mottos to my papers, as long as my ſtock will laſt. On the whole, I hope to prove at leaſt a good recruiting officer; and, tho' I ſtand ſingle at firſt, to have about me in a ſhort time a little army of eſſayiſts.

I am, at all events, entitled to that indulgence which a new and ſpirited attempt deſerves, and to that protection which is due to a ſincere deſire of pleaſing. On this principle I expect, that, when I grow dull, the man of taſte will pardon me; the ladies, when I am prolix; and the ſcholar, when I offend againſt the niceties of *Louth*. All ſuch errors muſt be placed to the account of inability. But, when I deſignedly tranſgreſs againſt truth, delicacy, or good nature, I ſhall neither deſerve nor deſire to be forgiven.

Let it not however be underſtood that I mean to rely entirely on my own ſtrength. My intention is to ſet an example for abler heads to improve on, and to open a regular channel through which the effuſions of better geniuſes may flow. I wiſh to be the means of giving life and being to thoſe many valuable articles of knowledge, which may otherwiſe go to the grave with the poſſeſſors. Several there are among us, who are fully equal to the taſk of improving and amuſing the public, if they but knew their own powers. Every one who thinks, as well as reads, muſt have formed

formed many peculiar obſervations on the ſubjects of ſcience, and ſeveral juſt and entertaining remarks in the way of criticiſm; and it is hardly poſſible for a perſon of good ſenſe, to be daily converſant in the world, without ſeeing ſome thing new in the theory of the human heart, and forming many uſeful inferences from the variety of life and manners. Theſe may indeed be too much ſcattered and unconnected to be ſhaped into a regular treatiſe; but in the form of a ſhort eſſay, would make their appearance to the public with every advantage. Little compoſitions of this kind claim an exemption from rigid rules, which gives free play to the fancy, and takes off that anxiety after method, which has ruined many productions, and prevented many more. To bury a talent, or keep ſecreted any thing, howſoever minute, that can tend to make others wiſer, happier, or better, is inconſiſtent with a liberal and feeling mind; and where the chief difficulty of compoſition is removed by the nature of the plan, and the author is ſecured from all poſſibility of public knowledge, I cannot but hope that neither diffidence, indolence, nor diſſipation, will prevent the due exertion of abilities.

This method of publication I therefore open to the ingenious of all claſſes and denominations, and call earneſtly on them to ſupport my infant ſcheme. The invidious name of author I take entirely to myſelf. A receptacle for any favours ſent to me ſhall be provided, as private as can be deſired; ſo that each perſon may avow as much of his performances as he chuſes, and no more. If he finds by the public voice, that he had overvalued his production, let it be laid at my door: if applauſe ſhould give a ſanction

to his fondneſs, I ſhall readily acknowledge the real parent.

For their own ſakes, as well as mine, I requeſt that my readers of both ſexes will endeavour to acquire a habit of committing their thoughts to paper. There is no one act of the mind, by which it ſtrengthens itſelf ſo much, as by compoſition. It gives a facility of arranging the ideas, and forming the expreſſion. Nay, in the very attempt, we find new lights breaking in on the ſubject; and while we ſtrive to impart our ſentiments to others, we extend and improve them in ourſelves. Nor do its good effects reſt here; for it inſenſibly transfuſes correctneſs, fluency and elegance into common converſation. YOUNG very juſtly ſays,

Good ſenſe will ſtagnate; thoughts ſhut up want air;
And ſpoil like bales unopen'd to the Sun.

Mere readers are, in fact, no more than pupils, or apprentices to knowledge; nor will they ever be better, if they have not ſpirit enough to reach their hands to the materials, and attempt to give them ſome form. The firſt efforts may be laborious; the next will be eaſier; and the pleaſure gradually ſpringing from every happy ſtroke of the pen will ſoon repay their toil, and give them ſpirit to proceed.

Let it not be ſaid that ſubjects are exhauſted. The beſt eſtabliſhed truths may be placed in new lights, and receive additional beauty from variety. In every ſcience, a boundleſs field of inquiry lies open; and to works of fancy no limits can be aſſigned. There is no place, nor time that does not afford a peculiar growth of little foibles and follies, for the gentle *hand of* good natured raillery to pull up; and every

uſeful

uſeful art admits of daily improvements, which not only deſerve, but demand, to be made public. In the midſt of ſuch abundance, it is impoſſible that my ſcheme ſhould ſtarve. I am convinced I ſhall be chearfully ſupported, nor have I the leaſt doubt, but that the name of Flyn will become as eminent in the annals of literature, as that of Dodsley or Richardson. L.

No. 2. Thurſday, March 29, 1770.

Non uſitata, nec tenui ferar
Penna, biformis per liquidum æthera
Vates; neque in terris morabor
Longius——— Hor.

I AM convinced there is not in the world ſo happy a creature as a young author. The miſer over his gold, the victor in his triumph, nay, the lover with his miſtreſs, are nothing to him. He feels a kind of inſtinctive delight in his productions, ſuperior to that of the fondeſt parent; and at the ſame time a degree of pride and exultation, which no other ſtate can afford. For my part, I confeſs myſelf ſo happy, that I make no doubt but my circumſtances will be hurt, and my conſtitution ruined by it. I do not recollect to have ſlept two hours ſince the publication of my firſt paper, nor have I taken four ounces of food. I am told I look very thin, but then I am ſo alert, ſo civil, ſo inconſiſtent, ſo good-humoured, and ſo abſent, that nothing can be like it. The one dear idea takes entire poſſeſſion of *me*, and keeps me in the conſtant complacency

placency of a happy lover. I ſpend the day in reading, and the night in reviewing, comparing, and digeſting in my mind, the materials for future ſpeculations. A tinder-box lies always by my bed-ſide, and the moment a lucky thought occurs, I leap out, ſtrike a light, and inſtantly commit it to paper. This however, happens ſo frequently in the courſe of a night, that my wife, who has no ſhare in my raptures, complains of being half killed by them. When I accoſt any one, eſpecially thoſe of my own fraternity, I feel an unſpeakable ſenſation of conſcious ſuperiority, and while I ſmile with the complacency of a man of letters, I ſwell with all the inward dignity of an author. My firſt production is for ever in my pocket, and I have peruſed it ſo often that I have fairly worn out a dozen copies. In ſhort, I am rapt in that happy enthuſiaſm which keeps me, as it were, in the air, above the heads of the crowd. I am in a kind of delicious dream, from which no conſideration ſhould tempt me to awake, and which, I hope, the kind ſupport of my friends will enable me to preſerve.

Since my acceſſion to this eminent ſtation, I have received ſeveral letters of congratulation and compliment, but filled with ſentiments too flattering for my modeſty to publiſh. One only, as it contains other matters, I ſhall preſent to my readers.

To Mr. FLYN.

"SIR,

"Your taking poſſeſſion of the author's chair, affords univerſal ſatisfaction to the town, and the "ſpirit with which you begin, gives us full aſſurance "that you will fill it with the utmoſt dignity. It "might have long continued vacant, had you not, like "*another* CROMWELL, emerged from your privacy,

and

" and vaulted boldly into the ſeat. We ſalute and " congratulate you, Sir, on this event, and hail you " protector of the republic of letters, under whoſe " auſpices we foreſee the revival of taſte and genius! " nor will we be content with mere formal aſſuran- " ces, but prove our attachment to your adminiſtra- " tion, by our zealous ſupport of it, and a chearful " payment of thoſe juſt tributes and aſſiſtances, which " you ſo graciouſly require of us."

" Yet permit us, Sir, to mention that the want of " ſecrecy in the method of conveyance is a great diſ- " couragement to many of your friends, who have " a ſtrong inclination to try their hands at writing. " A maiden author is full of fears and wiſhes. Con- " ſcious of his clandeſtine intercourſe with wit, he " thinks that every eye is on him; and while he pants " to be happy, he dreads detection. We therefore " requeſt you will be pleaſed to conſider the premiſ- " es, and appoint ſome public reſervoir for our con- " tributions, where we may depoſite them without " apprehenſion."

" Old *Neſtor Ironſides*, of famous memory, erected " for this purpoſe, at *Button*'s coffee-houſe, a lion's " head, with his jaws open for the reception of litera- " ry nouriſhment. The produce of that animal's ſto- " mach was ſo well digeſted, that we humbly recom- " mend the experiment to you, and hope you will " oblige us, by exhibiting ſome ſuch creature, in a " place where he may be fed by ſtealth, and his be- " nefactors remain unknown. We ſubmit this expe- " dient, with all due deference, to your conſiderati- " on, and are, Sir, &c.

A. B. C. D. &c. &c."

This

This propoſal took immediate poſſeſſion of my brain; but I ſoon ſaw many objections to it. In the firſt place it was an imitation too ſervile for my abilities. My taſte too was offended, as I did not ſee either nature or allegory preſerved, in making a letter-box of a lion's maw. Beſides, I thought that an animal ſo ferocious, was fitter to be crammed with battles, duels, and bloody murders, than with the ſoft complaints of love, the gay flights of fancy, or the calm pacific diſquiſitions of morality, criticiſm, or metaphyſics. On the whole, therefore, I determined againſt the lion.

How to do better was now the queſtion. Many ſchemes occurred and were rejected. But at laſt, two gentlemen who came into my ſhop, happening to mention a curious antique which was found in the ruins of *Herculaneum*, ſtarted a thought that went to bed with me, and kept me awake all night. I purſued it through a variety of improvements, until, a little before day, I fixed upon this plan. I will provide, thought I, a kind of quadruple figure carved in one intire block, ſomething like this antique, which conſiſt of a *Satyr*, a *Meduſa*, a [illegible] placed back to back, and [illegible] municate with a draw[illegible] on a neat pedeſtal in the Ex[illegible] Co[illegible] ho[illegible]. My *Satyr*'s ears ſhall be perforated for the reception of little Eſſays, and his grin will procure me an [illegible]ing miſcellany. Not only the men of wit and humour, but every one who takes ill-nature for the one and ribaldry for the other; who imagines [illegible] to be repartee, ſneering to be fine taſte, and [illegible] to be raillery, will drop his contribution here.

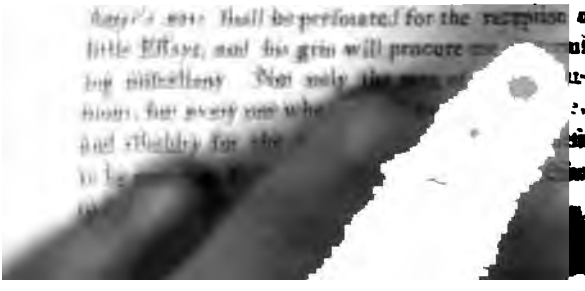
In a climate like this, the *Meduſa* cannot fail of her attractions. Her viſage ſhall be horror and deſpair. The gloomy, the hypochondriac, the envious, the jealous, the diſcontented, will naturally chuſe her as their reſervoir; and her jaws ſhall be invitingly diſtended for the complaints of the many real, and many more imaginary, evils of life.

My *Sphynx* ſhall have an orifice in her breaſt for the reception of rebuſes, riddles, and connumdrums, for anagrams and acroſtics, puzling problems, explanations of myſteries, and eſſays on free will and predeſtination. Indeed on the principle laid down by a writer * in my ſhop, to wit, that every thing here and hereafter is an enigma, this monſter of mine may, with propriety, be made a vehicle for univerſal intelligence.

To my *Venus* will flow all matters relative to love, or human happineſs; to tenderneſs and benevolence, to poetry, muſic, painting, to every fine art, to every generous ſentiment, every elegant feeling, and every real pleaſure. To her I ſhall be indebted for my moſt valuable acquiſitions; and for the reception of them, ſhe ſhall have a ſmall neat fiſſure in her *occiput*. In ſhort, I fell quite in love with this idea; until it ſuddenly ſtruck me, that, to effect my purpoſe, I ſhould be obliged to leave the cavity of the ſcull entirely empty. This in an inſtant daſhed my whole ſcheme to the ground; and I rejected, with diſdain, a plan, which could, even emblematically, give offence to the moſt valuable, as well as moſt beautiful, part of the creation.

In this perplexity I aroſe, and went to breakfaſt; when a friend of mine, who teaches the mathema-

* *Hume.* tics,



In a climate like this, the *Meduſa* cannot fail of her attractions. Her viſage ſhall be horror and deſpair. The gloomy, the hypochondriac, the envious, the jealous, the diſcontented, will naturally chuſe her as their reſervoir; and her jaws ſhall be invitingly diſtended for the complaints of the many real, and many more imaginary, evils of life.

My *Sphynx* ſhall have an orifice in her breaſt for the reception of rebuſes, riddles, and c[illegible] numdrums, for anagrams and acroſtics, puzling [illegible]blems, explanations of myſteries, and eſſays on [illegible] will and predeſtination. Indeed on the prin[illegible] laid down by a w[illegible]* my ſhop, to wi[illegible] thing here [illegible] enj[illegible] after of min[illegible] pr[illegible] made [illegible]cle for univer[illegible]

T[illegible] all ma[illegible]ve to love, o[illegible] pinels; to re[illegible] benevolence, to poe[illegible] muſ[illegible] every generou[illegible] every real pleaſu[illegible] indebted [illegible] my moſt valua[illegible], and for the reception of them, [illegible] ſmall neat fiſſure in her *occiput*. In ſho[illegible] fell quite in love with this idea; until it ſuddenly ſtruck me, that, to effect my purpoſe, I ſhould be obliged to leave the cavity of the ſcull entirely empty. This in an inſtant daſhed my whole [illegible]e to the ground; and I rejected, with diſdain, [illegible]n, which could, even emblematically, give of[illegible] to the moſt valuable, as well as moſt beauti[illegible]art of the creation.

[illegible] this perplexity I aroſe, and went to breakfaſt; [illegible] friend of mine, who teaches the mathema-

* *Hume.* [illegible]tics,

mutual confidence and credit, and property transferred with an eaſe and diſpatch, which threw ſhame on the tedious perplexities and forms of law. The banker, the merchant, the manufacturer, and the countryman, were reciprocally exchanging their ſuperfluities; each individual was accommodating others, by ſerving himſelf, and all, through different paths, were inſenſibly concurring to promote the general welfare. This ſpeculation raiſed me at laſt, to a pleaſing kind of enthuſiaſm. Every man appeared to me to be employed like the builders of a riſing *Carthage*, as deſcribed by *Virgil*; and laying the foundation of the future riches and dignity of a city, on which Providence has been indulgently pleaſed to beſtow ſo happy a ſituation.

This train of thought took ſuch poſſeſſion of my fancy, that when I came to take my evening's nap by the fire-ſide, it continued ſtill to operate, and produced a kind of confuſed dream, which I ſhall endeavour to methodize, and preſent to my readers.

I fancied myſelf replaced in my former ſtation on the Exchange, with the ſame objects ſtill before me. When, on a ſudden, the whole croud, with a prodigious noiſe, burſt forward like a torrent, and ruſhed out at the Weſtern-door. I found myſelf hurried with them. The town on that ſide had totally diſappeared, and the fine landſcape up the river was laid open to the view. At a conſiderable diſtance before us, aroſe a magnificent ſtructure. The walls ſeemed to be of ſilver, and, by an inſcription in golden characters on the cupola, we found it to be the PALACE OF COMMERCE. To gain this inviting manſion ſeemed to be the wiſh of all. The direct

rect and natural avenue to it was wide and ſmooth, but the entrance was guarded by a Being of a formidable appearance. A grim lion attended him as a companion. He brandiſhed in one hand a dreadful ſword, and in the other a pair of maſſy fetters. Under his feet lay a broken harp; and, from the creſt of his helmet, waved a roll of parchment, inſcribed The Laws of Navigation. Being unable to diſpute with ſo terrible a phantom, we were glad to turn to the left, in ſearch of a ſafer road. Here we were met by a figure of great ſtrength and ſtature who offered himſelf as our conductor. He was habited like a Hollander. His perſon was robuſt and coarſe; his viſage rough and ſun-burned, and his aſpect generous tho' auſtere. In one hand he held a plough, and, in the other, the top-maſt of a ſhip. This proved to be the Genius of Industry. He led us into a road ſufficiently wide, but the aſſent was difficult. and the way covered with impediments. Broken rocks, brambles, and fallen trees, interrupted every ſtep, and a number of holes and pitfalls made the paſſage very perilous. It was however, our only path, and we endeavoured to proceed. But the conduct of my companions ſurprized me. Inſtead of uniting their ſtrength to remove the obſtacles before them, every man ſeemed reſolved to ſhift for himſelf, and either ſqueeze through, or climb over them, as well as he could. Some were too weak for this taſk, and fainted in the attempt. The ſtronger puſhed on, riſing on their fallen comrades; yet with ſo much labour, and through ſo many painful accidents, that very few made any conſiderable progreſs.

Advancing under all theſe diſcouragements, we perceived another road, at the entrance of which

ſtood a fantaſtical figure, named SPECULATION. He held up a large glaſs to the crowd, through which the palace appeared much nearer than the reality. A conſiderable detachment were ſoon tempted to ſtrike off this way, and ran with precipitant ſpeed, down an eaſy declivity covered with the fineſt ſod. AVIDITY flew before, chinking an enormous purſe; and IMPATIENCE, with an iron goad, hung upon their rear, and impelled them to proceed. Their motion once begun, was too impetuous to be checked, and the whole body plunged headlong into a river which ran almoſt unſeen, at the foot of the deſcent. Many ſunk for ever. Some of greater ſtrength ſwam through, and gained the oppoſite bank, from whence they found means to return to their former road, and weary, weak, and wounded, began again their toil, at the place where they had left off.

Still more deluſive were three Phantoms, who danced at the opening of a delightful glade, all planted with myrtles. VANITY, with a plume of coloured feathers in her hair, tottering under a glaring French habit, of ſuperb expence. Bloated LUXURY, crowned with roſes, and extending a goblet of gold; and conſumptive EMULATION, with a fluſhed cheek and hoſtile eye. They pointed out to us a kind of elyſium. The ſun ſhone there with unuſual luſtre. The turf was covered with flowers. At every turn were to be ſeen tables ſpread with all the delicacies of earth, air, and ſea. Groupes of perſons of both ſexes, clad in the richeſt veſtments, lay at eaſe on ſumptuous ſofas, quaffing the moſt delicious wines, and nothing was heard but the jocund voice of muſick, love, and reveliing. Great was the deſer-

tion from our body. Seduced by this contraſt to

their

their toil, numbers flew to meet enjoyment. They hurried through the ſcene, with a diſſipation which precluded real pleaſure. They ſtill urged on. Emulation would admit no retreat. The walks became narrower; the light more obſcure; the [illegible]any gradually diſappeared. A total darkneſs [illegible] enſued. The greater part fell into the waters [illegible]*ivion*; and the few who contrived to ſteal [illegible] through ſecret paths, returned naked and ema- [illegible] to their original ſtation.

[illegible]t a dæmon, ſtill more dangerous, now ap- [illegible]ared. His habit was magnificent, and his aſ- ſpect inviting. One hand was filled with little pieces of ſpotted paſte-board, and in the other he ſhook with vehemence, a magical kind of imple- ment, not unlike a dice-box. Cloſe behind him lay a ſpacious hall, in which all the riches of the earth ſeemed to be collected, and offered them- ſelves to the hand. To this he pointed. The bait was too alluring. Some of our number ruſhed in, each anticipating the other's graſp. A deep and dreadful abyſs lay juſt before them, into which the tall, and the low, the ſtrong and the weak, all equally and irretrievably ſunk, never more to riſe. They ſunk into the unfathomable regions of Poverty, Contempt, and Despair, *where hope can never come, that comes to all.*

Surrounded thus with evils, and depreſſed by toil, we began at length to deſpond; when a black and gloomy Being appeared, and hovered over us in the air. His name was Necessity. He bran- diſhed a dreadful iron mace, and menaced in- ſtant and general deſtruction, if we did not unite our efforts, and move together with unanimity

and vigour. His commands were irreſiſtable. In a moment, a thouſand hands all acted with collected force, and formed one great machine. Nothing could withſtand their might. We were aſtoniſhed at our own ſtrength. Every obſtacle gave way before us, and a wide and pleaſing path was quickly opened. The impediments became fewer as we advanced, and each individual found ample ſcope to move in, without confinement to himſelf, or embarraſment to his neighbour. Every good Genius aſſiſted our progreſs. On the one hand, HONESTY and CANDOR, FRUGALITY and PRUDENCE; on the other, PATIENCE, CONCORD, TEMPERANCE and HEALTH. We now gained the palace. Before it lay a verdant area, of great extent, where all the amiable PASSIONS ſported at large, and every DECENT GRACE, and ELEGANT PLEASURE, danced in perpetual round, under the matron-eye of RATIONAL ENJOYMENT. Within were heaped every ſpecies of coſtly merchandize, piles of gold and every article of genuine wealth. Here COMMERCE kept his Court, attended by INDEPENDENCE, EASE, TRANQUILITY, CREDIT, and FAIR FAME; while PLENTY poured unceaſingly, from her copious horn, a profuſion of nature's various bounties. I now looked for the town; but perceived in its ſtead a new built city of an ample circuit, with ſtately ſpires riſing to the clouds, and ſumptuous edifices which glittered in the ſun. Her ſpacious ſtreets were crouded with buſy thouſands, and the maſts of every trading nation thronged her river and her port. My heart dilated at the glorious proſpect; the emotion became too ſtrong for ſleep, and the whole ſcene vaniſhed from before my eye.

L.

No. 4. Thurſday, April 5, 1770.

——— *Pars minima eſt ipſa puella ſui.* Ovid.

YESTERDAY evening a Lady, very genteelly dreſſed, came into my ſhop, and aſked for a *Baily*'s Dictionary. She was of a good ſize, and perfectly well made, but for a prodigious ſtoop, which, at firſt ſight made me imagine that ſhe was bending under the weight of years. Her voice however ſoon removed that opinion, and aſſured me ſhe was young; while the ſweetneſs of her accents, as ſtrongly inclined me to think ſhe was handſome. Being a paſſionate admirer of beauty, I had no ſooner reached her the book, than I turned my eye upon her, in order to regale it with a full proſpect of her charms. But, to my great aſtoniſhment, tho' we ſtood cloſe to each other, the counter only being between us, I could not find her face, nor trace the leaſt appearance of a ſingle feature. I looked round and round with the utmoſt curioſity, but all to no purpoſe; for, as I ſoon perceived, her head was put into a muſlin bag, of a prodigious capacity, which incloſed her before and behind, and was ſo loaded with frills and puffs of the ſame materials, that the whole volume was ſwelled into the ſize of, at leaſt, three reaſonable heads. I confeſs I was a good deal ſtartled at this appearance, and began to form many different conjectures about the nature of it. Alas! thought I, this is ſome young creature, on whom

nature

nature has unkindly fixed a blemiſh, which will not bear to be ſeen, or who has contracted ſome unhappy malady in her head, which has condemned her, perhaps for life, to this mortifying diſguiſe. The ruin of that fine form too is probably produced by the ſame cauſe; ſhe is become old before her time, and is ſinking under the load of repining and deſpair. A confirmed *Ophthalmia*, is probably her complaint, which makes it neceſſary to exclude the light. For this her head has been bliſtered; and this great integument of muſlin is to conceal the plaiſters and bandages which are neceſſary on the occaſion. I concluded theſe reflections with a deep ſigh, which drew her attention; and as ſhe raiſed her head, by way of looking at me, I could perceive a ſmall ſlit or opening in the bag, juſt ſufficient for the purpoſe of breathing, and, through this, at a diſtance, the tip of a very white noſe. She paid me with a very good grace for the Dictionary, half a quire of ruled letter paper, and the ſongs of the *Padlock*, and took her leave. I began to very anxious how ſhe would find her way home; and indeed not without reaſon; for going out of the ſhop, ſhe ſtruck the ſide of her head violentlty againſt the door-caſe. I ran to her relief. The blow had driven back one of her winkers, and diſcovered an eye ſo bewitching, that it was humanity to hide it, tho' it were her only one. She took the accident patiently, as a neceſſary concomitant of her dreſs, and ſhutting up her face again, tripped away with great alertneſs.

I called immediately for my wife, and told her this ſtrange occurrence. She burſt into laughing at *my ignorance*, and informed me, that the phenome-

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non which I had ſeen, was no other than a French night-cap, a favourite article of dreſs among the Ladies. It coſt her, however, ſome very ſolemn aſſurances to convince me of the fact. "You confine "yourſelf, ſaid ſhe, ſo much at home that you do "not know what is worn. This faſhion is univerſal "from the higheſt to the loweſt. About three "days ago, a maid ſervant came to hire with me. "She had a vey ragged gown on her, and a half "length apron of coarſe kenting; but on raiſing my "eye, I perceived ſhe had got the other half on her "head in the ſhape of a French night-cap."

I am ſo much intereſted in every thing relative to the fair ſex, that this narrative affected me extremely, and I went to bed in great perturbation of ſpirits. My ſleep was very confuſed, and I dreamed of nothing all night, but death's heads, and Egyptian mummies.

Yet let me diſlike this faſhion as I may, I have ſo implicit an opinion, that the Ladies never adopt any meaſure, without very good reaſon, that I have endeavoured to view the ſubject in a favourable light; and muſt confeſs that it diſcovers a ſingular degree of modeſty and delicacy, not to be equalled in any other age or country.

I am apt to think that the hint came to us from the Eaſt, where, under the tyranny of man, the poor women are compelled to muſle up their faces whenever they appear abroad. In ſome places the lover never ſees his miſtreſſes's countenance until they are married. But our Ladies go far beyond the original. In a country where female power prevails, they voluntarily withdraw their beauties from the light, and forego the pride of conqueſt, and the delight of being

being admired, rather than expoſe the nakedneſs of their faces to the prying ſenſual eye of man. The auſterity of their reſerve is ſupported within doors and without, by night and by day, without any indulgence to relations, parents, or huſbands. A gentleman aſſured me this morning, that he has not ſeen a ſingle feature of his wife theſe two years, but once when he happened to catch her at her toilet, nor has he in all that time ever touched her lips, but through the medium of muſlin or gauze.

This is a ſtrain of purity beyond parallel. Indeed no devotees abroad can be more ſeverely ſelf-denying than our ladies. In the prime of life, they renounce the chearful ways of men, and immure themſelves in a kind of moveable convent, where there are not even bars or lattices to give us a peep at them. We are become a nation of nuns, and every woman among us has taken the veil.

The roguiſh Spartan legiſlator, in order to get huſbands for the girls, indulged them in having their garments conveniently ſlit and opened, ſo as to give the men a glimpſe of their beauties as they moved. How different is the conduct of our ſpinſters! conſcious of intrinſic merit, they ſcorn to captivate by any other means; and knowing our weak partiality for pretty features, will not allow us a ſingle inch that may influence our choice. One univerſal blank, except in the underſtanding, is preſented to the lover; and inſtead of paſſing compliments on the lips, the dimples, or the eyes of the fair recluſe, he is under a neceſſity of directing them to the more valuable charms of her mind.

Nor is the invention without its policy. It will *effectually* conceal the depredations of time, and the approaches

approaches of old age. The wives will look as well at laſt as at firſt in their huſband's eyes; and the maidens will never be old ones, until they are quite old women. Indeed no change can poſſibly be perceived, until they begin to mump for want of teeth, or the head to noddle under its venerable burden.

As a man, however, I beg leave to become an advocate for my own ſex. And I will be bold enough, in the firſt place, to aſſert and rely on it, that the face is a decent part, and has been ever ſo reputed and considered in theſe dominions. That the word *face* has always been in uſe amongſt the ſtricteſt prudes, and the leſt divines, which could not have been the caſe, had the idea been either indecent or indelicate; and that the face is therefore, by preſcription, privileged from concealment, confinement and ſuffocation.

I will go ſtill farther and affirm that every ſubject of this realm has by common law a conſtitutional claim to the proſpect of female faces. They are a kind of commonage on which every eye has a right to feed; nor is there an article in *Magna Charta* or the Bill of Rights for which we would ſooner contend. But there ſeems indeed to be a general ſcheme againſt our liberties, evidently ſet on foot by foreign, arbitrary powers. A Spaniſh habit, the other day, was near depriving us of the arms, and the face is now uſurped by a French night-cap. The civil power is however, ſtill ſufficient to redreſs us; and I have ſeen an eminent opinion, that the writ *de Homine replegiando* will abſolutely lie, and the ſheriffs be thereby empowered to take the woman's perſon out of this illegal *dureſſe*, and deliver it *puris naturalibus*, to her huſband, parents, or *guardians*.

But

But as we deſire no ſuits with the fair ſex, but thoſe of love, we would rather apply to their clemency than conteſt their power. We therefore requeſt them to conſider, that nothing under a capital offence can deſerve a puniſhment like this. To take from us the *human face divine*, is to take all that makes exiſtence here deſirable. It is the extinction of the ſun, and the return of chaos. We throw ourſelves therefore at their feet, and join unanimouſly in the prayer of the Grecian hero, "that this cloud may be withdrawn, "and if we are to fall, let us meet our fate in the "fair light of day."

We know not of any object in the univerſe ſo rich in various beauty as a fine female face. It is the moſt perfect production of ſymmetry and colouring, animated by expreſſion, and touched with graces, which elude the power of words. It is, at the ſame time, ſo adjuſted, that every part of it ſets off the others, nor can we give up the ſmalleſt point without injuring the whole. How then can we think of parting with the principal features, or even the fine contour of the forehead, cheek, and temples, or the lovely back ground of hair which ſhades and finiſhes the piece! Theſe diſguiſes may ſuit the lank ſwarthy jaws of the French, but among my fair countrywomen they are a ſin againſt nature.

A reaſonable compliance with the faſhion, is a complimnet due to ſociety; but women ſhould alſo think of what is due to themſelves. There cannot be a greater weakneſs than an eagerneſs to embrace every ugly and abſurd invention. The rational uſe of dreſs is to improve the charms of nature. This contrivance, in all its ſorts and ſizes, disfigures or deſtroys them. The Ladies ſhould in juſtice to their

good

good ſenſe, unite with a proper ſpirit, and ſhew that they will not be made the dupes of fantaſtical milliners, nor tamely give up their natural beauties on every new importation of fluctuating follies.

L.

No. 5. Monday, April 9, 1770.

O Fortunatos nimium, bona ſi ſua norint! Virg.

RETURNING, in a very ſevere day lately, from the Cuſtom Houſe, where I had been to make an entry of ſome books, I was overtaken by a piercing ſhower of ſleet and rain, which, as I had been fooliſh enough to leave my cloke at home, compleatly wetted me to the ſkin, before I got to the end of Paul-ſtreet. I was quite benumbed with cold, and had no ſmall apprehenſions of getting a bad fever. The ſtorm was ſo violent, that I did not meet a ſingle creature in the ſtreets, until turning the corner near my own houſe, I ſtumbled againſt a wretched human being, almoſt naked, with two little infants in her arms, who were entirely ſo. My own condition gave me time to beſtow no more than a paſſing look on them, as they lay under the drip of the pent-houſe, to which they had crawled for ſhelter. I could however perceive, that the little wretches ſeemed ſhrunk up, and almoſt inſenſible, and the mother had hardly ſtrength enough to implore relief by an inarticulate ſound, to which I did not find myſelf at that time much diſpoſed to attend.

I got home wet, comfortleſs, and out of temper; however, after getting on dry clothes, and warming myſelf, I ſat down with my family to a good dinner, and eat pretty heartily; after which, to prevent accidents, I indulged myſelf with a bowl of generous warm punch. The powers of nature now began to return; my apprehenſions gradually ſubſided; my mind came to rights, and I felt myſelf happy. Then, and not before, the image of what I had ſeen, recurred. I ſtarted up; Good God, cried I, where is ſhe? My wife was frightened, Who? what? what do you mean? The wretch, cried I, the beggar, my fellow creature, that lies periſhing under the penthouſe. Without ſaying more I ran out, and found her on the ſame ſpot. One of the infants ſeemed to be dead, but we contrived to recover it, and ſupplied the mother, to the beſt of our ability, with the means of prolonging her miſerable exiſtence.

After this I ſat down in my ſhop, and began to ruminate, with a kind of painful ſatisfaction, on what had paſſed; when an elderly gentleman came in, who, after taking his afternoon's coffee above ſtairs, generally comes to read with me for an hour or two. He ſeems to be a man of good ſenſe, and an amiable diſpoſition. I related to him what had paſſed; at which he was a good deal affected. But ſurely, Sir, ſaid I, there was great inconſiſtency, as well as ill-nature, in my not pitying the wretch at the inſtant when I ſo ſenſibly felt a ſhare of the ſame calamity. Adverſity is ſaid to ſoften and humanize the heart; yet I cannot ſay that I felt any humane ſenſations, until the uneaſy ones were worn off, and ſucceeded by a chearful flow of ſpirits. He looked me full in the face. I do not know, Mr. FLYN, ſaid he,

where

where you may have learned your philoſophy; but, if there be truth in nature, reſt aſſured, that the firſt ſtep to ſocial virtue is inward happineſs. Benevolence will never thrive under a lowring ſky. I am well aware that the pain which we *have* felt, has a tendency to quicken our compaſſion for others. *Haud ignara mali, miſeris ſuccurrere diſco*, ſays the Roman. The much greater poet before your door, chimes with him, *Sweet are the uſes of adverſity.* They both knew nature, and both were right; for in the caſes which they deſcribe, the pain had been firſt removed, and had given place to eaſe; than which I know of no greater felicity. Believe it as a fact, Mr. Flyn, that every ſpecies and degree of unhappineſs, deducts in proportion from our philanthropy. And how can it be otherwiſe? Put abſolute pain out of the caſe, the gloomy, the ſplenetic, the moroſe, the envious, the diſcontented, do not even love themſelves; and while there is a civil war, or even murmurs at home, nature will never take a part in diſtreſſes abroad.

There is, continued he, a very ſenſible writer on this ſhelf, who, in his Eſſay on Faſting, obſerves, that it is a practice by no means naturally productive of a benevolent turn of mind: and that a rational and moderate enjoyment of the bleſſings of life, has a wonderful tendency to create and improve a good and beneficent diſpoſition. I own, ſays he, I am always beſt pleaſed after a full meal; and therefore beſt diſpoſed to love God and my neighbour, which is the ſum of both tables. He goes on to lay down a very pleaſing ſyſtem of morality, and recommends it to be happy within ourſelves, in or-

der to be in a proper temper of heart for making others ſo.

I have no great liking to ſyſtems on a ſubject ſo various as human nature; yet I am convinced that this theory in general is right. When all is not eaſy within, the heart is apt to ſhut againſt the concerns of others. A fourneſs ariſes, of a very unſocial nature. If we have any pity, it is for ourſelves; and we ſeem to think that our being fellow-ſufferers is a full diſcharge of the debt of humanity. But when ſelf-complacency applies it's gentle influence, the heart ſoftens and relaxes, and makes room for the effuſions of benevolence. From a breaſt at eaſe, the firſt wiſh that ſeems to grow, is that of imparting happineſs to others. The affections expand when there is no immediate preſſure on their ſprings; and we feel a kind of avaricious deſire of enlarging our enjoyments, by baniſhing miſery from the creation.

Here, continued he, laying his hand on *Thomſon's* Seaſons, here is a man who painted, as eminently as he felt, every fine ſenſation of the heart. A paſſage in his Autumn beautifully diſplays this turn of the mind. With every uneaſy paſſion lulled to reſt, he ſteals you into the ſweet, ſerene, romantic haunt of the GENIUS of PHILOSOPHIC MELANCHOLY. At his approach the imagination warms, the ſoul dilates; every good, every generous and tender ſentiment crowds forward, and among the firſt,

The love of nature unconfined, and chief
Of human race; THE LARGE AMBITIOUS WISH
TO MAKE THEM BLEST.

All theſe are the throbbings of a ſelf-contented mind, *raiſed into rapture* by a contemplation on ſurrounding happineſs.

happineſs. Depend upon it, that every kind and ſocial affection is related to the ſmiling family of pleaſure.

But I ought to be more preciſe. My intention is, that, to love others, we muſt firſt be happy in ourſelves. Yet you will ſay, that the rich or powerful are by no means eminent for their benevolence, and that the mere man of pleaſure is too frequently callous to every thing beſides. What then becomes of my theory? But underſtand me rightly. When I ſpeak of happineſs, it is conſcious happineſs that I mean. No other deſerves the name. All elſe is a reſtleſs purſuit, in which new objects ſucceſſively ſtart, and there muſt ever be ſome great *deſideratum*, which, by keeping up diſcontent, muſt keep down philanthropy. I fear there are many minds which have been prevented by the very advantages that ſurround them, from ever ſettling into ſelf-enjoyment. The felicity to which I point can only be found in a mind that will be kind enough to itſelf, and juſt enough to its Creator, to turn its view frequently inward, and make a fair eſtimate of it's own poſſeſſions. Without this, the greateſt bleſſings of our nature will be overlooked; I mean thoſe, which are every hour, every moment, indulged to us, and are not valued merely becauſe they are poured on us in profuſion. The pleaſures adminiſtered by any ſingle ſenſe, are above the price of gold. Our ſtores are great, but reflection only can give them value. An habitual review of the fair circumſtances of our lot, would give a perpetual reliſh to exiſtence. It would produce not only a ſerenity, but alſo that active chearfulneſs of heart which is ſo favourable to the intereſts of ſociety. It would baniſh repining, liſtleſneſs, and

gloom, and fill the ſoul with a bright and ſteady ſunſhine, which is the proper climate of virtue, and particularly genial to the growth of benevolence.

I requeſt, Sir, continued he, you will earneſtly recommend this practice to your readers. It will neither retard any of the honeſt purſuits, nor interrupt the rational enjoyments of life; but on the contrary will give ſpirit to the one, and a double reliſh to the other. Let every man daily review what he poſſeſſes; let him turn a pitying eye on what others want. The bleſſings of life have a promiſcuous glare of white, which makes them difficult to be counted, until laid on a dark foil; and then we are aſtoniſhed at their number. Our cup will be conſtantly kept full by the hand of Reflection, and its abundance will flow over to the relief of others. Every act of this kind muſt terminate in devotion. Struck with the idea of its own happineſs, the ſoul melts naturally into gratitude to the GREAT GIVER, and tender affection to the general race of man. N.

No. 6. Thurſday, April 12, 1770.

O felix hominum genus,
Si veſtros animos amor,
Quo cælum regitur, regat!

BOETH:

MY laſt paper has produced me two letters, in a ſtile very different from each other, which I ſhall beg leave to preſent to my readers, giving the *due precedence* to my fair correſpondent.

To

To Mr. Flyn.

Sir,

I AM a girl of ſeventeen, tall, ſtrait, and genteel, with a ſweet face. I have a great ſtock of health and ſpirits, very indulgent parents, and a proſpect of a good fortune. Yet, with all theſe, Mr. Flyn, I am very unhappy. The truth is, Sir, I want to be married; and that ſingle deficiency deſtroys all the pleaſure of my life. Your old gentleman's preſcriptions I have tried to no purpoſe. Several times in the day I run over the long liſt of what I have; yet, in ſpite of me, my contemplations all terminate on what I have not. Reflecting on the wants of others only brings my own more ſtrongly to my mind, and the ſight of an old maid, ſo far from raiſing my compaſſion, or yielding me any comfort, frightens me out of my wits, leſt I ſhould become one of the dreary claſs. Well does your friend obſerve that the pleaſures of a ſingle ſenſe are above the price of gold. Ah! Sir, he ſpeaks from experience; and my imagination gives full credit to his aſſertion. But I have heard Mr. Walker, the philoſopher, ſay, that the ſenſes are of no uſe to us, without the impulſe of their correſponding objects. The eye can feel no joy in the dark, nor the ear in the midſt of ſilence. This doctrine exactly ſuits my caſe. I have a vaſt quantity of affections about me, but no one to beſtow them on; and love and tenderneſs enough to make twenty men happy, yet cannot meet with one in a humour to be made ſo.

This, Sir, is my hard ſituation. Your friend's maxims of happineſs muſt be ſome way deficient, or my caſe a very ſingular one. I am ſatisfied that I ſhould be the *beſt natured*, beſt tempered, moſt benevolent

volent creature upon earth, if I were but married; but, if ſomething is not ſoon done, the old maid will creep faſt upon me, and I ſhall hate myſelf, and all the world. At all events, be kind enough to let him know, how I am circumſtanced; and tell him, that, if he does not either point out to me how to get a huſband, or how to be eaſy without one, I ſhall diſclaim him for ever as a monitor, and reſt convinced, that he has either forgot, or never underſtood human nature.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble Servant,

CLEORA.

To CLEORA.

MADAM,

The letter with which you have honoured me, brings to my recollection a wiſh which I have often formed, when I have been ſitting penſively in my ſhop, which was, that I could, at pleaſure, make every book on my ſhelves ſtart up in the proper form of it's author, juſt as he was at the age of five and twenty, and ſtill continue at my diſpoſal. This would effectually ſecure to me the cuſtom of the whole fair ſex, and prevent any of my wares from lying on hands. Thoſe that could not ſell as books, may do very well as men; and a very heavy performance may go off at a good price in the ſhape of a handſome young fellow. Were this the caſe, it would give me the greateſt pleaſure to lay the largeſt and moſt valuable folio in my houſe, at the feet of ſo much beauty, merit, and diſtreſs. But, as it is, I can only refer you to thoſe places where ſuch articles are daily exhibited. Notwithſtanding the ſprightly humour of your epiſtle, I am *convinced that* your good ſenſe will not ſuffer you to

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be precipitant in buying; but that you will beſtow a very ſerious peruſal, before you honour any of them with a place in your cabinet. They are to be met with (to ſpeak ſtill in the way of my profeſſion) of different ſorts and ſizes; but indeed, among my fellow citizens, moſtly duodecimos. Many, I dare ſay, of real merit. Perhaps, a few who are little more than title page and blank paper. Take with you the opinion of a critic, for young readers are too apt to be pleaſed; and you will think the delay in chuſing, very amply repaid, by your meeting with ſuch a compoſition, as will both entertain and improve you, and may be read over and over again with pleaſure, to the end of your life.

I ſhall not fail to mention your caſe to my friend. But, in the mean time, let me take the liberty to obſerve, that, tho' ſeventeen may not be an age of patience, it is certainly not an age for deſpair. Your many excellences and advantages, cannot fail of ſoon ſecuring your wiſh. Proceed to cultivate that good ſenſe which you evidently poſſeſs. Attend to your health, ſpirits, and good temper, as three of the firſt of nature's bleſſings; and enjoy freely the innocent delight ariſing from a conſciouſneſs of beauty; onl remembering, when you ſurvey that lovely figure in your glaſs, to throw up a thought of thankfulneſs to HIM who formed it.

I am, Madam,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

William Flyn.

To Mr. Flyn.

Sir,

The ſentiments of your friend in yeſterday's paper, muſt be pleaſing to every perſon who is acquaint-

ed

ed with the feelings of humanity. This indeed is a virtue, of which it may be ſaid, in a peculiar manner, that *her ways are the ways of pleaſantneſs.* It begins in ſelf-complacency, affords a variety of the trueſt joys as we proceed, and leads directly to happineſs hereafter. Our excellent *Fielding*, with his uſual benignity, affirms, that of all proſpects, that of happy human faces is the fineſt. How exquiſitely pleaſing then muſt it be, when we additionally feel the conſciouſneſs of having removed the cloud of miſery, let in the ſun-ſhine on the dreary landſcape, and produced a vernal ſmile of gaiety, where all before was gloomy, cold, and comfortleſs! Acts indeed of this nature are ſo amply rewarded at the time, that one would hardly think the additional motive of duty were neceſſary to inforce them.

It is recorded of an ancient emperor, that when jaded with the ſameneſs of ſenſuality, he publiſhed great rewards for the invention of ſome new pleaſure. Had he been poſſeſſed of that kind of mental ſenſe which is ſo voluptuouſly gratified by the exerciſe of benevolence, it would have opened on him a ſcene of delights, incapable of cloying, and which, from his unlimited abilities for indulging in them, would have exalted him as high in happineſs, as he was in power, above the reſt of mankind.

In an age of epicuriſm like this, it is ſtrange that this exquiſite delicacy is ſo little underſtood, even among the connoiſſeurs and profeſſors of pleaſure. But it is ſtill more ſo, that, among the thinking part of the world, ſo great an inattention ſhould generally prevail to the wants and calamities of others. Under the preſſure of pain, the anxiety of apprehenſion, or even *the perplexities of* buſineſs, our natural ſelf-attention will

will unavoidably leſſen our ſenſibility of foreign diſtreſs. But when all the comforts of life are in our hands, every uneaſy idea removed, and the mind in a ſtate of tranquil leiſure, it is amazing that even the frequency of miſery can reconcile us to the cries of want, or to the ſilent ſorrow of thoſe, who periſh gradually in their wretched retreats, rather than be importunate for relief. I have often been aſſailed, in the midſt of mirth and revelling, by the howling of a human being, lying under all the inclemency of the ſevereſt night; but, with much more wonder, I have known the like paſs equally unregarded, in a company where ſerious attention ſeemed to prevail, and where I knew that humanity ſtill reſided, tho' it was become torpid from inaction.

The truth is, diſſipated pleaſures involve the mind in a hurry which excludes reflection, and a too frequent uſe of them conſequentially produces an habitual ſelfiſhneſs. Nay even in ſedater diſpoſitions when the ſprings of pity have been, from any cauſe, denied their play, they inſenſibly loſe their tone, and we come at laſt to look, with a liſtleſs indifference, on human calamities, as ſo many neceſſary evils, from which we are totally detached, and which it is not in our power either to prevent or relieve."

But neither heedleſs levity, nor calm inſenſibility, can really make us happy. The beauties of an *Elyſium* would be loſt on us, were we to run through them, in a rapid purſuit after ſome diſtant, ſtill receding phantom or crawl along in a ſtate of dozing inattention, to every thing but a few unimportant objects immediately before our feet. To be truly happy, we muſt reflect. If we reflect, we cannot but compare, and muſt conſequently be ſtruck with the

contraſted

contraſted view of our own felicity and the woe of others. This will awaken every tender ſenſation, and ſocial ſympathy will naturally ariſe from conſcious happineſs.

If ſuch valuable effects are produced by a review of our preſent poſſeſſions, how infinitely muſt they increaſe, when we carry our thoughts beyond this ſpot, and open to them the delightful view of a happy eternity! If our ſtores here are great, thoſe that are in reſerve for us are not to be meaſured by the imagination. Theſe are contemplations which we cannot too frequently indulge. They open and enlarge the heart, raiſe us above every low, ſordid, and ſelfiſh affection, and extend the circle of benevolence as wide as the creation.

Every word of our religion is benignity. And it is very obſervable, that the great founder of it, in eſtabliſhing it's authenticity, never diſplayed his power in any acts of mere oſtentation. No removing of mountains, nor diſturbing of the elements: but every miracle which he wrought, tended to relieve the pains, the diſeaſes, and the diſtreſſes of human life; nor was the courſe of nature ever interrupted, but with a view to the preſent as well as future happineſs of man.

It ſeems peculiarly proper to give a ſcope to reflections of this kind at a time when we commemorate thoſe great myſterious events, by which the clouds and darkneſs, which before hung over futurity, have been withdrawn, and the awfully-pleaſing ſcene is laid open to our view. Devotion ſhould now riſe into fervency, and our activity in diſpenſing bleſſings, ſhould evince how ſtrongly we are affected by the great and numberleſs bounties beſtowed upon *ourſelves*. Where the obligations are infinite, and

the

e benefactor infinitely above a poſſibility of repay-ent, an ardent gratitude in an honeſt breaſt might have en attended with an uneaſy ſenſation. The goodneſs Providence has prevented this. It has transferred e debt, and placed the wretched before us to re-ive it. To add to human happineſs, or leſſen the m of calamity, is the moſt acceptable offering that n be made to that GREAT BEING who is BENE-OLENCE itſelf.

I am, Sir, &c.

Y

Jo. 7. Monday, April 16, 1770.

———*Neque enim lex æquior ulla eſt*
Quam necis artifices arte perire ſua.

OVID.

HAVING received many valuable favours from my correſpondents, which I ſhall lay before my readers from time to time, I ſelect for this day's paper the following tter, which, as it contains a very curious piece of hiſ-ry, will, I doubt not, contribute much to their enter-inment.

To Mr. FLYN.

SIR,

The horrid crime of taking away a man's life by iſon, which has been lately attempted in this city, d the extraordinary manner in which it was diſco-

vered, brought to my mind a number of ſingular inſtances where the executions of ſuch deſigns were providentially prevented, and the guilty puniſhed by the very means intended to deſtroy others. Amongſt thoſe there occured to me a very curious one in the hiſtory of the illuſtrious family of the MEDICI, which was tranſcribed from the manuſcript in the great library at Florence, and, having never been publiſhed, I think, deſerves a place in your inſtructive and valuable paper.

About the end of the 15th century, THOMAS BUONAVENTURI, a young Florentine, of a creditable family, but without fortune, went to live with a merchant of the ſame country, who had ſettled at Venice. The merchant's houſe was oppoſite to the back-door of one that belonged to a noble Venetian, called BARTHLEMEO CAPELLO. In this family lived a young lady of great beauty, whoſe name was BIANCA. She was watched with great circumſpection, as the cuſtom of the country is, yet BUONAVENTURI frequently ſaw her at her window, and though he had no hopes of a nearer interview, yet, by a natural and almoſt neceſſary impulſe, he did all that could be done in ſuch circumſtances to expreſs the paſſion with which ſhe had inſpired him. He was young and amiable, and ſhe very ſoon ceaſed to be indifferent, ſo that after a long negociation, the particulars of which are not related, the lovers found means to accompliſh their wiſhes, and were privately married. BIANCA went every night, after the family had retired and was aſleep, to BUONAVENTURI's chamber in the merchant's houſe, by means of the little back-door, which ſhe left a-jar, and by which ſhe returned before day without being ſeen by anybody.

After

After this had continued ſome time, cuſtom made her leſs cautious, and one night ſhe ſtayed with her huſband 'till the morning was further advanced than uſual. A baker's boy, who was going by with bread, perceived the back door, by which Bianca had come out, to be open, and ſuppoſing this had happened by accident, ſhut it. The lady arrived a few minutes afterwards and found it faſt. In the conſternation which this accident produced, ſhe returned to the houſe ſhe had juſt quitted, and was let in by her huſband, to whom ſhe related what had happened. As the ſafety of both was in danger, they retired to the houſe of another Florentine, where they remained concealed, 'till they found an opportunity of eſcaping to Florence. In this city they lived for ſome time in great privacy, fearing the republick of Venice ſhould, at the ſollicitations of Capello, have had them purſued.

Francis Maria, the great Duke of Tuſcany at that time, was a native of France, ſon of Cosmo the 1ſt, and father of Mary de Medici. He had married Jane of Auſtria, daughter of the Emperor Ferdinand, and widow of the King of Hungary. She was a princeſs of great virtues, but, being at that time paſt her youth, the duke neglected her for other women. One of the officers of his court was the confident of his pleaſures, who had a wife no leſs zealous to make herſelf uſeful.

The arrival of the fair Venetian was ſoon known in Florence. The report of her adventure and of her beauty excited the duke's curioſity, and he reſolved to ſpare no pains to gratify it. He uſed to walk every day before the houſe where ſhe lived, and, upo ſeeing her at her window, he became violently enamoured.

labour pains, and enquired impatiently for her confeſſor.

The cardinal, who ſuſpected her artifices, had her watched ſo diligently, that he knew of all her motions, and as ſoon as he was informed that her confeſſor was ſent for, repaired to her antic hamber, in which he walked backwards and forwards, repeating his breviary. The ducheſs, hearing he was there, ſent him a meſſage, intreating that he would retire, becauſe ſhe could not bear that he ſhould hear the cries that might be forced from her by her pains. The cardinal anſwered "Let her highneſs think only of her own buſineſs as I do of mine." As ſoon as the confeſſor arrived, the cardinal ran to him, crying out "welcome, my dear father, the grand ducheſs is in labour and has great need of your aſſiſtance," at the ſame time catching him in his arms, and embracing him, he perceived a jolly boy, juſt born, which the good father had got in his ſleeve. He took the child from him, and cried out, loud enough to be heard by the dutcheſs, "God be praiſed, the princeſs is happily "delivered of a ſon," at the ſame time ſhewing him to all who were preſent.

The grand ducheſs, enraged to diſtraction at this inſult, determined to be revenged of the cardinal, and ſhe ſoon got an opportunity. The ducheſs, and cardinal, were on a country party at *Poggio Caiano*, one of the duke's villas ; the cardinal was very fond of *Blanc manger*, and the ducheſs had poiſon mixed in a diſh of it, and placed near him at dinner ; but he, notwithſtanding the moſt preſſing ſolicitations of the ducheſs, would not taſte of it. "Well, ſaid the duke if the cardinal will not eat of it, I will," and what was *remarkable*, tho' he never liked it before, he took a

large

large quantity of it on his plate and eat it. The duchess from her agitation lost her speech, and in despair, snatched the remainder of the poisoned dish, eat it, and both she and the duke died together, on the 21st of October 1587. The cardinal succeeded to the dukedom, by the name of Ferdinand the 1st, and reigned thirty years.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant

Z.

No. 8. Thursday April 19, 1770.

Nuper solicitum quæ mihi tædium,
Nunc desiderium curaque non levis,
Interfusa nitentes
Vites æquora Cycladas.

Hor.

I DO not believe there is such another inventive faculty as mine to be met with. It dashes away like a young hound, overruns the scent, and can hardly be brought to try back. It mounts like a cannon-ball at its first projection, and misses all the point-blank objects. This was always my case, but never in so eminent a degree as since I have applied myself closely to literature. I have now acquired a kind of volatile stupidity, which cannot see any thing that lies immediately in its way, nor will condescend to look for it, where it is likely to be found. So great a variety of other men's

men's thoughts poſſeſſes my head, that, be the ſubject ever ſo ſimple, twenty authors at leaſt croud immediately to give their advice on it, and ſoon make it the moſt complicated affair in the world. This indeed amuſes the imagination, but never leads me to my point, and I am ſo dazzled with the glare of the many croſſing lights around me, that I cannot ſee the object which I look for.

There is in one of *Hogarth*'s prints the figure of a machine for drawing corks, in which all the mechanic powers are elaborately combined. I have heard an artiſt ſay, that he could finiſh one of thoſe, from the plan, for about thirty guineas, and that it would perform the operation in ſomewhat leſs than ſeven minutes and a half. If I had been ſet to contrive a method for opening a bottle, I am convinced this ſcheme would have occurred to me ſooner than the common cork-ſcrew. Such is my wayward turn of mind; nor ſhall I ever be cured of it, until I get my imagination bitted by the mathematics, and taught to move with ſteadineſs and compoſure.

Yet I ſuſpect that ſome degree of this unfortunate diſpoſition muſt have always prevailed. What elſe could have been the cauſe of the lateneſs of diſcovery, and the ſloweſs of improvement of arts and ſciences? Of this my own profeſſion is a ſtriking inſtance. Printing ſhould, one would imagine, have immediately ſucceeded to letters. It is a contrivance of the greateſt ſimplicity; frequent occurrences in common life might have given the hint; and what is ſtill more extraordinary, the art of taking impreſſions, in various modes, was perfectly underſtood for many ages, while this invaluable *Deſideratum* lay unobſerved by the eye *of genius,* under all the meridian luſtre of literature.

I have

I have ſeen a game of cheſs very cunningly loſt, when the moving of a ſingle pawn would have won it. Many a victory has probably been thrown away by ſome ſimilar complication of ſcheme. Phyſic and chirurgery too, I am told, have been frequently infected by this paſſion for being unneceſſarily ingenious. There ſeems in ſhort to be an ambitious propenſity in the mind, which keeps it above attending to the ſimpleſt means, tho' they are always the beſt, and pays no regard to nature merely beauſe ſhe is obvious.

But I ramble from my purpoſe. In my ſecond paper, the reader left me in the utmoſt perplexity how to contrive, with propriety and taſte, a reſervoir for any favours that may be ſent to me. Sitting yeſterday thoughtfully in my ſhop, and biting my nails at the diſappointment of all my laboured deſigns, I happened to caſt my eye on a wooden print of a ſhip bound to Philadelphia, which was paſted on the door-caſe. My point was gained at once. That which my utmoſt efforts failed to accompliſh, offered itſelf to me in an inſtant. Where have been my thoughts, cried I, ſtraying after lion's heads and antiques, when this plain and eaſy vehicle of intelligence has been overlooked! A ſhip is evidently the thing; it is the natural machine for importation, and, in a trading city, has a peculiar propriety for my purpoſe. To make any one but an author ſenſible of my joy, is impoſſible. I ſtarted up, ſhut my ſhop, ordered a good ſupper, and ſent directly for a workman to conſult with on the ſubject.

The reſult of my deliberations is this. My veſſel will be put to-morrow on the ſtocks, and ſhall be completely finiſhed, launched, and rigged ſome time

before

before the twentieth of June next, ſo as to come to her moorings in the Exchange Coffee-houſe on that day, and be ready to take in freight. She is to be called the LITERARY PACKET-BOAT, but whether ſhe is to be ſnow, brig, or ſloop, I have not yet abſolutely determined; nor indeed is it very material which, as her run will be but ſhort; for, blow the weather as it may, ſhe ſhall make two trips in every week. Her burthen will be but ſmall, as ſhe is not intended for lumber, or any bulky commodity, but merely for ſilk, indigo, ſpices, cochineal and ſpecie, where much value lies within a narrow compaſs. Her lading is to be put into her hold, and ſhall be regularly diſcharged on every Tueſday and Friday, by means of a looſe plank in her bottom, of which I ſhall keep the key, and under the inſpection of the waiter at the bar, whom I have appointed my deputy for that purpoſe.

As this, however, is a branch of buſineſs entirely new among us, it is neceſſary that I ſhould premiſe to the public the terms on which it is to be carried on. Be it therefore known, that I do, by my own ſole legiſlative authority, enact, and eſtabliſh the following code of revenue laws, which I think will be found to be much more ſimple, and infinitely more indulgent to the trader, than any yet known among us.

It being the grand object of my concern, to give life and ſpirit to this infant commerce, I do publiſh and declare, that every article of uſeful information, or innocent amuſement, ſhall be freely admitted, without any tax, duty or impoſt whatſoever. All illuſtrations of valuable truths, criticiſms on any of the polite arts, and well-natured obſervations on life and manners, are commodities which may be aſſured of a kind *reception*. The manufactures of France, Spain, or Italy,

Italy, ſhall alſo come under this general encouragement, provided they are made up in Engliſh package. Nor ſhall poetry, if it be in any ſort merchantable, fail to meet with that indulgence which is due to the ancient, tho' neglected produce of this iſland.

On the other hand, I am under a neceſſity of abſolutely prohibiting every article, that may tend to bring diſcredit on a fair and honeſt trade. Under this I particularly mean all politicks whatſoever, both foreign and domeſtic; all controverſial points of religion; all ſcandal, ill-nature and indelicacy; and above all, that vileſt of commodities, perſonal reflection, or alluſion, however diſtant or diſguiſed, which, coming from that worſt of peſtilential places, a malevolent and cankered mind, is pregnant with infection the moſt fatal to ſociety. All and every of theſe I do hereby declare to be contraband, and confiſcate, and condemn them to be burned by the ſeizing officer.

The public need not, however, be apprehenſive of any rigour or ſeverity in the execution of theſe laws. Commodities, intrinſically good, ſhall be admitted to entry, tho' they may happen to be inelegantly made up; and I will undertake that my deputy ſhall be active in his duty, tho' I have ordered him to take no fees. There is indeed one powerful reaſon for depending on my indulgent treatment; which is, that, contrary to all other revenue caſes, it is not my intereſt either to ſeize, or to condemn. My own dignity and the riches of my literary dominion, depend on the induſtry of the ingenious, and a lively importation of their reſpective manufactures.

The alacrity which I have already met with, ſhews me that the ſpirit of traffick abounds among us, and that it wanted nothing but a market to encourage

courage it. Of all *Speculations*, mine are the ſafeſt to engage in; and I therefore expect that perſons of all profeſſions will find leiſure to deal in ſome little ventures. I ſhould be particularly happy in receiving any manufactures from the hands of the ladies. The peculiar fancy of deſign, the fineneſs of the texture, and elegance of finiſhing, will throw the greateſt credit on my ſcheme. I ſhall alſo hope that the gentlemen of that ſacred order, for which I have the ſincereſt reſpect, will condeſcend to aſſiſt one, who, in a ſubordinate degree, is engaged in the ſame cauſe with themſelves, and whoſe greateſt ambition is to contribute to the increaſe of man's genuine riches, to wit, HONOUR, VIRTUE and RELIGION.

I ſhall add no more on this head than to obſerve, that, as the outſet of my veſſel will be very expenſive, I ſhall hope that my friends will exert themſelves, and enable me, by their kind aſſiduity, to carry my new deſign into execution. N.

No. 9. Monday, April 23, 1770.

Truncus iners jacui, ſpecies et inutile ſignum,
Nec ſatis exactum eſt, corpus an umbra ſorem.

OVID.

THERE are in life ſeveral caſes of real diſtreſs, ſo complicated with ridiculous circumſtances, that they will force a ſmile from the beſt natured perſon in the world. I think I don't want humanity myſelf, and yet

yet I have ſeen a particular friend come tumbling down a whole flight of ſtairs with ſo peculiar an air, ſuch a kind of *Je ne ſcai quoi*, that my laughter was irreſiſtable, tho' the event might have been a broken neck. I remember the picture of an old gouty gentleman taking a flying leap out of the window of his litter (occaſioned by the ſtumbling of the foremoſt mule) with all the expedition of Sully going thro' a hogſhead, which never failed of producing laughter.

This predominance of the ridiculous over the benevolent, may ſeem, at firſt view, not very favourable to human nature: yet I am inclined to believe, that it is no other than an habitual remnant of childhood; a ſtage of life in which the riſible ſide of every incident turns uppermoſt, and the want of reflection and experience precludes a due eſtimation of the pain which is felt by the ſufferer. Our inattention to this article increaſes in proportion to the novelty and variety with which the occurrence is attended. The imagination, being highly amuſed, will not permit our ſocial feelings to interfere, and make the caſe (as they are always inclined to do) our own. We can laugh heartily at Harlequin's being tickled to death. In ſhort, we ſee things, on ſuch occaſions, but in one light, and all the contorſions of real anguiſh produce no other effect, than that of genuine humour.

I was led into theſe reflections by reading the nineteenth number of the Spectator (referred to in the following letter) in which there is the higheſt deſcription of ridiculous diſtreſs I ever met with; I mean the unfortunate adventure of Monſieur Pontignan, which I would adviſe my readers to peruſe, before they read the letter which I here preſent them

with. It is difficult to determine which to prefer, PONTIGNAN's night or RODRIGO's. The young fellows will probably be divided. The robuſt will think the former a very hell. For my part, who am five and forty, I would not be in either of their ſituations to gain the whole ſex: but, if I were under the neceſſity of doing penance, it ſhould rather be between my two fair tormentors, than ſhrinking on a bed-poſt from the touch of a jealous Don.

To Mr. FLYN.

SIR,

You may remember in the nineteenth number of the Spectator, the account given of the torments M. PONTIGNAN underwent for a whole night by the contrivance of two malicious girls, in revenge for his having made love to them both at the ſame time.

I met not long ago, among ſome Spaniſh manuſcripts which accidentally fell into my hands, a ſtory of the ſufferings of a gentleman for one night only, and that on a love affair, which exceeded thoſe all to nothing. I wiſh I may be able to do juſtice to the original; but, poor as the tranſlation may be, I am ſure it will afford ſome entertainment to your readers, and may ſerve, when you have not leiſure to compoſe a Speculation, to fill up the front of your paper.

Don LUYS, a gentleman of many accompliſhments, but ſlender fortune, had a long time paid his addreſſes to a lady of great wit and beauty, and was ſhortly to have been joined to her in marriage, had not her parents, from mercenary views and the allurement of a title, married her to an old nobleman, who had a magnificent ſeat on the banks of the river not far from Valladolid. Some conſiderable time after, ſhe wrote a letter to her former lover, ſignifying how much

much againſt her inclination her marriage with the Count was, and that ſhe was his, and would be ſo to the end of her life. She likewiſe informed him, that her huſband had ſet out that morning on a long journey, and deſired he would come at night to a certain place near her houſe, accompanied by his friend Don Rodrigo only. Don Luys was out of his wits, and believed the whole to be a dream, but recovering from his tranſports a little, and knowing the handwriting, he repaired to me, and we both ſet out for the appointed place.

We had not been long there, when about 11 o'clock an old woman came up, and deſired us to follow her. The night was dark, and ſhe conveyed us with great privacy into a chamber of the palace, where the Counteſs preſently made her appearance, and received us with great demonſtrations of joy. After having made a few ſhort compliments upon the pleaſure ſhe had in ſeeing us, ſhe addreſſed me in the following manner; "Don Rodrigo, the time we have to enjoy this opportunity, you will preſently ſee, can be but ſhort. You know with what ties of friendſhip you are bound to Don Luys, and if they were to ceaſe, I would expect that on my account you would grant me one requeſt."

"Know then, the Count my huſband, in conſequence of being taken ill on the road, is returned, without having finiſhed his journey, and finding himſelf quite jaded, is gone to bed, where I have left him faſt aſleep. But, becauſe it may ſo happen that he ſhould awake, and ſtretching out a leg or an arm towards my part of the bed, and not finding me there, I ſhould run the greateſt danger of being detected, all I deſire is, *that while Don Luys* and I are entertaining one ano-

ther with a little chat (which cannot be above a quarter of an hour) you will go to bed in my place, and I can assure you that you will run no sort of hazard ; for, besides that the Count is old, he hardly ever awakes in the night, unless (for a wonder) he turns once, and then falls to sleep immediately again."

Heavens ! what a reasonable request was this of the Countess, to put myself into such imminent danger ! However, as I considered that my refusal would carry all the marks of pusillanimity with it, and be inconsistent with the obligations of friendship that subsisted between Don LUYS and me ; I told her she might dispose of me as she pleased, but begged she would not keep me long in that dangerous situation, as I engaged in it meerly for their sakes. They both promised me, and even swore, that they would not keep me there for more than half an hour at the farthest.

The Countess then put a night-dress of her own on me, and led me to her bed-chamber, where she made me go to bed, and then retired. There was not the least glimmering of light ; all was dark as hell, and every thing in profound silence. I fixed myself close on the bed-post, where I remained without so much as stirring a finger : not a quarter, nor a half, but more than five long hours, in short 'till it was just day. Let any one consider himself in my situation for so long a time. What care that I should not be known ! What dread left I should be discovered ; the consequence of which would have been instant death : for though I might have been able to cope with the old Count, how could I, naked and unarmed, escape from his numerous domesticks !

But these were not the only sufferings I endured, for Don LUYS and the Countess laughed and talked all this

time

time ſo loud that I could plainly hear them as I lay; which gave me continual apprehenſions leſt the Count ſhould hear them too, and, in the ſituation I was in, I durſt not call to them to ſpeak ſoftly. My anger at their indiſcretion was ſo great, that I bit my fingers ends for very ſpight.

At length, finding the day coming on apace, they came hand in hand into the room with a light, friſking and ſkipping, and making a great noiſe with their feet as well as their tongues. I now began to imagine that they were become intoxicated and mad with pleaſure, ſo that I grew concerned for their misfortunes as well as my own, as the infamy and puniſhment muſt light equally upon us all In this ſituation I had a thouſand imaginations in my head, none of which could ſtand me in the leaſt ſtead. In the midſt of this conflict they came cloſe to the bed, and the Counteſs drew back the curtain, ſo that we could plainly ſee one another.

I was now quite beſide myſelf, and would have fled, had I known whither: but I was quickly relieved from my apprehenſions, for the Counteſs lifting up the bed-clothes, ſhewed me that I had not the old Count by my ſide, but a young damſel, a ſiſter of her's, as lovely as Venus herſelf. My ſhame and confuſion were ſo great at the trick that was put upon me, that I was not able to ſpeak a word, nor knew what to do, but bounce up in my ſmock, and run to look for my clothes."

No. 10. Thurſday, April 26, 1770.

In nova fert Animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora ——— OVID.

IT always gives me an extreme degree of concern, when I am under a neceſſity of touching on any ſubject which is not perfectly agreeable to my fair readers, and eſpecially to the younger part of them. Nothing hurts me ſo ſenſibly as any contrariety between their practice and my own opinion; and I begin to diſtruſt my judgment, my taſte, nay my very ſenſes, when I perceive any thing in their conduct that carries the leaſt appearance of impropriety. Yet, as I have no other medium to ſee through but my faculties, ſuch as they are, I ſhould be unpardonable if I omitted to point out any thing which may ſeem to me injurious to their welfare; and it would be but a bad proof of my regard, were I to neglect their intereſts, from an apprehenſion of their diſpleaſure. Fully convinced, however, of my inſufficiency, I ſhall always aſſert with diffidence, and argue only to be confuted.

I thought this apology neceſſary to introduce the following genuine letter which I have received from a gentleman of worth and fortune in the county of *Meath*, with whom I had formerly the honour of being well acquainted.

Dear FLYN, DUBLIN, April 7, 1770.

"I thank you for the papers you have ſent me, which I approve of extremely, and congratulate you

on

on the general approbation and encouragement which your plan has met with from the public.

I have been in this diſagreeable town near two months. The affair that brought me hither has ſomething whimſical in the event, which perhaps may furniſh you with a hint for a ſpeculation. My eldeſt Son *Jack* being two and twenty, it became the firſt deſire of my heart to ſee him well married, and I employed a friend here to look out accordingly. He ſoon mentioned to me a ſcheme which promiſed to anſwer all our wiſhes; a very good family, a decent fortune, and the girl not only happy in her character, but a great beauty beſides, and a celebrated toaſt. This laſt piece of information gave much more pleaſure to *Jack* than to me, and made him very impatient to ſet out. The evening after our arrival, we went with my friend to be introduced. The father has been dead theſe three years. We were received with great politeneſs by the mother, who is a very fine woman of about ſix and thirty. A groupe of five younger females were ſitting at the other end of the room, hard at work with their ſhuttles, and peeping at each other through their monſtrous caps. I obſerved, they were all ſhockingly round ſhouldered; as bad as the witches in *Macbeth*; but one in particular was quite humped. She was doubled together like a millipede or woodlouſe, when it is touched. Her head came almoſt to her knees; the ſhoulder-points met before; boſom there was none; but the ſwelling roundneſs, which nature meant to place there, was tranſferred, with intereſt, to her back. This, it ſeems, was the toaſt, and this graceful attitude, the very height of the faſhion. I

found

found afterwards that two years ago ſhe was a tall, ſtrait well made girl; but, by dint of application, had arrived at this ſtate of perfection, for which ſhe was the envy of all her acquaintance. Ah! thought I, at the firſt glance, Madam Deformity, you ſhall never breed for my family. The reſult, in ſhort, was this. *Jack*, who liked her very well in every other inſtance, became free enough in a few days, to rally her on the ſubject, and mentioned her mother as an example. This gave her great offence, and produced many ſarcaſms on his ignorance of faſhion, eaſe, and the line of beauty. But *Jack*, who thought the natural perpendicular had more beauty, in this caſe, than the artificial curve, ventured to ſupport his opinion; until, by conſtantly dwelling on the contraſt, he fell fairly in love with the mother. Her face is nothing the worſe for the wear; and her neck and boſom are extremely fine. She is a good deal in the old faſhioned ſtile, as the girls call it; that is, her perſon is gracefully erect, her addreſs unaffected, and her mind informed. He aſked my conſent, which I heartily gave him, for ſhe is young enough to bring me a grandſon. After ſome ſolicitations ſhe acceded, and they are to be married to-morrow. Miſs is to be her mamma's bride-maid, and we ſhall take her, very much in the dumps, to the country, to try if good air and exerciſe, joined to a total removal from faſhion, can help to reſtore her to her natural form.

I am, &c.

I am much indebted to my friend for this anecdote, which perhaps may operate more powerfully than any thing that could be ſaid on the ſubject. It is indeed *very difficult* to offer any argument with ſucceſs,

when

when reaſon is ſo polite as to ſubmit itſelf implicitly to faſhion, and the very paſſions are ſo ſtrangely miſplaced, that diſtortion is become the object of vanity. A few more incidents of this kind may alarm our young Ladies. Jealouſy may effect the cure, where all other means are inſufficient, and they may be animated to regain their form by an apprehenſion of being diſgracefully rivalled by their mothers.

I have read that the Bramins of *India*, in the ſeverity of their devotion, load their necks with heavy clogs of timber, which keep them conſtantly bent almoſt to the ground. Others of them remain, for a length of time, with their necks tied to their heels, until the whole body is confirmed in that ſhape, and the man is metamorphoſed into a monſter. Had our Ladies the ſame motive, their merit would really be little leſs. For, as nature plainly did not intend them for grazing, the muſcles of the neck cannot, I ſhould think, be prevailed on to comply with this diſtention, without conſiderable uneaſineſs. The lungs too, from the contraction of the cheſt, muſt be diſtreſſed for want of room, and the organs of digeſtion lye under a painful preſſure. But all this is borne, becauſe it is the mode; in comp'aiſance to which, the human form, *Godlike erect*, is exchanged for the proneneſs of inferior animals, and a fine woman is literally turned into one of the Anthropophagi mentioned by Othello, *whoſe heads do grow beneath their ſhoulders*.

The inhabitants near the *Alps*, are, from the uſe of ſnow-water, univerſally affected with great ſchirrous tumours in the neck, which are called *goters*. Theſe grow to a monſtrous ſize, and yet the poor people, with a rational kind of policy, endeavour to draw comfort *from unavoidable evil*, and eſteem them as very

great

great ornaments. I am convinced it is from hence that our ladies have borrowed the thought. Their induſtrious diſlocation of the neck has anſwered all the purpoſes of ſnow-water, and produced thoſe brawny excreſcences which, in *Alto Relievo*, decorate the ſhoulders of every faſhonable fair one that we meet.

Yet I fear our ideas of beauty are too obſtinately fixed, to be eaſily reconciled to theſe acquired goters, be the practice ever ſo univerſal, and that it will be difficult to bring us to perceive that graceful eaſe reſulting from this attitude, which the acuter view of the ladies can diſcern. On the contrary, it appears to us to be the moſt laboured and conſtrained poſition that can well be imagined. A gentleman of my acquaintance, whoſe ſimiles are ſtrong but coarſe, ſays, that a lady of faſhionable carriage, gives him the very ſame idea of eaſe, with a man in the pillory, a truſſed fowl, or a ſkewered rabbet. The truth is, we have not been accuſtomed to ſee the words *eaſy* and *natural* diſunited. All the imitative arts, and every ſpecies of compoſition, ſeem to regard them as inſeparable. From this theory, (be it true or falſe) we are induced to fancy, that the neck, when left in the erect ſtate of nature, is more at liberty, and capable of more grace, than when ſtiffened into a ſtate of protruſion ; and that the face has a greater power and variety of expreſſion when the head is permitted to play freely on it's natural pivot, than when it is forced forward, and rivetted down on the breaſt. Our feelings confeſs a line of beauty (and a bewitching one !) in a fine flowing neck and ſwelling boſom but *Hogarth* himſelf could not ſhew it to us in a hump ; nor can we be perſuaded *but that* (to adopt a thought of COWLEY's) a *woman's perſon* will do infinitely more execution in the

Cupid's arrow than his bow.

My

My fair readers ſhould conſider, that, tho' ſome little affectations may be inoffenſive, nay perhaps, in ſome few hands, may even pleaſe, yet where they tend, as in this caſe to fix a real imperfection, they become dangerous. Faſhions are fluctuating; and if flat ſhoulders ſhould again come into vogue, ſome of them may be fairly taken in. The celeſtial Goddeſs may, in her monthly progreſs, repair her gibbous form, but our mortal ones will infallibly carry theirs to the grave.

The intellect in ruins is a painful ſight, and next to it is the human form debaſed. The blemiſhes of nature, and the effects of accident, demand our pity; the conſequences of inattention may be viewed with indulgence; but a ſtudied depravation of ſhape, ariſing from affectation, will generally, I fear, excite leſs favourable ſentiments. The effect cannot fail to diſguſt, nor the cauſe to be deſpiſed.

F.

No. 11. Monday, April 30, 1770.

——Tentanda via eſt qua me quoque poſſim
Tollere humo —————— Virg.

To Mr. Flyn,

SIR,

I AM by profeſſion a critic, and have had the honour of an intimacy with the greateſt wits of both ſexes in the kingdom. On coming to this city, I was a good deal ſurpriſed at the neglect with which ſome of our great modern

modern writers have been treated, and the little taſte which generally prevails here for thoſe peculiar beauties of ſtile and ſentiment, for which thoſe extraordinary geniuſes are in other places ſo much celebrated. I therefore hope my time will not be miſemployed, if I lay myſelf out to improve the public, through the channel of your paper, by pointing out the ſpecific excellences of our moſt eminent authors, and ſhewing clearly their ſuperiority to thoſe antients, for whom, from the prejudice of education, too many ſtill retain a blind implicit affection and reſpect. For let your pedants ſay what they will, is Thucydides to be compared to Dr. *Smollet*, Euripides to Mr. *Home*, or Mr. *Murphy*; Homer to *Macpherſon*; or Plato to the divine author of the *Rambler*?

As a ſpecimen of my abilities, I ſhall firſt indulge my fair readers with a letter in the *Richardſonian*, or, novel ſtile: the principal requiſites in which are, an eaſy flowing chit chat, ſuch as people of faſhion talk, with now and then a ſtroke of the pathetic or ſentimental, and an utter neglect of ſtops, the idle diſtinctions of which it would be unpolite to trouble them with, but in their place, daſhes, which alone ſerve for them all.

Miſs HARRIET SELWYN to LUCY Miſs THOMPSON.

Selwyn-houſe. Wedneſday.

Half an hour after Ten.

'MY DEAR GIRL,

'I am juſt preparing for the feaſt and ball Sir 'Harry is is to give to day to the whole country—I 'am dreſſed in the flowered luteſtring you ſay be- 'comes me ſo well—It *really* is a genteel thing— 'Molly has tiffed me out to great advantage—I like 'French night-caps *prodigiouſly*—Don't you—They

ſet

off a long lank yellow viſage *wonderfully*—
namma and I go in the chaiſe and Mr. O'Fla-
y eſcorts us—Rap—Rap—Rap—Here he comes.

❁ ❁ ❁ ❁

–he is not come—'Twas a falſe alarm—Don't
it into your head now that I am in love with
nan—To be ſure I feel ſomething of a *flutter*a-
about me when he ſqueezes my hand——

❁ ❁ ❁ ❁

Quarter paſt Eleven

; come indeed—And with him Miſs Manly rid-
agle—ſhe pretends towit but tis only pertneſs—
how ſhe looks in her blue *cloth* habit—The
of it is enough to ſtiffle one this hot weather.
e's Miſs Taunton—conceited thing—She
s ſhe's *handſome*—In her old faſhioned brown
nd green flounces—What a fright—
ell you who's to be *there*—Lady Betty and
wo Miſs Grevilles and Miſs Meredith and
Reeves and Miſs Pomfret and Miſs Jervis
ny couſin Dixon and Mr. Bramber and Mr.
on——How I run on—Ought'nt I to be
ied of myſelf—So you ought—And ſo I am
ear—My grandmamma calls me—

❁ ❁ ❁ ❁

Ten o'clock at night.

hat a fright I am in—O my dear dear girl—I
never forget it—O men! men! what *ſad* crea-
you are—
Harry's a very ſenſible man—He made me
l compliments at dinner and I coud'nt you
avoid paying all my attention to *him*—This
Mr. O'Flaherty *quite* jealous and he was ſo

'much out of temper that he ſnuffed and ſnubbed
'every body and was particularly ſnappiſh to Mr.
'Mc. Gregor an exciſeman that ſat oppoſite to him
'they began their naſty politicks before we left the
'room——My mind miſ-gave me that they'd quarrel
'and juſt ſo it happened, for we had hardly ſwee-
'tened our tea when we heard high words and pro-
'digious noiſes in the next room—We all went to
'ſee what was the matter when—horrid ſight—poor
'Mr. O'Flaherty had one of his eyes almoſt beat out
'of his head and Mr. Mc. Gregor lay ſtretched on
'the floor juſt for all the world like a corpſe——
'Pity me my dear creature—I fainted away—and
'don't know how I get home—'

The next ſpecies of writing is the *Macpherſonic*, and is the moſt difficult of all. Yet let none deſpair, for I am poſſeſſed of certain rules, which will enable any perſon, without the leaſt genius, to write a whole epic poem in the ſpace of a week beſides fragments; while ſipping a diſh of coffee. Here I can't help confuting a vulgar error, that poetry ſhould be intelligible. It ſhould be quite the contrary, for nothing adds ſo much to the terrific and ſublime as not knowing what the poet would be at. But this I ſhall prove beyond contradiction in a New Art of Poetry which I intend to publiſh, and to which I muſt refer you for the receipt of making night-ſcenes, moon-light ſcenes, love ſcenes, ghoſt-ſcenes, death-ſcenes, compound epithets, ſimiles and battles. And in the mean time I ſhall take part of the above ſtory and turn it into a fragment of Gallic Poetry, calling Mc. Gregor by his own name, and changing O'Flaherty into Dermot.

FRAGMENT.

'*The* gates of the Eaſt are barred on the ſun's eagle

'eagle eye. Slow riſes the gray-boſomed miſt from 'the wood ſkirted vale of Glaunaglogh. Wide o'er 'the ſtream is poured the vapour dark and ſtinking, 'and the moon, like a rich cheeſe, faint glimmers 'through its folds.'

'Why wakes Gregor? red-haired Gregor ſon of 'Fergus? As the fat haggis, when boiling in an ear-'then pot, rolls here and there, inquiet rolls, and 'daſhes all about the greaſy wave, ſo the ſon of Fer-'gus, by wooly blanket covered, toſſed and tumbled, 'and thro' his red locks the breezes of the night whi-'ſtled.

'Through the duſky night Fergus the warrior 'ſtands before him, the Highland chief with all his 'ghaſtly wounds. Awake O'Gregor. A ghoſt I 'come, like the ſhrill bagpipe's voice to warn thee of 'thy danger. Beware of morrow's feaſt. Beware 'of blue eyed Dermot, ſon of Conar. He ſpoke 'and paſſed away from Gregor's opening eyes.

'As th' elaſtic air, in coſtive bowels pent, rough-'roaring rumbles, ſo moaned and groaned the chief.

'In clouds aroſe the eaſtern light, and ſo did Gre-'gor. Fixed on his ſtaff he penſive leans, deep-mu-'ſing on the heath, and rolls his ſide-long-looking 'eyes aſkant. Shall air-formed ghoſts appall the 'ſon of Fergus? No! away thou ſhade! All further 'thoughts away! To th' hall I'll go, tho' Conar's 'ſon with all his hoſt be there.

'So ſpoke the ſon of Fergus, and valour in his 'breaſt glowed like a burning coal. Stately he 'ſtepped along the heath, and white-breaſted hair-'footed Bran, the prince of curs, howled as he went.

'The feaſt is ſpread, and joy brightens the faces of

'the gueſt. The bounding doe her ruby haunch
'affords, and ſteams of roaſted veal, with ſweeteſt
'ſtuffing filled, perfume the air. The rocky *Kil-*
'*finnan* ſupplied her juicy mutton, nor was there
'wanting there the brown and criſped piggy riggy,
'The ſounds of harp and bagpipe filled the air, and
'th' echoing hall reſounded.

The manuſcript is torn in this place.

'His red right hand armed with an empty vaſe,
'like flaming meteor, the valiant Dermot now up-
'lifted, which deſcending with redoubled force,
'knocked down the ſon of Fergus.

'As the tall oak, which, high on the moſs-tufted
'top of *Kilfenora*, has long withſtood the bluſtering
'force of adverſe winds, when undermined by ruſhing
'cataracts, falls, it falls with horrid crash, and all the
'vale reſounds, ſo fell the valiant GREGOR, and the
'bawbees rattled in his pocket."———

I ſhall take my leave for the preſent, and, if I find that my ſcheme of criticiſm is well received, you ſhall ſoon hear again from me on the ſubject.

I am, Sir, yours,

M. CRITO.

No. 12. Thurſday May 3, 1770.

——— *Fas eſt et ab Hoſte doceri.*

OVID.

THE following letter being on a ſubject rather too delicate for me to decide on, I ſhall ſubmit it, without any ſentiments of my own, to the conſideration of my readers.

To

To Mr. Flyn.

SIR,

The intereſts of ſociety have been conſiderably injured by the injudicious conduct of ſome of our moral writers. They have laid down many general poſitions of right and wrong, without any accurate diſtinction of their boundaries, and given authoritative precepts for human conduct, without ſufficiently attending to human nature. In attempting to remove the diſeaſe, they have tampered too much with the conſtitution, and inſtead of trying the lenient arts of cure, they have frequently made ſhort work, and directly preſcribed amputation.

In one important inſtance, this error has particularly appeared. The fair part of the creation are formed with a propenſity to dreſs, and elegance, to gaiety, tenderneſs and love. This diſpoſition is their proper characteriſtic, and is given them for the beſt purpoſes. It is the ſource of all their influence on earth, and of the higheſt joys which man can poſſibly taſte on this ſide of the grave. The little exceſſes of it are undoubtedly foibles, but the want of it is a capital imperfection. Yet, either from ſpleen, apathy, or affectation, theſe grave cenſors have laboured to deſtroy it in the groſs, and have employed for that purpoſe all the ſolemnity of learning, and the ſmartneſs of ridicule. Every inſtance of attention to perſonal attractions, and the minute, but powerful, articles of decoration, is condemned as unpardonable vanity and folly. The tender inſinuations, and exquiſite blandiſhments of love, are, according to them, no better than indelicacy or immodeſty. Nature, in ſhort, is ſhewn to be entirely wrong, and her fineſt endow-

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ments are ſet at variance with virtue and good ſenſe.

Theſe documents have, I fear, been particularly injurious to the married ſtate. Women have been led by them into falſe ideas of themſelves, as well as of the other ſex, and have been diſcouraged from the uſe of thoſe engaging qualities which ſecure the willing captive in his chains, and from exerting thoſe little tenderneſſes without which no real happineſs can be found. It is much eaſier to deſpiſe than to practice, ſo that leſſons like theſe have flattered at once their indolence and their ambition. Deſirous of being thought above the common character of the ſex, ſuperior to trifles, levity and weakneſs, and refined into ſentimental purity, they have been too eaſily argued into a contempt of thoſe powerful attractions, which have ſtill the moſt difficult and eſſential part of their taſk to perform.

Yet the facts of which they moſt complain, ſhould, one would imagine, ſhew them their miſtake; I mean the many inſtances of ſuperior, nay, unbounded, dominion poſſeſſed by thoſe females who aſſociate with our ſex without the ſanction of law. But, from a partiality too natural, tho' they ſee and feel the effects, they cannot divine the cauſe. Convinced that they are right themſelves, they look for it in the depravity of man's diſpoſition, and think he is managed by arts which lie out of the province of modeſty; that he ſees peculiar charms in vice, and is governed not ſo much by the woman as the wanton.

Could they but perſonally obſerve the conduct of

of theſe their formidable rivals, they would ſoon be undeceived. Were they to look behind the curtain, they would ſee every thing effected by the moſt natural means, without the aid of any magic, but that which the ſex in general poſſeſſe. They would be aſtoniſhed to find that all theſe mighty powers lye eaſily within their own reach, and that the whole ſecret conſiſts in the proper uſe of thoſe qualities, which they had thrown aſide as uſeleſs, or condemned as improper. The nature of man would be fairly laid open to their view, and they would learn to touch the ſprings by which he is actuated. Their knowledge would be founded on experiment, and could, with a ſlight variation, be adapted to the amiable purpoſes of virtue.

Scenes of this kind would ſhew them woman in her natural ſtate of ſuperiority; and an amazing one it is! Without ſtrength, property, or dominion, they are all laid at her feet. Weak, tender, and timid, ſhe moves fleets and armies with a nod. Independent of all human laws, ſhe rules the makers of thoſe laws. Her influence is all ſelf-centered, and ſhe has only to call it judiciouſly into action. She ſtands the moſt eminent inſtance in nature, of a gentle force ſetting a mighty body into motion. She is a combination of mechanic powers beyond any of Archimedes, and can move the world by a hair, without ſtirring out of her bed-chamber.

This is the general prerogative of the ſex, and only more conſpicuous in one part of it, becauſe neceſſity forces into action thoſe qualities by which it is ſupported. Every woman is formed for dominion, and to ſubmit to it is the pride and happineſs of man.

Not

Not the ungenerous dominion of the ſhrew, but that gentle, yet unlimited, influence over the affections ariſing from their numberleſs, nameleſs, bewitching powers. Theſe are by no means peculiar to vice; ſhe ſeems rather to have ſtolen them from virtue, when in a fit of remiſneſs; for, to give poignancy to her joys, ſhe is obliged to hide her own features, and aſſume the air, the language, and the inviting reluctancy of her rival. Man loves not vice; he only ſeeks for happineſs; and, from an honeſt inſtinctive gratitude in his nature, repays it, wherever found, with affection, tenderneſs, almoſt with adoration. Would virtue but diſplay the banner of pleaſure, the whole male world would go over to her party.

But as cuſtom denies the ladies this ſcene of obſervation, they muſt reſort to their own imaginations. We feel, but we cannot deſcribe, the powers by which they ſubdue, captivate, and command. They are too ſubtile to be clothed in words, and paſs directly to the heart, too rapid even for peruſal. They operate indeed like ſpells or charms, and raiſe the moſt unaccountable, as well as moſt delightful ſympathy that the human frame can feel.

The prettieſt allegory in the world is that of the girdle of *Venus*. Our excellent moraliſt, Mr. *Stevens*, in his Eſſay on Heads, exhibits it under the ſingle appellation of *Good humour*. This is undoubtedly the ground; but he has omitted the embroidery, which is thus beautifully attempted by HOMER, or rather by Mr. POPE; tho' I could wiſh he had not omitted the *molli baci* of TASSO, for they ſeem to be eſſentially neceſſary.

In this was every art, and every charm,
To win the wiſeſt, and the coldeſt warm;

Fond

Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,
The kind deceit, the still-reviving fire;
Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.

I would recommend the whole passage, as both amusing and instructive, to the perusal of my fair married readers. Proposing only, that, instead of occasionally borrowing this bewitching ornament from *Venus*, they should wrest it from her as their property, and wear it by night as well as by day.

I never knew a lady without a competency of pride or ambition. Two noble qualities, if they were called in from trifling pursuits, and employed on the valuable purposes of nature. Pride then would blush at their being excelled, by the lowest of the sex, in that art which does honour to woman, and indeed to human nature, the art of pleasing; and ambition would reject every degree of dominion inferior to that unbounded one, which the exertion of this art must necessarily confer.

It is far from my intention to insist on the trite, and, I hope, unnecessary topics of neatness and good temper. There is but little merit in not being a savage or a slattern. Something more than negatives is necessary to my plan. It is a noble point gained to command esteem; but man is a multifarious animal, and it is paying him much too high a compliment, to treat him as a Being consisting only of spirit, or capable of subsisting merely on spiritual food. The senses, the passions, the imagination all expect their share. Every art of elegance, every power of endearment, should therefore be exerted without reserve. Nothing should be deemed trifling that leads to happiness, *nor should coldness* or austerity be indulged, un-

der

der the ſpecious name of delicacy. Marriage would then get rid of the dull idea which cuſtom too frequently annexes to it, and appear in the inviting form of an union of the ſexes, under the protection o God and man, not only for mutual comfort and ſupport, but alſo for the full and free enjoyment of every tenderneſs, and indulgence of every rapture, which their natures are formed to give and to receive.

I beg leave to call upon the ladies to do themſelves due honour, and aſſert their rank in the creation. Common compliment really ſtrains but little, when it calls them angels. They are intruſted with the happineſs of the world, and all the ſtores of pleaſure are in their hands. Man is thrown dependent on their bounty, and implores their kindneſs as the great palliative of pain, the reward, the over-payment, for all the toils, the dangers, and the viciſſitudes of life. Where he has renounced all other ſources of joy but one, it were cruel, ungenerous, and unjuſt to make him a loſer by his virtue. Amidſt the hurry of artificial pleaſures, let not nature be overlooked, nor her gentle dictates diſregarded, but let it be the pride and happineſs of every married woman to make her huſband a VIRTUOUS VOLUPTUARY.

I am, Sir, &c.

PHILOGYNES.

Y.

No. 13 Monday May 7, 1770.

Sanabilibus ægrotamus malis Cicero.

To Mr. Flyn.

SIR,

THOUGH I was never bred to the profeſſion of phyſic, I have read moſt of the celebrated authors in that ſcience, and, I am ſorry to ſay it, have found nothing in them but uncertainty. As to the innumerable medicines recommended in them, which to the deſtruction of the human ſpecies, are ſtill to be found in the ſhop of the apothecary, they are abſolute poiſons; and if any perſon could be found who would venture to ſtem the torrent of popular prejudice, and baniſh them entirely, together with the pernicious tribe of Phyſicians, Surgeons, and Man-midwives, he would contribute exceedingly to the ſaving the lives of his majeſty's good ſubjects, and deſerve a ſtatue to his memory with the glorious title of Pater Patriæ.

This I hope will be effected by my new practice of phyſic, which, after many years ſtudy, I have at length diſcovered, and as all my labours have been calculated for the ſervice of the public, I ſhall be ready, upon proper, parliamentary encouragement, to diſcloſe. In the mean time, as I cannot avoid acknowledging my obligations to the ancients, I ſhall mention ſome remedies uſed by them, together with the extraordinary cures mentioned in moſt of the wri-

ters

ters of antiquity, which will give a ſufficient notion of my method to every perſon of ſenſe.

PLINY tells of one PHALEREUS, who had an impoſthume in his lungs, and whoſe life was deſpaired of. He was cured by getting himſelf run thro' the body. There can be no objection to ſo eaſy a remedy for ſo deſperate a diſorder.

The ſame author mentions that a friend of his was cured of a deſperate cough by another's ſpitting in his face.

The great LUCULLUS was cured of an obſtinate deafneſs by his wife's breaking his head with a joint-ſtool, for ſtaying too long at a tavern.

It is well known, that AULUS GELLIUS, and many others relate, that the pain of the gout was relieved by playing a certain tune on the *tibia duplex*, the muſic of which is unfortunately loſt, and MONTAIGNE mentions, that a gentleman of his acquaintance always got eaſe in the fit, by curſing the *Bologna* ſauſages, neat's tongues and gammons, that his phyſicians told him were the cauſe of it.

ATHENÆUS mentions, that many perſons were cured of an habitual coſtiveneſs, by getting a good drubbing, and being put into great bodily fear.

Mr. BOYLE mentions the prodigious effect of the ſound of a bagpipe, as a diuretic. I ſhould recommend it to be tried in fits of the gravel, and ſuppreſſions of urine.

One of the latter Greek hiſtorians informs us, that the emperor PALÆOLOGUS the ſecond was ſick, and kept his bed for a twelvemonth together, of a diſeaſe for which his phyſicians could ſcarce find a *name, and* much leſs, medicines to cure; but when

all

ill deſpaired of his recovery, an *old woman* told the mpreſs, that if ſhe made it her buſineſs to vex and nger the emperor to ſome purpoſe, and would purſue hat method continually, it would reſtore him to his ormer health. That ſex (ſays the ſcandalous hiſto-ian) being generally provided with ſuch a remedy, he empreſs applied it immediately, and to ſuch a de-ree, as to ſuffer nothing to be done that he command-d; but ſo croſſed and vexed him in every thing that he continual torment forced him at length into a weat, by which means the natural heat being ſtirred ip, and augmented by ill-uſage, it perfectly diſſipated nd diſcharged the offending humours which occaſi-oned his ſickneſs, and the emperor perfectly recover-d, ſurvived this diſtemper twenty years, and conti-nued in health till he was ſixty.

I need ſay nothing in recommendation of this me-licine, as it is ſo eaſily applied, and ſo readily found in lmoſt every houſe, that it may well be called *medi-ina univerſalis domeſtica.*

But enough of the material part of us. I leave all urther diſcuſſion of ſuch matters to vulgar phyſicians. fly at higher gamet.

Can'ſt thou not miniſter to a mind diſeas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted ſorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And, with ſome ſweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanſe the ſtuff'd boſom of the perilous ſtuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

I can; for, beſides the *noſtrums* I poſſeſs for the ure of bodily diſorders, I have, by intenſe applicati-on, diſcovered many invaluable medicines for the diſ-aſes of the mind.

Here again I am conſiderably indebted to the an-

cients for ſeveral hints, and particularly for the uſe of *Hellebore*, which I have prepared in a variety of ſhapes, to be given in a variety of forms, according to the different ſymptoms and indications of *that* madneſs which is the univerſal diſorder of mankind. By ſome ſmall alteration in the various proceſſes through which it goes, I can apply it as a *cathartic*, *narcotic*, *alterative*, &c.

In the firſt ſhape as an *Evacuant* it will infallibly cure the malady of *diſcontent*, a diſorder that commonly ariſes from a *Plethora* of happineſs, which ſo oppreſſes the brain that the nerves become inſenſible to every pleaſing impulſe, are continually kept in an uneaſy kind of vibration, and thrown into ſpaſms of anxiety by the common and unavoidable accidents of life.

As a *Narcotic* it is the moſt precious and univerſal medicine in nature. Nine tenths of the evils of human life muſt yield to the force of its operation. It effectually removes that painful irritability which is the attendant on cultivated minds and extenſive benevolence, and infallibly produces that delightful ſerenity of ſelfiſhneſs, which could ſee the whole creation go to ruins without a pitying thought.

As an *alterative* or ſweetener there is no medicine like it. It purifies the blood and juices from thoſe acrid and venomous particles, which produce the diſorders called envy and malice. It corrects the gall in a very particular manner, in ſo much that a lady whoſe caſe was very deplorable, and who was in a bad habit of mind by conſtantly ſpeaking ill of her acquaintance, was perfectly cured, and her words have ever ſince breathed the ſpirit of univerſal charity.

The

The only exception to the ſucceſs of this almoſt univerſal medicine is in one diſorder, and that is *Avarice*, which increaſes in the ſame *ratio* as the vigour of the heart abates, and will not, by any method, be brought to yield to it. This is indeed a diſeaſe which is terminated only by death.

I have alſo regained the long loſt art of adding charms to my medicines, the certain *verba & voces*, which operate in a manner known only to adepts, and can furniſh the ladies with ſome ſecret, but certain methods of producing and preſerving love in the other ſex, which at the ſame time have, I muſt own, but little effect without their powerful auxiliaries, good humour, good nature and delicacy.

You'll ſay the caſe of the gentlemen will be exceedingly hard, if, whilſt I ſupply the ladies with ſuch irreſiſtable powers, I ſhould not alſo furniſh an antidote. I will not ſay with the ſatyriſt,

An antidote in female caprice lies,
Kind Heaven! againſt the poiſon of their eyes.

But conclude with this hint to the ladies, that *wit* is diſguſting without *good nature*, that *beauty* is unamiable without *good humour*, and that nothing extinguiſhes *deſire* like *indelicacy*.

I am Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

PSYCHIATROS.

Z.

No. 14 Thurſday, May, 10, 1770.

O curvæ in terras animæ, et cæleſtium inanes!
PERSIUS.

IT is a pleaſure to me to find that I have been ſo much on my guard as to have informed my readers in the firſt number of my Speculations, that being always curious, and ſometimes idle, I have frequently had recourſe to the inſide of the books, with which I have been all my life ſurrounded, not without gleaning conſiderably as I paſſed. I acknowledged, at the ſame time, that my ideas were very miſcellaneous, and not as regularly claſſed as in more ſcholaſtic heads, becauſe I have only ſkimmed the ſurface of things, and in ſome inſtances, I fear, adopted firſt impreſſions without allowing ſufficient room for reaſon or reflexion,

Warped by Mr. HOBBES and other writers, whoſe pages I had turned over, I believed there was not in human nature, ſtrictly ſpeaking, what we underſtand by the word *Benevolence.* I judged all our tender feelings, and correſponding humane actions to ariſe from *ſelf-love*, and to terminate in *complacency*: nay, in ſuch proportion as a man appeared individually charitable, or more generally uſeful, ſo far I declared, and ventured to publiſh him leſs or more ſelfiſh; not conſidering that ſelf-love, to be regular, muſt *be the effect* and not the cauſe of benevolence.

So

So far was I tranſported by my acquired and improved ſentiments on this head, that I, ſome weeks ago, intended to publiſh propoſals for printing by ſubſcription an Eſſay I had written, with the ſpecious title of "*The Prodigal Son; or Benevolence returned to the Manſion of Self love.*"

To my ſenſible diſpaſſionate friend who, according to his daily cuſtom, comes to my ſhop, I ſhewed my propoſals; and for his opinion, enthuſiaſtically produced my firſt ſheets, which he ſeemed to receive with a conſiderable degree of ſatisfaction. Whilſt he was peruſing them, I diſcovered on his face ſtrong marks of internal agitation, which I flattered myſelf had ariſen from the pleaſure my pages afforded him, and hence was not in the leaſt doubtful of having ſecured the approbation and encouragement of a reſpectable character; when, lo! he ſuddenly, as unexpectedly, flung my copy from him, as far as the limits of my ſhop would allow, and with vehemence of expreſſion exclaimed, "Is it poſſible, Mr. Flyn, that you—can any man ſeriouſly adopt opinions ſo repugnant to the ſenſations of almoſt every ſocial being, ſo injurious to the dignity of human nature, too much, alas! diſcoloured in itſelf!"

Thunderſtruck by expreſſions ſo humiliating and contrary to my expectation, I loſt, for a time, the power of ſpeech—I could not make any reply: He on the contrary, availing himſelf of the pauſe of aſtoniſhment, ſternly ſaid "Man, Sir, is naturally a beneficent creature, and benevolent propenſities ſeem to ſpring, even without culture, from his heart. The worſt of tempers, the moſt abandoned of beings, in many inſtances, bear teſtimony of

this aſſertion; for even among ſuch you may, not infrequently, diſcover Benevolence. But you, influenced, I preſume, by the conſideration of what unthinking miſguided men may ſometimes do, have ventured to eſtabliſh a ſtandard of what mankind ſhould always invariably do; otherwiſe you could not have repreſented us to ſo much diſadvantage, ſo little, ſo ſordid, ſo odious.

You did not allow yourſelf time to conſider that we are the creatures of a GOD immenſely great! infinitely good! of power unlimited, of plenitude without meaſure! *benevolence* itſelf, and, of all beings, the moſt beneficent! Creatures, I ſay, of a GOD who, in his goodneſs and inſcrutable deſign, was graciouſly pleaſed to make man after his own likeneſs, to enrich him (*Divinæ particulâ auræ*) with a ſpark of his own divine nature, and ſo to adorn him with a participation of his moſt lovely attribute *benevolence*. An emanation, apparently neceſſary to the ſupport and well being of the various ſubordinate orders among men, eſtabliſhed by him on this our earth, from conſiderations, no doubt, infinitely wiſe.

To any one who, without bias, takes a nearer view of human nature, it will, I think, appear pretty evidently, that there lurks in the heart of every man an actuating principle nearly allied to, and eaſily excited by ſelf-love. I mean *pride*: a paſſion which, when kept under ſuch due ſubjection as to be directed only to its proper objects, is, no doubt, of infinite uſe to every individual: but we find that being univerſally the moſt eaſily offended of all our affections, and indeed almoſt irreſiſtibly cogent, it will not tamely ſubmit to the ſmalleſt injury of miſrepreſentation, or *even ſuſpicion*.

Should

Should your pages, of moſt pernicious tendency, ſpread abroad and infect the minds of the multitude, God only knows when or where the ill effects of the contagion would ceaſe! for tho' I may venture to prophecy that there will never be wanting, in this city, ſome men of open, generous, god-like tempers who will be always ready to dry up the galling tear of diſtreſs, and conſtantly engage themſelves in the nobleſt of employments, that of ſeeking out, and circulating relief and comfort among their indigent fellow-beings; yet I ſhould apprehend that the greater number would be witheld from the generous exertion of their benevolent propenſities, by a ſpark of *pride*, impatient of having their benefactions charged with the odious imputation of ſelfiſhneſs: whilſt the contracted heartleſs miſers would hug themſelves in the comfortable reflection, of having the bulk of the people linked with them in brutal inſenſibility.

On ſaying theſe words, he turned round, the better to conceal the big tear which was ready to ſtart from his eye, and, after a few minutes ſilence, told me that he found himſelf irreſiſtibly inclined to communicate to me a part of his own hiſtory, notwithſtanding the pain it ſhould give him; requeſted I would do him the juſtice to believe that Philanthrophy, and not a deſire of vain glory, was extorting a recital of facts, which he always wiſhed to conceal from the world, amply ſatisfied in the reflection of their having paſſed in the review of that GREAT EYE from which no thought, nor extent of action, with all its circumſtances, can be hidden; and hoped that I would be able to draw inferences from his little picture which in the end muſt diſpoſe me to judge more favourably of the motives of human actions.

I think it unneceſſary, ſaid he, to give you an account

account of the many perplexing difficulties thro' which I ſtruggled in the early part of my life, before it had pleaſed Providence to conduct me into the lovely paths of virtue and ſucceſsful induſtry. A detail of thoſe will probably furniſh you with materials for a future ſpeculation.

It is ſufficient, on this occaſion, to inform you that I have, for ſo time paſt, been able to lay by one hundred pounds per annum, after comfortably ſupplying my own occaſions in ſuch decent and frugal manner as always beſt ſuited my inclination. It is from hence that I date the commencement of my moſt happy days, for (although I was always inclined to relieve my diſtreſſed neighbour, as much as my ability would allow) it was only then I was firſt bleſſed with the means of practiſing with a liberal hand, the leſſons of benevolence which my untutored heart had dictated almoſt as early as the firſt dawning of my reaſon.

In a word, my ſavings have been regularly diſpoſed of, in the relief of the many indigent ſufferers, whom either chance or private intelligence had pointed out as proper objects ; and this with as little partiality or diſtinction, as the nature of my deſign could admit of. 'Tis true, indeed, I uſed every method in my power to diſtinguiſh between the real object and the impoſtor ; between the honeſt man borne down with the unavoidable misfortunes of life, and the incorrigible reprobate who had reduced himſelf to ruin, by an obſtinate courſe of irregularities ; between the induſtrious man who, if he had ſomething to work upon, would provide for himſelf and his helpleſs family, and the ſottiſh drone on whom a piece of gold *would* rather entail unhappineſs, by furniſhing the

means

means of gratifying his ſenſual appetites, to the conſiderable injury of himſelf, and ſcandal of ſociety; between the pining infirm beings who, aſhamed to beg, confine themſelves in their wretched manſions of miſery, the moſt affecting pictures of diſtreſs! And the ſturdy vagrants who daily infeſt our doors; a numerous ſect, whom no conſideration can force from the trade of idleneſs and begging, no temptation allure to ſuitable induſtry.

Theſe diſtinctions, however neceſſary, have, I confeſs, ſometimes expoſed me to ſome little inconveniences, which, tho' far from being very diſagreeable to me, might poſſibly give offence to many others. For inſtance, I have been often pointed out in the ſtreets as an hard-hearted uncharitable fellow, and have heard a ſturdy beggar deſire another, whom I happened to repulſe, never to expect charity from my hand, for, ſaid he "That man has no bowels—He never gives any thing to the poor." The tenor of my practice, indeed, might have furniſhed cauſe for the ſturdy fellow's opinion of me, as I have always ſtudiouſly endeavoured to conceal myſelf, as much as poſſible, from the partakers of my bounty; and in this ſcheme ſucceeded ſo well, that I have been, not infrequently, joſtled by men, and treated with opprobrious language by women who, but a few days before, were removed from loathſome priſons, or unexpectedly furniſhed with the neceſſaries of life at my expence.

This always pleaſed me, and never in the leaſt diminiſhed the unſpeakable comfort I had often experienced, in the reflection of having been the inſtrument of once ſuppreſſing the ſigh of diſtreſs, or promoting the ſmile of relief unexpected: ſenſations riſing in an heart at eaſe in its incloſure, happily expand-

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ing itſelf to correſpond with its connate impreſſion and the divine precept of its Creator.

I never, indeed, ſought after objects to give me that pain, which, thro' neceſſity, I muſt ſelfiſhly remove, nor has all the good I have been able to do, in this way, been ſufficient to curdle one drop of the *milk of my blood*, whereby an obſtruction might be formed, and the farther operation of benevolent functions impeded, perhaps totally prevented. What impelled me? I ſay, pure BENEVOLENCE.

" What by this name, then ſhall be underſtood?
What, but the glorious luſt of doing good.
The heart that finds it happineſs to pleaſe,
Can feel another's pain and taſte his eaſe.
The cheek that with another's joy can glow,
Turn pale, and ſicken with another's woe;
Free from contempt and envy, he who deems
Juſtly of life's two oppoſite extremes:
Who to make all, and each man, truly bleſt,
Does all he can, and wiſhes all the reſt."

FIELDING.

Should you, Mr. FLYN, or any man, attempt to depreciate benevolence, that noble offspring of a well-tempered heart, and to charge its divine impulſes with the foul imputation of ſelfiſhneſs, you will, believe me, do more miſchief than you are aware of. For my part, pride will riſe up in contradiction to your ſyſtem, will ſour my nature, and abſolutely transform me into an unfeeling relentleſs being. I ſhall be forced to put off my natural diſpoſition, and inſtead of being eaſy, tranquil and decently gay, ſhall become reſtleſs, diſſatisfied and moroſe. You have been miſled, Mr. FLYN. You have adopted *maxims* not founded in fact. Conſult your own

heart,

heart, and it will confute your doctrine. To degrade our nobleſt motives of action, is to lower us below the brutes, to looſen the amiable connections of ſociety, and blaſpheme the Sovereign Goodness which has formed our natures.

A

No. 15. Monday, May 14, 1770.

Nec minor eſt virtus, quam quærere, parta tueri;
Caſus ineſt illic, hoc erit artis opus.

Ovid.

YESTERDAY evening, the old Gentleman whom I have already introduced to my readers, came into my ſhop as uſual, and taking up my twelfth Speculation, read it through with great attention. This, ſays he, ſlipping his hand againſt the counter, is a ſenſible fellow, and takes the ſubject in the right light. I have been often amazed, Mr. Flyn, at ſeeing good writers bear ſo injudiciouſly hard againſt little female foibles. Exceſſes of a nature, ſo robuſt as that of man, may be lopped away without mercy; but a woman ſhould be pruned like a peach-tree. There is, in truth, ſo much that is excellent, and ſo little that is faulty in them, that it is dangerous to attempt a change. None but a mad man would injure the delicate colours of a rich flower-knot, in order to eradicate a few microſcopical weeds. Women have a ſenſibility which, if hurt, may check them in the

the right path, or turn them into a wrong one. Male critics ſhould therefore be very delicate in preſcribing rules to them. After their general principles are well formed, it is, in my opinion, ſafer to give their little ſpecific propenſities free play.

I love this PHILOGYNES, continued he, for his warm attachment to the ſex. If there be ſuch a thing in nature as an inſenſibility of their charms, the poſſeſſor has no reaſon to be vain of it. For my part, poor DRYDEN's caſe is mine.

Old as I am, for Ladies loves unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet.

Even at my time of life, it refreſhes the imagination, and diffuſes a kind of vernal chearfulneſs over every idea. It's efficacy is indeed ſo irreſiſtible, that women have, in my opinion, moſt of the moral, and much of the natural evil of the world to account for. The potency of their influence may prevent the one, and diſarm the latter of its ſting. How ſuperſtition could be ſo ſtupid as to attribute witchery to hags, hardly human, is amazing; but it is no more than a natural truth to ſay, that every amiable woman is a ſorcereſs; faſcination is in her eye, magic in her ſmile, and a legion of little demons in her touch. When virtue deigns to aſſume the inchanted wand, the arts of CIRCE are reverſed; man ſtarts from the brute into his proper nature, and riſes into refinement and bliſs.

Story-telling, Sir, is the vice of age; yet I cannot avoid relating a real fact to illuſtrate my opinion. The perſons are an amiable and reſpectable pair, who live at this day in the North of the kingdom, and whom I have known ſince their infancy.

ARISTUS

Aristus came into life with every advantage. His eſtate was a clear 2000l. a year; his conſtitution excellent, and his perſon very handſome. A liberal education had afforded him a large ſhare of knowledge, and his ſtrong underſtanding had made it all his own. His principles, well turned by nature, had been formed by the ſtricteſt rules of honour, virtue, and religion. Add to all theſe, the attractions of the ſweeteſt temper, great vivacity, and a fine addreſs, and you have a ſketch of Aristus's picture.

Nothing could bid fairer for happineſs than ſuch an outſet. Great were the expectations of his friends. But I, who knew him beſt, could ſee, through all his excellences, a weak part which made me fear for him. Joined to a general ſocial affection, and an uncommon tenderneſs of heart, he poſſeſſed a ſenſibility of female charms which carried him almoſt to enthuſiaſm. It was eaſy to perceive the rock on which this habit of mind, aided by the vigour of a genial conſtitution, would inevitably hurry him; and I ſaw clearly that, with a firmneſs which no violence could ſhake, a judgment not to be deceived by man, and morals which the world's riches could not vitiate, my friend was doomed to be the dupe, the abſolute ſlave of female dominion.

I met him in London on his return from the tour of Europe. He came back enriched with every valuable acquiſition, and his ſolid underſtanding poliſhed into genuine elegance. But the pleaſure of our interview was not a little abated on my finding that he had brought over with him a lady, with whom he had formed a connection at Paris, and from whom I ſaw but little proſpect of his ever being releaſed. Dufresnoy had every gift of nature and art that was

neceſſary for ſuch a conqueſt. Beſides a conſiderable ſhare of well-improved good ſenſe, ſhe had great ſweetneſs of temper, and an unaffected deſire to pleaſe. To a very beautiful perſon was added a perfect knowlege of all the arts of decoration. She had a tenderneſs of aſpect and manner very hard to be reſiſted, and a modeſt elegance of addreſs, which flattered his delicacy, and threw a veil over the very nature of vice.

In her fetters I found him, nor could any influence of mine, nor indeed any human means, but her own mercenary mind, have ever ſet him free. Some time after my return to Dublin, I learned, that her repeated infidelities had at laſt broken his chain. I thought this a good time to remonſtrate, but, before my letter reached him, his unruly leading paſſion had reſumed it's ſway, and thrown him into the bondage of an eminent actreſs, rather celebrated for addreſs than charms, but whoſe great proficiency in artifice promiſed to be more dangerous than even the beauty of DUFRESNOY.

But I muſt bring you to my heroine. AMANDA's family and fortune were good. Her perſon extremely fine, and her face, tho' far from regular, the moſt attractive that I ever ſaw. Beſides the fineſt teeth, and a mouth about which ten thouſand graces revelled, ſhe had a pair of the moſt charming bright blue eyes, full of all the bewitching ſoftneſs peculiar to that colour. Her ſpirits were excellent; her temper ſweet; and, added to every polite accompliſhment, ſhe poſſeſſed a good underſtanding, and an affectionate heart. Such a girl could not fail of admirers. She had indeed, before the age of twenty, declined ſeveral offers, which, in the language of the world, were prodigious great ones.

I fre-

I frequently eſcorted her to the Play-Houſe, where we were one night, when, to my great ſurprize, Aristus entered the box, not many hours arrived from England. We met with mutual joy; but I ſoon perceived his attention ſtealing from me to another object. Amanda ſtruck him, and I thought I could ſee by her that he was the man. The next morning diſcloſed his intentions. I oppoſed them ſtrongly, and pictured him to himſelf with a friendly ſeverity. But he pleaded ſo well, and urged ſo forcibly that both reformation and happineſs depended on Amanda, that I was obliged to ſubmit. I carried his meſſage, but at the ſame time honeſtly exhibited his character. The mother heſitated; Amanda was referred to as deciſive. With the moſt modeſt candour ſhe declared, that ſhe ſaw ſome ſtrong lines of conſtancy in the portrait, on which ſhe would venture to rely, and was willing to run the riſque. They were married ſoon after, and went down to his ſeat.

A perverſe turn in my own affairs carried me about this time abroad. The pain of a ten years abſence was however a good deal leſſened by the regular accounts I received of my amiable friends being compleatly happy. Laſt November I landed in Dublin, and, hearing they were in the country, ſet out thither immediately.

I got there the ſecond day about three, and was ſhewn into a parlour, where I found my fair friend at work, her eldeſt girl reading to her, and two ſweet little boys playing on the carpet. Our firſt ſalutes were hardly over, when Aristus flew into the room, and hung upon my neck. Words were not neceſſary to tell me their mutual happineſs. I have ſeldom felt more joy. Dinner was now ſerved, and, the firſt hur-

ry of ſpirits ſubſiding, my attention was attracted by AMANDA. The ladies may laugh, perhaps not believe me, when I ſay, that, tho' the day was extremely wet, and no proſpect of any company, ſhe was very elegantly dreſſed. The whole had an unſtudied air, yet I could ſee that the minuteſt article was carefully adjuſted. I was particularly ſtruck, when ſhe drew off her gloves, with a pair of rich diamond bracelets, which he had preſented to her a few days before. Love had diffuſed an exquiſite tenderneſs over her features; and an habitual wiſh of pleaſing, animated by ſucceſs, had ſo pointed every charm, that, tho' ſhe had been frequently a mother, ſhe was a much finer woman than when I left her. My ſpirits were raiſed. I ſhared ſincerely in their happineſs. The harpſichord ſucceeded our tea, and I found her improved into a capital performer. She gave us ſome of *Handel's* fineſt airs. The enraptured ARISTUS gazed like a lover; his enamoured view ran over all her charms; her bright eye, full of ſenſibility; her lips, breathing ſweets, and emitting the fineſt tones; her elegant fingers flying through all the complicated turns of harmony, and her dangerous boſom ſwelling with expreſſion. I am ſixty five, Mr. FLYN, yet I found it convenient to peruſe ſome good prints that were hanging near me. Indeed, my worthy friends ſeemed to have been married but ten days inſtead of ten years. I withdrew before ſupper.

A month's ſtay in this pleaſing retreat gave me hourly occaſions of admiring her. Joined to a ſteady uniformity of purpoſe, ſhe contrived to throw ſuch an amazing variety into her dreſs, her manner, the diſpoſition of our hours, and all her little ſchemes of *amuſement*, that inconſtancy itſelf would have doated

on

on her. By always turning the bright ſide of domeſtic life to her huſband, ſhe preſerved herſelf from dwelling on the dark one. A chearful alacrity in her œconomy made it perceivable only by the effects; and, tho' they lived remarkably well, ſhe had nearly cleared off a debt of ſix thouſand pounds, incurred by his indiſcretion, before he could conceive it poſſible. Indeed I wondered not at his being happy. He poſſeſſed all that Dufresnoy or A—— could give, and more; he had it pure and unalloyed; with a worthy heart beſides, which neither of them had to beſtow.

The morning I came away, meeting her alone in the garden, I could not avoid ſome well-deſerved compliments on her conduct. 'I know, my dear Sir, 'ſaid ſhe, you were in pain for me; but, with va-'nity I ſay it, I found the taſk full as eaſy as I ima-'gined. My Aristus had too many virtues to be 'loſt. Heaven was pleaſed to give me a perſon 'that he liked; all the reſt depended on myſelf. 'I reſolved that my appearance ſhould not be im-'paired by my own fault; my temper I could truſt 'to; and I felt a lively affection, which, I hoped, 'would ſupply the place of better abilities, and dic-'tate, as I went along, the means of making him 'happy. To pleaſe and be pleaſed are, in reality, 'the mutual cauſe and effect of each other; ſo that 'my labour is a round of pleaſure. The buſineſs of 'my toilet, being habitual, is eaſy, nay agreeable. I 'regard my glaſs as a friend who daily gives me new 'hints for pleaſing the man I love. To you Sir, I 'will own, that I *love* him, in the full extent 'of the word, with the ardor which he deſerves; 'with the ardor which he requires. Had he met

'with only the cold return of eſteem, ARISTUS 'would have been far from happy.'

'Happineſs like mine, continued ſhe, would be 'more general, would women but obſerve two max-'ims. One is, never to attempt an oppoſition to 'nature, but gently to lead it right by flattering the 'ruling propenſity. The other, never to contemn 'ſmall matters as trifles, for by them only can their 'purpoſe be effected. There is no ſuch thing as a 'trifle. Minuteneſſes form the magazine of female 'power. Connubial joy is accompliſhed ſomewhat 'like a little dotted picture. Each ſingle touch is 'too fine to produce a viſible effect; yet, from their 'frequency, the portrait ſoon begins to open on the 'view, and ſhews how judiciouſly and happily the 'pencil was applied.

F.

No. 16. Thurſday, May 17, 1770.

Proprium prudentiæ conciliare ſibi animos hominum & ad uſus ſuos adjungere. CICERO.

THE daily experience of every man who converſes with the world, ſhews him that the eſteem of others is neceſſary to his own happineſs, that the greateſt abilities, the moſt extenſive learning, and uncommon virtues are not ſufficient to procure that eſteem, and that there is ſomething ſtill wanting, to the attainment of which the principal efforts of precept and education are from our earlieſt infancy directed. I ſhall lay be-

fore

fore my readers ſome detached thoughts on this important accompliſhment, which is no other than what is commonly called Good Breeding or Politeness, the great bond of ſociety; indeed without it no ſociety can ſubſiſt.

Politeness is that mutual deference and reſpect, which leads us to reſign our inclinations to thoſe with whom we converſe, and to reſtrain and conceal that preſumption and arrogance ſo natural to the human mind; or, in other words, it is the ſacrifice of our ſelf-love to that of others. Thus, as we are by nature proud and ſelfiſh, and apt to aſſume a preference above others, a well bred man behaves with the utmoſt deference to the reſt of the company and yields the ſuperiority to them in all the common incidents of ſociety. In the ſame manner, whenever a perſon's ſituation may naturally beget any diſagreeable ſuſpicion in him, it is the part of good manners to prevent it, by a ſtudied diſplay of ſentiments directly contrary to thoſe of which he is apt to be jealous. Thus whiſpering in company is impolite, in the higheſt degree, becauſe every other perſon in the room will be uneaſy at it, as he muſt naturally ſuſpect that he is the ſubject of the diſcourſe, and that it muſt neceſſarily be to his diſadvantage, otherwiſe what was ſaid might have been told openly. Old men know their infirmities, and dread the contempt of youth. Well-educated youth therefore redouble the inſtances of reſpect and deference to their elders. Strangers and foreigners are without protection. Hence, in all polite countries they receive the higheſt civilities and are intitled to the firſt place in every company. A man is lord in his own houſe, and his gueſts are ſubject to his authority. He therefore ſits at the lower end of the table,

is attentive to the wants of every one, and gives himſelf all the trouble. But here it muſt be obſerved that he muſt do this without betraying too viſible an affectation, or impoſing too much conſtraint on his gueſts. Hence the proverb, "There's more politeneſs where there's leaſt ceremony," and as the French ſay, you may be ſure you are in the houſe of an ill-bred perſon *quand on eſt gené*, when one is not perfectly at his eaſe, or oppreſſed with awkward civilities.

But this modern politeneſs, which is ſo ornamental, is very apt to run into affectation and foppery, diſguiſe and inſincerity, as is the caſe with the French; and that ſimplicity of manners, which the Engliſh affect ſo much, and which is naturally ſo amiable, is equally apt, under the name of honeſt bluntneſs and ſincerity, to degenerate into the extreme of ruſticity and barbariſm. There is a very ridiculous inſtance of the firſt in the French phraſeology. It would be rude in the higheſt degree to ſay, *C'eſt un beau chien, Madame*, 'Tis a fine dog, madam. You muſt always ſay, *Madame, c'eſt un beau chien*, Madam, 'tis a fine dog. They conceive I ſuppoſe that there is a great indelicacy in putting the *dog* before the *lady*.

The Chineſe reckon politeneſs amongſt the cardinal virtues, and that none in that vaſt empire ſhould be ignorant of the laws of decorum, they have a Code for that purpoſe, framed by the Mandarins of the firſt claſs, called, if I remember right, *Whang-tang li*. It is a very large work, and contains an exact account of all the various inflections of the body, movements, geſtures, and ſalutations to be uſed on different occaſions, together with the number of times they ſhould be performed at accidental meetings,

whether

whether in the ſtreet, at the Pagoda, or upon making a viſit to another; all the various compliments to be paid at marriage viſits, lying-in viſits, and funeral viſits, together with the different ceremonies according to the difference in the quality of the perſons viſiting and viſited. This the Chineſe ladies make their daughters get by heart, and take as much pains about it as our anceſtors uſed in teaching them their cathechiſm, or the modern mothers in imprinting on their memory the caſes in *Hoyle*.

There muſt indeed be ſomething very arbitrary in politeneſs, and the rules of it muſt vary according to the different cuſtoms and manners of nations. From this circumſtance ariſes one of the advantages of travelling, a neceſſity of accommodating one's ſelf to forms extremely different from thoſe of a perſon's native country, which by the collifion wears off thoſe angular aſperities to which man is naturally inclined, and produces that *politura*, from which idea our Engliſh word Politeness got it's name.

I ſhall mention ſome ſingular cuſtoms of certain nations, which as differing rom ours, may appear abſurd and ridiculous, but upon reflection will probably be thought to have their foundation, in nature at leaſt, if not in reaſon. In Turkey, Syria, Egypt, and all the Eaſt, people often have their dinner ſpread on carpets before the door of their houſes, and any perſon whoever, that paſſes by, may ſit down and partake of the fare. If he were to pull out his purſe, and offer to pay for his dinner, it would be looked upon as ſuch an affront to the maſter of the houſe, that his life would be in danger. How different are our cuſtoms! we pay for our dinner, even at the houſes of our friends.

In

In the Northern parts of Germany, upon the arrival of a ſtranger at a Gentleman's houſe, the lady produces a pint glaſs which ſhe fills with brandy, and this is called "The welcome-bumper." She takes it off, and fills it again for the ſtranger, who would be looked upon as very rude, if he were to leave a ſingle drop behind him.

In Tranſylvania the ladies ſalute the gentlemen, and the gentlemen ſtand unmoveable till they approach them. In Hungary upon a ſtranger's arrival the young ladies crowd round him in order to pull off his boots, which he muſt permit without any oppoſition. In Tartary when a ſtranger lies in any perſon's houſe, the miſtreſs goes to bed to him to keep him warm, and it would be accounted exceedingly barbarous if he were to refuſe it, be ſhe ever ſo old and ugly.

Many other extraordinary cuſtoms of different nations may be collected from the writings of travellers; which kind of reading I muſt, by the way, recommend, as tending in a great degree to correct a confined way of thinking, the unavoidable conſequence of a contracted education, to extend a perſon's views, and counteract the little ſelfiſhneſs of human nature.

Propriety of behaviour is an eſſential part of politeneſs, I mean that decency of carriage which is ſuitable to the rank, age, ſex, &c. The violation of this rule expoſes a perſon to many ridiculous ſituations, deſtroys that dignity of character which every one ſhould endeavour to preſerve, and never fails to make him contemptible in the eyes of others.

Politeneſs ſhould not be diſpenſed with even between the oldeſt and the deareſt friends, and that *familiarity* which is uſual between ſuch, ſhould be always

ways accompanied with good-breeding, particularly in the preſence of others. Many inſtances occur, where the ſtricteſt friendſhip has been deſtroyed, or it's warmth at leaſt conſiderably abated, when under pretence of behaving to one another with freedom and *ſans facon*, it has inſenſibly been changed into incivility and rudeneſs.

There is one ſituation in friendſhip where good breeding is of the greateſt conſequence, when is is neceſſary a man ſhould be informed of ſomething that it will be uſeful to him he ſhould know, but which muſt be diſagreeable. It is one of the duties of friendſhip to acquaint him with it, and politeneſs aſſiſts a man in acquitting himſelf of it with ſucceſs, and enables him to correct the faults of his friend without debaſing him in his own eyes.

Some other general rules on this ſubject, with a compariſon of the politeneſs of the antients and moderns, the preſent ſtate of it in different countries, with an enquiry into the cauſes of it's flouriſhing in ſome governments more than others, and a diſcuſſion of the queſtion, what ſoils are moſt favourable to its riſe and growth, ſhall be the ſubject of future Speculations.

Z.

No. 17. Monday, May 12, 1770.

——*Serpentum major concordia : parcit*
Cognatis maculis ſimilis fera —— Juv.

I HAD, until lately, two neighbours, in whoſe intimacy I was extremely happy. The one was a barber, a ſmart, ſenſible, little fellow, but ſomewhat too quick and choleric

cholerick. The other, by vocation a taylor, was a man of a large athletic make, with great ſolemnity of voice and aſpect, but a diſpoſition rather inclined to the imperious. We kept up a club, for ſome time, with three or four others, where we ſpent our evenings very chearfully, chatting over the ſmall occurrences of the day, and each of us indulging the inoffenſive importance of the other, by an unaffected attention to his little tale.

But about a year ago, my two friends unfortunately happened to turn their thoughts to ſtate affairs, and enliſted themſelves on oppoſite ſides of the queſtion. The tonſor became a violent *Wilkite*, and the other a determined *Butean*. As they both unluckily could read, every ſpare ſhilling was laid out in news papers and pamphlets, and our peaceful little ſociety ſoon became the ſcene of diſpute, animoſity, and rancour. The patriot was quite a maſter at all the weapons of CATO SENIOR, and JUNIOR, BRUTUS, LUCIUS, DECIMUS, DECIUS, PUBLIUS, GRACCHUS, ATTICUS, and, above all, the formidable JUNIUS. The courtier ſtood firm, chiefly on the ſupport of the invincible JOHNSON, whoſe phraſeology he could brandiſh with the greateſt eaſe, and was never ſo happy as when laying on his little antagoniſt with polyſyllables as long as his meaſure. Abuſe, at the ſame time flew thick about, and the obliging epithets of Sectary, and Rebel, Jacobite and Slave, formed no ſmall ſhare of the converſation.

Unfortunately for me, who ſtood neuter, I experimentally perceived that their very profeſſions became at laſt infected by their politics. As party-zeal increaſed, I found myſelf gradually lightened in my *clothes* by the one, and was hardly ever ſhaved without

out an ugly cut from the other. One day, a pair of breeches was brought me by the former, hardly wide enough for a child, but, in ſpite of all my remonſtrances, my worthy friend crammed me into them by force. When I complained that I had not liberty to move, he flew into a rage. Liberty ſays he, what's that? Would you have them like Dutch trowſers? I ſee your curſed republican principles, Sir, and muſt tell you I deſire no ſuch cuſtomers.—Away he flung, and, at that inſtant, my other friend came to ſhave me. He talked himſelf into a ferment while he was making the lather, and, by the time he arrived at my noſe, was ſo fired with the idea of ſome ſanguinary meaſures, that he brought away with a jerk a conſiderable ſlice of my left noſtril. I now thought it high time to break off my acquaintance with both. Soon after, my friend the taylor, on reading his Majeſty's anſwer to the city remonſtrance, toſſed up his head, with an air of ſympathetic dignity, ſo violently againſt the rafter, that he fractured his ſcull; and my little barber, after celebrating Mr. *Wilkes*'s enlargement, fell over the quay with 45 bumpers of punch in his ſtomach, and broke his leg. The two politicians are now in the infirmary, and our club is diſſolved.

For my own part, I have ever obſerved in private life the ſame rule which I have laid down as an author, that of keeping my political ſentiments to myſelf. I am conſcious that I am one of the many thouſands, who have neither property, connections, nor intereſt, ſufficient to make them of any weight in the ſcale. The very nature of well ordered ſociety precludes a perſon of my retired ſtation, (at leaſt in this part of the world) from every degree of political im-

portance. As I can therefore be of no uſe to either party, I choſe to hold my tongue about both, and turn my attention to the only method in which I can poſſibly ſerve the public, which is, by being aſſiduous in my profeſſion, and providing for my family.

Let me not, however, be underſtood as intending to ridicule or condemn a rational and proper ſolicitude with regard to public agitations. Such doctrines are as ill founded as they are trite; they have been generally inculcated by deſign, and too eaſily received by indolence or weakneſs. Nothing but the extremity of dulneſs can make any man inſenſible or indifferent about events in which every one is concerned. The general ſcheme of nature ſo connects us, that, when the greater wheels are in any ſort embarraſſed, it is impoſſible but that the other movements, howſoever diſtant or minute, muſt be proportionably affected. The diviſions among the Great may indeed ariſe from various cauſes, which neither party chuſes to avow; but, be their motives what they may, every member of the ſtate muſt feel the effects. Every thinking man muſt therefore catch the alarm, and take an intereſted part, either on one ſide or the other, as his reaſon, or perhaps his prejudices, may lead him. Nor do I mean to cenſure the public avowal of thoſe ſentiments on any occaſion when it can be uſeful. In a free country, (and all parties agree in wiſhing ours to continue ſo) this is every man's right; and where he imagines he can promote the general weal, by openly eſpouſing the claims of either the crown or the people, it becomes his duty to obey the dictates of his judgment.

The object of my view is to reſtrain that unhappy *propenſity* to political altercation, which is too frequently

quently indulged, to the great annoyance of private ſociety. We are very apt to bring into company a fulneſs of party-zeal, that leaves no vacancy for thoſe general topics, and pleaſing ſentiments, which form the delight of ſocial intercourſe. An aſſertion once made cannot fail to meet an opponent. Debates inſenſibly ariſe which produce animoſity, but never conviction. Each combatant looks eagerly round for arguments, which ſerve only to root him more firmly in his prejudices. The happineſs of individuals is ſacrificed without a poſſibility of public advantage; and it often happens, that an intimacy, perhaps a friendſhip, which was the pleaſing growth of many years, is, in one raſh hour, irretrievably blaſted.

An eminent writer has aſſerted, that no topics, but religion or government, deſerve a wiſe man's attention. This poſition goes a little too far. It cannot be denied that they are matters of the firſt importance, and, in their proper time and place, deſerve the utmoſt efforts of the human mind. But I will venture to affirm, that they are the two moſt unfit ſubjects in the world for private ſociety, and that, by being introduced into it, they injure the very intent of their inſtitution. The one, deſigned to make us happy here, deſtroys that mutual good-will without which no happineſs can exiſt. The other becomes the ſource of all thoſe uncharitable vices which it is intended to ſubdue. But ſtate-affairs are peculiarly improper on ſuch occaſions; for a claſhing of temporal intereſts ariſes from an oppoſition of political principles; even property itſelf is conſidered as in danger, and each diſputant looks at laſt on his adverſary, as his natural and determined foe.

One of my predeceſſors preſcribes, for perſons of a diſputatious temperament, the *Skiomachia*, or duel

with one's own ſhadow, by which the noxious particles in the blood may be evaporated, before the patient comes into company I approve much of this remedy in the political ſpleen which I am at preſent treating of; but I would recommend, as a preparative an emetic, to carry off that redundancy of bile, which intermixes with all the juices, affects the tongue, the eye, and the head, and imbitters every ſentiment of the heart. For this I do not know a more proper medicine, than an extract from the ſeveral writings on both ſides, which are impregnated with a ſufficiency of falſehood, calumny, and malice, to produce a very effectual *Nauſea*.

The wiſdom of Providence has made us all dependent on each other, for the enjoyments as well as the neceſſaries of life. Pleaſures, commonly ſo called, are, in their very nature, ſhort and fleeting; but a ſocial intercourſe, regulated by politeneſs, and animated by candor chearfulneſs, and good will, is a repaſt that never cloys and may be juſtly numbered among the firſt of human bleſſings. In this little retired corner of the world, we lie in a peculiar manner at the mercy of each other. The higheſt rank among us exceeds not the line of middle-life, which is the ſtation adapted, above all others, to enjoy the ſweets of friendly ſociety, and has none of thoſe outlying reſources of artificial pleaſure, which are within the reach of grandeur and diſſipation. We are all chained, as it were, to the ſame galley, by our ſeveral profeſſions and attachments, and have therefore one common intereſt in making each other happy. We cannot indeed afford to part with a ſingle intimate, or friend, nor can we loſe the ſmile of complacency, or the look of kindneſs to which we have been accuſtomed, *without* a ſenſible diminution of our felicity. Sufficiently

ently numerous alas! are the little competitions, ſtrifes, and jealouſies which already divide mankind, and painful enough are the ſtrokes of fate, which daily deſtroy our tendereſt connections. Let us not induſtriouſly add to inevitable ills, nor take pains to diſcolour a life abundantly checkered by nature. Let us leave our prejudices in our cloſets, and meet each other with a friendly eye and a diſpaſſionate heart; as Beings, connected by one common nature, one country, and one general religion, which, we all allow, however we may differ on the minuter articles, inculcates charity, benevolence, and mutual love as it's favourite duties, and in every page re-iterates the angelic ſounds of ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD-WILL TOWARDS MEN.

Y.

No. 18. Thurſday, May, 24, 1770.

Ut jugulent homines, ſurgunt de nocte. ——

HOR.

AS a Printer, I am exceedingly zealous for the honour of my fraternity, and therefore was highly pleaſed ſome time ago on finding that my brother BUSTEED had, with a degree of indignation truly laudable, refuſed to publiſh in his Chronicle the relation of a ſuppoſed dream, calculated to throw infamy and ridicule upon ſome very reſpectable and amiable characters in this city. His upright and beneficent intentions were however, in ſome meaſure, defeated by the ſhame-proof perſeverance of the ill-deſigning ſcribbler, who

anxious to uſher his baſe-born brat into light, contrived by ſome ſtratagem or another, to ſteal it into a corner of the FREEMAN'S JOURNAL. But his triumph was only the triumph of a day, for on receiving immediately after, from the ſame hand, a freſh packet of ſcandal and ſtupidity, the conductors of that excellent paper, aſhamed of their firſt condeſcenſion, rejected it with ſcorn, and thus conſigned to oblivion a performance, which, together with it's author, ought never to have emerged from it.

Why the ſame generous and judicious motive did not operate as forcibly on my brother the FREEMAN, upon a late occaſion, when he had it in his power to have turned aſide the ſhaft of malice, baſely, and indeed cruelly levelled, not only at the character, but alſo at the livelihood of a certain reverend gentleman amongſt us, I cannot take upon me to determine; but muſt ſuppoſe, as the former is, throughout all his pages, a warm friend to virtue, and an almoſt enthuſiaſtic admirer of propriety, his honeſt zeal was here impoſed upon by the ſpecious inſinuations of morals-mending hypocriſy, and ſo inflamed by the exaggerated tale as to make him forget, for an inſtant, the amiable, the God-like attribute of mercy, in order to exerciſe only the more auſtere one of avenging juſtice.

He who lives by the preſs cannot ſurely be ſuſpected of wiſhing to ſee the liberty of it abridged: on the contrary, I ſwear by my dear, dear types, and my ſtill dearer ſpeculations, I have ever been, and ever ſhall continue a moſt ſtrenuous advocate for it, as well from principle, as from intereſt. Let it then, I ſay, be free and uncontrouled, to appeal to Kings reſpectfully, to arraign corruption boldly, to point out real *grievances*, and to indicate the means of redreſſing them.

them. Let it be free to punish guilt with deserved infamy, to reward virtue with well earned praise, to open for the learned the mine of science, and to call forth for the tasteful all the flowers of polite literature. In the page of this day, let sober morality deliver it's improving lessons, and in that of to-morrow, let sprightly wit and liberal humour pursue a more pleasing path of reformation, laugh our follies into sense, and check our deviations into order.

Such are the glorious privileges of the press, such the tasks to which, I apprehend, it should be always confined. A field, wide enough for the admission of all useful knowledge, of all elegant entertainment, and which under a judicious cultivation, can never fail to yield a rich harvest of profit and delight. Yet, thro' what fatality it happens I know not, but, (with grief, with shame I speak it) this most excellent institution, so noble in itself, so extensively beneficial in it's consequences, is every day prostituted to the basest of purposes, even to that of becoming the dull vehicle of anonymous scandal; which, widely different from kind admonition, or wholesome reproof, those real friends, who strike but to heal, and inflict a momentary anguish only to effect a lasting cure, resembles rather the nightly ruffian, who stalks abroad merely to kill, and counts his trophies by his murders.

To me, who read much, and reflect not a little, it appears that characters vicious in the gross, as they are the proper, so they have always been the constant objects of satyr; for as to those in which the good predominates, tho' not unmixed, I have ever thought them entitled to indulgence, if not to commiseration, as being the fatal, but necessary consequences of the fallen

fallen ſtate of human nature; a conſideration which, I find, has wonderfully ſweetened my temper, in itſelf rather peeviſh, and has rendered me, notwithſtanding the awful ſeverity of my countenance, one of the beſt humoured, moſt forgiving, and even accomodating beings to the infirmities of my fellow creatures that ever yet exiſted. In this happy frame of mind, I view myſelf with pleaſure, as acting under the united influence of religion and reaſon, of virtue and common ſenſe; for where is the man, who, knowing himſelf, will preſume to ſay that he is without fault? where is the friend in whom ſome failing does not appear even to the amiably-partial eye of affection? the greateſt genius is often ſubject to weakneſſes unknown to more confined underſtandings, and the beſt of diſpoſitions are, not infrequently, attended with peculiarities, which may be eaſily caricatured by the hand of ridicule. But ſhall this be done? ſhall all the worth of man centered in EUGENIUS, all the perfections and graces of woman meeting in ASPASIA, not ſecure them from the rage of ſcribbling malice, or be able to obtain indulgence for thoſe leſſer foibles, which are not ſo much their faults, as the frailties of humanity? and ſhall the characters of HILARIO and AMANDA become the ſport of every dunce who can ſpell, becauſe DICAX has been baſe enough to call in print the wit and humour of the one, ribaldry, and the innocent unſuſpecting freedom of the other, lewdneſs? forbid it chriſtian charity! forbid it juſtice! forbid it every endearing tie of ſocial, pleaſurable intercourſe!

In common converſation the ſhrewd remark and humorous deſcription are readily forgiven, even by thoſe *who are the* objects of them, eſpecially when the man-

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ner is liberal, and the intention not to expoſe. In ſuch caſes, the joke ends at the breaking up of the compa-ny, nor does the ſting often laſt longer; but the preſs is always formidable, as it not only diſſeminates, but gives a ſpecies of immortality to the reproach it firſt conveyed, and the boy liſps the ſcandal which had been read to him by his grand-ſire. For this reaſon, I have ever thought there was a wide difference between occaſional reproof and public reprehenſion. By the former, thouſands have been reclaimed from their errors, by the latter, an infinitely greater number has been plunged into the depths of the moſt abandoned proſtigacy. From a conſciouſneſs of being expoſed, that delicate ſenſe of ſhame, the beſt preſervative againſt vice, inſenſibly wears off, and the man, or woman, who is thus gibetted up to public cenſure, generally becomes ſo hardened from provocation and deſpair, as in the end to deſerve it. Of this the Decemvirs, thoſe wiſe legiſlators of ancient Rome, ſeemed properly convinced, when they framed that excellent law of the Twelve Tables, whereby all defamatory writings were forbidden under the ſevereſt penalties, even at an æra when Roman liberty flouriſhed moſt; and every perſon acquainted with the literary hiſtory of France, well knows that the admirable La Bruyere, that great obſerver of nature, and painter of manners, who, in his *Characters*, laſhed the vices and follies of his countrymen, with a view to their amendment, (in which he wonderfully ſucceeded) could never once be prevailed upon by the inquiſitive, not only to publiſh, but even to afford the moſt diſtant hint of the names of any who had ſat for pictures ſo little flattering; rightly judging, that he who meant to reform mankind, ſhould not begin by offending them.

We

We read in ancient hiſtory, that the Cretans enacted a law forbidding the uſe of arms to ſlaves, and in general to all perſons of low birth and education. I could wiſh ſomething of the kind were to take place amongſt us with reſpect to the matter under conſideration, and that the privilege of animadverting in print upon our neighbours were confined to thoſe, whoſe good hearts and good breeding might, in ſome meaſure, inſure to us that they would not make an improper uſe of it. We ſhould not then ſee the peace of a worthy family wantonly deſtroyed, or the big tear called into the eye of beauty in diſtreſs, of innocence unprotected, merely to gratify the malevolence of ſlander. The fair, in particular, to attack whom is cowardice, and to offend, cruelty, would then be ſpared, and, inſtead of ſeverities, would invariably receive from us the moſt cordial tribute of tenderneſs, attention and gratitude, as due to that amiable part of the creation, to which we are ſo largely indebted for every refinement of our manners, for every heightening of our enjoyments.

To theſe arguments, which I think ſufficient to check the rage of murdering upon paper, I muſt beg leave to add, that this ſpecies of compoſition ſeems to me to do as little honour to the head as to the heart of the writer, ſince to be juſt to a man's merit, is a much more difficult taſk than to eſpy and blazon his oddities. For the former, ſome knowledge of men, and perhaps of books, may be neceſſary, but as to the latter, nothing more is requiſite than a tolerable ſhare of that kind of malignity which is ſo natural to a little mind, and a thorough acquaintance with all the various modes of abuſing, reviling, &c. which may, I apprehend, be acquired at any wrangle, or quarrel a-

bout

bout town; for the ſame meaſure of underſtanding will ſurely anſwer to call a Gentleman either a coxcomb or a clown, and a Lady either a demirep or a w——e.

I ſhall therefore diſmiſs this paper, by giving it, as my opinion, to my readers, that as we all have faults of our own, ſo we ſhould not only in kindneſs, but even in prudence, draw a veil, whenever we can, over thoſe of of our neighbour, if we expect to be ſo given ourſelves. In particular, the leſſer failings of the Worthy ſhould never be expoſed—and this I think ſo reaſonable on all ſides, that the indulgence, which I thus freely extend to others, I ſhall in return lay claim to for myſelf. From my friends and the public I ſhall hope for that countenance and encouragement, which are ſo neceſſary to cheriſh and ſtrengthen an infant undertaking, and to the true critic I ſhall truſt for that enlightened candour, which is ever ready to allow for difficulties, and to overlook ſmall blemiſhes whenever it can, at all, commend. This will be to temper juſti e with mercy, and is a duty we are all held to, nor will thoſe who REASON and who FEEL find any hardſhip in fulfilling it. I ſpeak not particularly towards me, who am only an inſignificant individual, but towards that GREAT COMMUNITY around them, the members of which they are COMMANDED, not only to BEAR with, but alſo TO LOVE EVEN AS THEMSELVES.

X.

No. 19 Monday May 28, 1770.

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum.

VIRG.

To Mr. FLYN.

SIR,

IN return for the entertainment and instruction I have received from your speculations, I send you, as an illustration to your essay on politeness, a detail of the occurrences of a day I spent on a visit to an old friend during a late tour to the North of Ireland, which I had undertaken by the advice of my physicians, in order to get rid of a great debility of the nerves, and a troublesome asthma. My sufferings on the occasion were complicated and various, but the impression they left on both mind and body has been so lasting, that I am afraid it will end but with my life, and therefore am certain that I shall not omit the minutest circumstance of the extraordinary accidents that befell me, which will, I hope be a sufficient warning to all persons of delicate nerves, to prevent them from unadvisedly falling into the same misfortunes.

I entered the court-yard at the instant my friend had returned from a fox chase with a numerous suite of country gentlemen, who had been partakers of the sport. I scarce knew where I was, when I found myself suddenly straitened for want of breath. My friend it seems had thrown his arms round my neck, *and kissed* me into a suffocation. As soon as I had

with

with ſome difficulty eſcaped this danger, I was introduced to all his brother ſportſmen, and obliged to undergo a repetition of the ſame ceremony with every one of them, ſo that by the time it was over, I not only found a fit of the aſthma coming upon me, but, after the pains I had taken at the inn to dreſs myſelf in the beſt manner, my face was ſo begrimed with duſt and ſweat, and my ſhirt was ſo dirtied, that I was obliged to put on a clean one, and waſh myſelf all over before I was in a condition to be introduced to the ladies of the family.

As my ſpirits are exceedingly weak, they were vaſtly ruffled by ſo rude an encounter, but, as I was going up ſtairs, I flattered myſelf I ſhould find more politeneſs in the drawing-room. Upon my entrance I ſaw the lady of the houſe with a very numerous family about her, conſiſting not only of her own children (and ſhe had been very fruitful,) but the whole generation of dependents, couſins, aunts, grandmothers, and great-grand-mothers, who had been aſſembled for the purpoſe of a chriſtening, and formed ſuch a motley group that I could not help laughing. I ſaluted my friend's wife, and his eldeſt daughter, a fine girl, but was a good deal diſconcerted at being obliged to kiſs all the children, no leſs than eleven in number, not omitting the ſucking infant. I ſtept a few paces back in order to recover myſelf, and take a litttle breath, congratulating myſelf not a little on the manner in which I had executed this neceſſary operation, when, to my great confuſion and terror, I found that my friend had graſped me hard by the wriſt, and was preparing, with ſavage cruelty, to lead me round the room, and force me to receive the embraces of thoſe horrid figures of dried parchment.

Who looked not like th' inhabitants of earth
But yet were on it; who should be women,
And yet their beards forbade me to interpret
That they were so.

The oldeſt of the ladies, a little deformed woman, with a crutch, in an elbow chair, who had taken it into her head that I was ſome diſtant relation to her, thought proper to be more particular in her civilities to me on that account, and accordingly threw her withered arms round my neck; but unfortunately for me, the inſtant ſhe applied her ſkinny lips to mine, ſhe was ſeized with a violent fit of coughing. I ſtruggled hard and made many efforts to diſengage myſelf, but all in vain; ſome ſudden convulſion had taken poſſeſſion of her arms, and I was obliged to remain in that horrible ſituation till the fit was over.

You will eaſily conceive that this laſt accident alone was ſufficient to throw me into a copious perſpiration. I was really near fainting, and was juſt going to intreat that the windows ſhould be opened to give me a little air, when, notwithſtanding my remonſtrances, I was thruſt into the chair next to a blazing fire, for as I was a ſtranger I muſt be put into the warmeſt place, and I muſt be cold after my ride. As it was impoſſible for any human being to remain many minutes in ſo hot an atmoſphere, I gave myſelf up for a gone man, and calmly reſigned myſelf to my fate, when fortunately the dinner was announced. I expected ſome ceremony amongſt the ladies upon this occaſion, but, to do them juſtice, they were not more than ten minutes in adjuſting the important matter of precedence and left the room. I was preparing to follow them, when my ears were aſſailed with a confuſed

a confuſed noiſe of *Sir, you're next the door*; *Sir, I'll follow you*; *By no means, Sir*; *Not at all, Sir.* As I imagined this great point would not be determined in leſs than an hour, and would have been again repeated below ſtairs at the parlour door, I bethought myſelf of a ſtratagem, and advanceing to the top of the ſtairs, cried out, *Gentlemen the veniſon will be good for nothing*; this took effect indeed, but, unfortunately for me, they ruſhed out all together in a body, and, as I was foremoſt, I was thrown down ſtairs and got a violent contuſion on my forehead. A never-failing family-plaiſter was applied by the good old ladies as ſoon as poſſible, but before my friend had called us each by his name, and ſeated us at table according to our rank, the dinner in reality was good for nothing.

I was ſeated at table very happily, as I thought, between the miſtreſs of the houſe and her eldeſt daughter, and, as being the greateſt ſtranger, was helped firſt, but by no means to my liking, for though I deſired a piece of a leg of mutton near the handle, I was told that was only fit for the dogs, and the whole joint was cut up in order to furniſh me with the knuckle-bone and pope's eye. I called for bread repeatedly, but as the whole company had begun hob or nobbing, the ſervants could not attend me, or did not hear me. At laſt, being naturally paſſionate, I reſolved to exert the whole force of my lungs in calling once more, but, lifting up my head for that purpoſe, with ſome violence, I ſtruck it againſt a falver of wine, that the ſervant awkwardly held over me; and all the wine, glaſſes, &c. ſhowered down on me in a torrent; part of it filled my plate, and the reſt was expended on my pea-green coat which I have

have never been able to appear in since. I then requested the drumstick of a turkey, but to no purpose, no body could possibly eat of it, but was helped to the breast, of which I could not taste, as the daughter had taken great pains to bruise the liver in the sauce, in spite of all I could say. I cast my eye on a loin of veal, and flattered myself I should be able to make my dinner of it, as the outside, which I don't like, was all cut off. After many apologies that he had not reserved a bit of the brown for me, my friend helped me to the kidney, with all the fat upon it. As my appetite had somewhat increased from the delay, I was beginning to eat with some precipitation, when the mother and daughter, both at the same time, poured a deluge of melted butter on my plate, which overflowing absolutely ruined my best pair of breeches. At that very instant two plates of roast venison, with currant jelly sauce, which had been handed at different sides all round the table, with *'Sir, I beg you'll take it Sir; I'm in no hurry; Sir, 'tis time enough,* happened to strike together just under my nose, broke to pieces, and destroyed a white sattin waistcoat I had got made for the expedition, besides irrecoverably staining a pair of ruffles, worked on purpose for me by my cousin Jenny.

From the prodigious agitation of my spirits I became very thirsty and called for some bottled beer, which I had heard much commended; one of the old ladies wisely observed that it was too windy, and that she never tasted it in a genteel company for fear of certain indecent effects. I called for cyder, another lady told me, she had always found it too rough for her bowels, but they all unanimously agreed that as I looked pale and weakly, I must drink wine and

er. To this I was obliged to ſubmit, tho' with it reluctance, as I think it the worſt mixture in world.

y this time my appetite grew exceeding ſharp, as I had reſolved not to loſe my dinner entirely, ized upon a pigeon that was near me, and was he point of putting a bit into my mouth, when, from a conſpiracy to ſtarve me, every perſon at table roared out, *Sir I drink your health*; *Sir, my ble ſervice to you.* I had already been hob-nob'd two and twenty times, and every body had nk my health thirteen times, and as I found this ſtill to be repeated, I laid down my knife and , and the reſt of the dinner I ſpent entirely in rning the compliment with *Sir, I thank you*, and ed moſt heartily in my own mind both *Love and ndſhip*.

he water was ſerved, and the miſtreſs of the houſe ted till every body had waſhed their mouths ſpit about, to make the uſual concluding ſpeech aſſuring the company, that *nobody had eat a bit day, and that ſhe was ſorry ſhe had not got ſome-g that they could have liked.* They aſſured her heir turn that they had eat monſtrouſly and digiouſly; which was true in fact, as was evi-: from their ſweaty countenances, which the ladies avoured to cool by pulling their fans out of r pockets, and the gentlemen by opening their tcoats, and the boſoms of their ſhirts.

he ladies retired, and the piper was introduced. n grew heartily ſick of wine, noiſe and nonſenſe, would have left the room, but to my great mor-ation found the door locked. I prayed and in-ted but to no purpoſe, my diſappointment pro-

duced a hearty laugh, and my friend made me ſit down again, aſſuring me, to my great comfort, that nobody had ever dined with him that did not get a hearty bottle, or in other words, was made dead drunk. The beſt wine loſes it flavour in bad company. It had alſo loſt its uſual effect on me, for in proportion as the company grew outrageouſly merry I ſunk into extreme ſtupidity. However, my friend falling aſleep ſoon after, I took the advantage of it, ſtole the key of the door out of his pocket, and ſet myſelf at liberty.

The fatigues of the day had ſo exhauſted my ſtrength and ſpirits, that I had much ado to creep up ſtairs to bed. In the way I met the miſtreſs of the houſe, who told me that ſhe had ordered the ſtate-bed for me. Upon enquiry I found that by lying in ſtate I ſhould infallibly get the rheumatiſm, as the bed had not been lain in for nine months, but I was obliged to acquieſce, and went to bed, having requeſted that there ſhould be no fire in the room for fear of the aſthma, and taken particular care to draw back the curtains. My exceſſive wearineſs ſoon ſet me to ſleep, but I had not been long in that ſituation when I awoke, with great terror, in a ſtate of ſuffocation. It was ſome time before I could recollect myſelf enough to find out the cauſe, which was a great ſmoke. I thought the houſe might have been on fire, and was leaping out of bed in a great hurry, but found the bed was cloſed on all ſides and barred my paſſage, nor could I get even a hand out to ring the bell. My amazement was exceſſive, as I could not conceive the reaſon of my confinement, but I was ſoon let into the cauſe of it by the lady of the houſe, whom the noiſe I made had brought into the

the room. She told me, that for fear I ſhould get cold, ſhe had got a fire made in the room, and as ſhe could not conceive how any mortal could lie with the curtains open, ſhe and her maid had been employed an hour in pinning them up.

I left the inhoſpitable manſion early in the morning, thanking my ſtars that I had eſcaped from a family in which I had not for the whole time done any thing but what was diſagreeable to me, and where I had literally been almoſt killed with kindneſs.

I am, Sir, your very humble ſervant,

M. TIM. TENDER.

No. 20. Thurſday, May 31, 1770.

——— *Rure vacuo potitur, et aperto æthere*
Innocuus errat ——— Sen. Hipp.

I Roſe very early the other morning in order to ſet about a ſpeculation; but finding myſelf much indiſpoſed, I threw away my pen, and determined to unbend my mind by walking into the country, and devoting that one day entirely to diſſipation and amuſement. Accordingly I took my route ſouthward, that I might the better loſe myſelf in ſcenes compleatly retired, and leave behind me every trace of the river below the town, which, however beautiful to the eye, keeps up in the mind an idea of buſineſs and hurry, that to me ſeems totally inconſiſtent with rural imagery.

There are few perſons better fitted to enjoy a ſcheme of this kind than I am. The nerves of my imagination

imagination (if I may uſe the phraſe) are uncommonly ſenſitive to the change of ſeaſons. The return of this delightful month always brings with it a peculiar ſuite of ideas which I have no language to expreſs. In winter, I feel every avenue to the fancy as it were frozen and blocked up, except when occaſionally relaxed by an artificial thaw of chearful ſociety, or when I am carried into a more genial climate by the gentle conveyance of a book. But at this time I grow young again. My mind partakes in the general renovation of nature. It unbinds and opens with the earth at the ſun's return, and becomes enamelled with ten thouſand flowery ideas for which I have no name.

The truth is, that in the early part of life, when the imagination is warm and active, and apt to animate every object about us with thoſe gay tints which no pencil but it's own can impart, my hours were ſpent more among books than men. Works of fancy were principally my amuſement, and aſſociations of pleaſing images, beyond the extent of nature, were formed, which will hold their place when the mind is rendered, by time and common life, too groſs and inert to combine any more. This happy circumſtance detaches me, in a great meaſure, from dull realities, and ſets me free from the narrow circle of reaſon and the ſenſes. Thoſe only who are in this valuable ſecret can conceive the boundleſs entertainment which it affords. It deals entirely in metamorphoſes, and varies every ſhape to it's own liking with the utmoſt facility. It raiſes images too fine and fickle to abide the mental analyſis of LOCKE, and tinges them with colours of which the laborious ſagacity of NEWTON *never dreamed.*

Full

Full of this happy diſpoſition I got out of the town juſt as the ſun began to ſhew the edge of his magnificent ſurface above the hill, and in a few minutes, his whole orb was in view in all it's grandeur. To a perſon generally confined in town ſuch a proſpect is ſingularly ſtriking. My attention was immediately arreſted, and I ſtood for ſome time to admire this firſt object of inanimate creation, with a kind of mixed delight, which a contemplative mind can conceive better than I can deſcribe. Is it not amazing, thought I, that ſo many who are indulged with opportunities of enjoying this unequalled ſcene, ſhall prefer to it the feveriſh bed of ſloth, and never ſee it in their lives; or, if ſeen, regard it only as the ſource of private profit by it's influence on the earth, or the mechanical meaſurer of that time which they ſhamefully miſemploy! the idolatry of the poor *Perſian* is religion when compared with ſuch inſenſibility!

But recollecting the purpoſe of the day, I broke from my reverie, and purſued my way through all the freſhneſs of the morning, with a delicious chearfulneſs of ſpirits, turning into every by-path that offered, until, about ſeven o'clock, I found myſelf in a lovely ſpot, ſurrounded with every circumſtance of rural beauty. It lay on an eaſy ſlope, but retired under the projection of a hill, and commanded an extenſive view. I threw myſelf on a tuft to enjoy the ſcene. The ſpires of the town roſe faintly at a diſtance, and, with the ear of fancy, I could

Hear, and but hear, the human tempeſt roar.

Vernal pleaſures, in all their youthful forms, crowded about me. The infant verdure of the trees and graſs ſtill retained the lovely varniſh of the dew. Round all the hills *the rich* flowering furze ran like a vein of gold.

gold. The air was alive with native muſic; and from the wildings and hawthorns came, in every breeze, a fragrance more deliciouſly reviving than all the ſweets of the garden. My powers became all relaxed with pleaſure, and I lay diſſolved in luxury more ſoft and refined than ever *Aſiatic* art produced. Every ſenſe was gratified, and fancy called up all her airy train. The images of playful, vacant childhood firſt recurred, when I ſported as innocent and heedleſs as the lambs that were friſking round me. When the quickneſs of young ſenſibility gave a poignancy to the moſt confined enjoyments, and the ſimpleſt objects were pleaſing, becauſe they were new. Theſe ſoon gave place to all the various forms of poetic fiction, which had entered the mind with the firſt rudiments of learning, and were cheriſhed there, for their elegance, by progreſſive reaſon; and to theſe ſucceeded the more gay and captivating pictures of romance, not only the favourites of the fancy, but endeared to ripening manhood by their ſecret connection with the paſſions. I became, in ſhort, involved in a ſeries of the ſweeteſt deceptions that can be imagined, and in a thouſand ſcenes both of the tender, and the marvellous, which, if I could deſcribe them, I ſhould, to avoid the charge of inſanity, conceal.

From this pleaſant dream I was awakened by the ſprightly voice of mirth and muſic. It happened to be a holiday, and the young people of the neighbourhood had aſſembled in their beſt dreſſes, decorated with the gayeſt ribbons and flowers, to pay their annual tribute to the ſeaſon, and were marching down the hill in very pretty array, to the ſound of the merry pipe, in order to celebrate their rites on the banks of a little river which ran below. My temper of

of mind was exactly fitted for ſuch an adventure, and I haſtily joined the happy party, reſolved to take a ſhare in the ſports and frolics of the day. A ſweet ſmiling girl of ſeventeen, full of native beauty, offered me her hand with ſo much modeſt grace, that, tho' I was a good deal out of practice, I could not poſſibly refuſe. We had not danced long when a a groupe of ladies, from an adjacent ſeat, were drawn toward us by the noiſe of our merriment, and honoured us with their preſence, bringing with them all the radiance of poliſhed beauty, to heighten the gaiety of our ſimple ſcene. One particularly ſeemed to be Hebe herſelf, come down in all the bloom of youthful luſtre, to preſide over the revels of her own ſeaſon. A cold repaſt was ſoon after, by their direction, ſpread for us on the graſs, where we feaſted with a joy not generally found at ſumptuous tables, attended by ſound health, gay laughter, and untaught politeneſs. Our ſports were afterwards renewed, diverſified with many interludes of rural courtſhip, which the genial ſeaſon never fails to inſpire, and it was very amuſing to obſerve the various little arts of pleaſing, which love ſuggeſted to the un-inſtructed heart, and the ſoft reſpect with which it tempered all the glowing ardors of nature. The weſtern ſky now began to declare the ſun's approach, and the company were repoſing on the graſs in a ſtate of pleaſing languor; when we were ſuddenly regaled, from the hill above, with two fine French horns, which ſweetly ſaluted the declining day, and filled all the plain with the moſt exquiſite tenderneſs of harmony.

A thinking mind, ſurrounded with pleaſures, is apt to run into reflections on their inſtability. This train

of ideas is very obſervable in all the deſcriptions of the ſpring which are left us by the Roman poets, and was probably the cauſe why the *Feralia*, or feſtivals of DEATH, were celebrated immediately after thoſe of VENUS and PAN, about this very time of the year.

My ſpring of life, thought I, is paſt, for ever. My ſummer too is far advanced, and begins to aſſume the faded hue of autumn. Life alas! moves not in a circle with the ſeaſons, but each ſucceſſive moment bears us ſtill farther from our firſt point, leaves light, and love, and gaiety behind, and hurries us, through the increaſing ſhade of time, into the myſterious gloom of eternity. Am I not to look backward? I had barely a glimpſe of youth, when it was paſſed. Before inattention allowed me to enjoy, or perceive, the day, the ſun began to ſink from the meridian. Yet my fancy is ſtill fondly impreſſed with the idea of it's luſtre; and wiſhes to invert it's progreſs. Buſy Reflection tells me what good I might have done, what joys I have neglected, and ſlow Experience points out to me thoſe errors, which Time forbids me to retrieve. It is vain to look back. I am carried along in the irreſiſtable vortex of exiſtence. The leſſening objects behind ſeem to bid me an eternal farewel, and Pleaſure, the great aim and end of Being, has eluded my graſp, and ſmiles at my diſappointment. But am I formed for no more? Does the future afford no reſource? Adieu, ye fleeting, pleaſing phantoms! my courſe lies forward. As ye recede, new, and much brighter, objects open on my eye; and I go on with a chearful confidence, that THE HAND which gave me Being, will crown it with an eternal SPRING.

N.

No.

No. 21. Monday, June 4, 1770.

——— —— *Semita certe*
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.
Juv.

MORAD, firnamed Al Acbar, or the Great, ſon of Soliman the magnificent, the delight of all hearts, the roſe of the garden, the ruby of the world, the wonder of princes, and the conqueror of the earth, aſcended the throne of his father at the age of eighteen. Health ſparkled in his eye, the flower of beauty bloomed on his countenance, and the vigour of youth ſhot through his veins. Undebauched by the effeminacy of a ſeraglio, his youth had been ſpent in warlike exerciſes, to dart the ſwift javelin, throw the ſpear, tame the fiery ſteed of *Caramania*, follow the ſwift hare up the ſnowy ſides of *Caucaſus* and chaſe the panting deer over the flowery plains of *Samarcand*.

Hamet, the companion of his youthful pleaſures, was the firſt to fall proſtrate before the throne. "Accept, ſaid he, great Caliph, the obeiſance of "the loweſt of thy ſlaves, thy faithful Hamet. "Shower down honours and riches on others, Hamet "only aſks to live in the favour of the emperor of "the eaſt, to exiſt but in the ſmiles of him, at whoſe "nod monarchs tremble, and whoſe majeſty like "the ſun illuminates the world." The ear of Morad was open to flattery, he raiſed him from the

ground, gave him the command of his armies, beſtowed upon him immenſe treaſures, and in the ardour of youthful affection ſoon made him Viſir.

HAMET took pains to engage the king in pleaſures of all kinds, to divert his mind from the cares of dominion. The nobles were denied acceſs to him; the people were oppreſſed, yet dared not complain. whilſt the emperor lay ſunk in indolence and inactive in the lap of pleaſure.

MORAD lay down to reſt and thus he cried, "O "friendſhip, thou balm of life, without thee even "royalty is a torment. The government of the "eaſt would to me be inſupportable. My faithful "HAMET has alone taken the burthen on his ſhoul-"ders, and with anxious care directs the helm of "ſtate, that I ſhould be at eaſe and happy. In "friendſhip alone is happineſs Happy am I that "have ſuch a friend. What is the wealth of the "Indies without it! It is more worth than the gold "of the *Ganges* or the diamonds of *Golconda*." He then reſolved to confer new honours and more riches on his favourite and fell aſleep. The Hermit of *Damaſcus*, the wiſe *Saadi*, appeared to him in a dream, and thus he ſpoke. "Raſh and unthinking youth. "Thou are not fit to govern. Know that thy faith-"ful HAMET is a traitor. He has formed a conſpi-"racy to dethrone thee. See him this inſtant with "a poniard at thy breaſt. Awake, or live no more." He awoke, and his dream was verified. The faithleſs HAMET had lifted his hand to deprive his maſter of life. The emperor ruſhed on him, ſeized his poniard and with it ſtabbed him to the heart. New conſpiracies were formed, as the evil government introduced by the favourite ſtill continued.

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The unhappy Morad had no friend. He ſunk into deſpair and refuſed his food.

Mirza, the chief of the black eunuchs, thus addreſſed the emperor. "Greateſt of morta's, waſte "not thy life in fruitleſs complaints. Behold the "gifts which nature has laviſhed for thy uſe. Thy "ſeraglio is filled with the faireſt of women. "The ſweeteſt flowers of the univerſe wait thy "wiſhes. The lively and accompliſhed Greek, the "black eyed Circaſſian, the blue-eyed Georgian and "melting daughter of the *Nile*, all attend thy plea-"ſure. Hear the voice of Zaira more ſweet than "the nightingale, whoſe eyes are brighter than the "pearls of *Afric*, and whoſe breath is ſweeter than "the perfumes of *Arabia*. Hear how ſhe ſings and "melts the ſoul to madneſs."

"Happy youth, favoured of Heaven, whilſt the "wanton ſpring of health pours upon you her bloom-"ing honours, let not glory ſeduce you with her de-"luſive blaze to paſs in troubles and perils this deli-"cious ſeaſon, the prime of life. Wiſdom points "out the road to pleaſure. Nature beckons you "to follow her in that ſmooth and flowery path. "Will you ſhut your ears to their commanding "voice? Will you harden your heart to their ſoft "allurements? Oh! deluded mortal, thus to loſe your "youth, to throw away ſo invaluable a preſent, to "trifle with ſo periſhable a bleſſing!"

Morad could no longer withſtand the melody of the ſyren's voice, or reſiſt the call of pleaſure. He had the whole ſeraglio brought into his preſence, his appetite was provoked with unbounded variety, and the miniſters of his wiſhes ranſacked all nature to add poignancy to his enjoyment. When

thus he cried, "For ever let me ſpread my limbs on "this bed of roſes; and thus, thus for ever feel the "delicious moments with ſoft and downy ſteps "glide along. See, the fair AYESHA, with a ſmile "that diffuſes ſun-ſhine on the heavens and the "earth, preſents me with delicious fruits, whilſt the "rapturous FATIMA pours the moſt fragrant oils "on my head."

But alas! nature was ſoon exhauſted, the roſes loſt their hue, the fruit its flavour, and the beauties of the eaſt, who had intoxicated his ſenſes with ſuch delight, ſolicited in vain his ſated appetite. The richeſt wines were called for, the moſt exhilarating potions were mixed, his lamps ſcattered coſtly perfumes, and nature ſeemed again reſtored. MORAD exclaimed. "Wine thou greateſt of bleſſings, thou "gift of Providence, how haſt thou cheered my "ſickning ſoul; thy ſprightly vapours play about "my heart; thou haſt reſtored to the roſe its hue, "and to the fruit its flavour. Thou haſt enabled "me again to renew the feaſt, with which, from too "much enjoyment, my ſenſes were nearly ſated; "with thy aſſiſtance will my life paſs in endleſs plea-"ſure."

MORAD's conſtitution, tho' ſtrong as the mountain-cedar, was ſoon debilitated by exceſs; his cheeks, tho' blooming as the vernal roſe, loſt their colour; his piercing eyes were deprived of their brightneſs, and a torpid numbneſs ſeized thoſe limbs, that once could tear aſunder the jaws of the lion. His mind was corroded with the agony of diſcontent; his heart, which before panted with the raptures of joy, ſcarce animated the diſtempered machine, and the *dark clouds* of deſpair threw the ſhades of death over

it.

"HEALTH,

"Health, moſt deſirable of all the Almighty's "gifts, with thee may I paſs the remaining part of "my life, nor do thou refuſe to bleſs me with thy "reſidence. For whatever there is of pleaſure in "wealth, in ſovereign command, the higheſt ſummit "of human enjoyment, or in the extaſies of love "whatever delight or ſolace is granted by the Deity, "to ſoften our fatigues, in thy preſence, thou parent "of happineſs, all thoſe joys expand themſelves and "flouriſh, in thy preſence blooms the ſpring of plea-"ſure, and without thee no man is happy."

Thus ſaid Morad, pining in the bed of diſeaſe, and ſent far and near for the ſages of phyſick. The pearls of the ocean were diſſolved, the ſpices of *Arabia* were diſtilled, and the reſtorative powers of all nature were employed to add new vigour to his nerves, and freſh balſam to his blood. The moſt potent remedies were uſed, but found ineffectual, and the art of the phyſicians was baffled.

Morad, in hopeleſs anguiſh, exclaimed againſt Providence. "Is man then only put into this world to "be the ſport of ſuperior beings? Are the pleaſures "of this life thrown in our way, decked out in the "moſt enticing colours, only to lead us into pain "and miſery? Are our enjoyments heightened to "rapture but to make that miſery leſs ſupportable? "I was once happy in friendſhip; my friend proved "faithleſs. My ſeraglio was filled with the choiceſt "beauties of the univerſe, but in their embraces "lurked decrepitude and diſeaſe. The moſt delici-"ous wines and reviving cordials were ready to re-"new the ſickening appetite, and prevent the ap-"proaches of ſatiety; but at the bottom of the exhila-"rating bowl lay death."

He ſeized a dagger and had almoſt plunged it into his breaſt, when the palace ſhook from its foundation, and, in the midſt of thunder, appeared ASHARITH, the angel of health, and theſe words pierced the ears of the aſtoniſhed MORAD.

"Ceaſe, ſhort-ſighted mortal, to arraign the decrees of the Almighty. Thou complaineſt unjuſtly. Thy friend was faithleſs. No friendſhip can be laſting that is not founded in virtue. The great Author of all Things, who is Benevolence itſelf, has given to man the pleaſures of ſenſe to add to his happineſs. To enjoy is to obey; but the abuſe of his beſt gifts has hurried thee into diſtemper and premature old age. Thou haſt ſtill many years of life allowed thee, and may'ſt ſtill be happy; but not in the exceſſes of ſenſuality or the intemperance of riot.

"VIRTUE ALONE IS HAPPINESS BELOW.

Z.

No. 22. Thurſday, June 7, 1770.

Fungar vice Cotis——— HOR.

I Feel myſelf much in the ſame ſituation as a perſon, who had, for ſome important purpoſe, boldly undertaken a long journey over a ſteep and difficult mountain, through an unbeaten narrow road, beſet with rocks and brambles, and every ſort of impediment, but had, *by the dint* of ſpirit and perſeverance, got ſafe through

all

all, and arrived at the top of the eminence, from whence he ſees nothing but a gentle declivity, and a fine champain country before him. I deſign this paper therefore as a kind of breathing-place, where I may ſtand for a while, and look back, with a ſecret exultation, at what I have paſſed, and throw my eye forward on the pleaſing proſpect of my future road. My readers will, I hope, excuſe me if, after having come thus far for their ſakes, and being determined, on the ſame motive, to proceed without farther delay, I dedicate this one eſſay to my own indulgence, and relieve my fatigue with a little repaſt of egotiſm.

Old Isaac Bickerstaff was the firſt that ſtruck out this method of inſtructing and amuſing the public. He was ſucceeded by the Gentleman who wrote the Spectator, a very modeſt man, with a ſhort face, which he inherited from his mother. This great writer had ſome private reaſons for concealing his name; but theſe being now at an end, I find myſelf at liberty to inform the world, that he alſo was a Bickerstaff, and nephew to Isaac. Another old fellow, his ſecond couſin by the female line, then took up the pen, and ſupported the Guardian, for a conſiderable time, with almoſt equal applauſe. But here was a full ſtop; and, for above half a century, this art, like ſome other curious ones, has ſeemed to be totally loſt and extinct, notwithſtanding ſeveral ingenious efforts to revive it.

I muſt now honeſtly confeſs that I ſhould not have undertaken the taſk, but for one little circumſtance which gave me a ſtrong preſentiment of ſucceſs. This ſpecies of writing was evidently a family-gift, and, tho' I was too modeſt in my firſt paper to ſay any thing about it, the fact is, that I am pretty nearly allied

ed in blood to all the beforementioned perſons. The caſe was this.

JENNY DISTAFF, who was half-ſiſter to old Mr. BICKERSTAFF, and aſſiſted him in his lucubrations, was married to Mr. PLUMTREE, an eminent trader, with whom ſhe lived fifteen years, and left one daughter. This young lady, who inherited all her mother's abilities, became the wife of a gentleman of the Middle-temple, who, dying ſoon after, left her at the age of eighteen, a diſconſolate widow, with a large fortune. Her grief on the occaſion would probably have killed her, but that my grandfather, a handſome black man of ſix feet two inches, happened luckily to be juſt then in London, and was, after a ſollicitation of very near a fortnight, admitted to condole with her for life. They ſoon after came over to *Ireland*, where he being engaged in pleaſures, and ſhe in books, the fortune was ſoon diſſipated, and very little left for me beſides the ſpare body, long viſage, and ſmall lively eyes of the BICKERSTAFFS, together with that knack of eſſay-writing, which our family ſeem to monopolize by a patent from nature.

Theſe inſtincts are really very unaccountable. I had no ſooner reſolved to write, than I fell into the track as naturally as a duck will ſwim. And yet I could not for my life teach another the art. It is a ſort of handineſs of the intellect, which it is impoſſible to communicate. Indeed we ſeem to have a kind of touch with the pen, as peculiar to our houſe, as that for curing the evil was ſaid to be to another line. It often gives me great amuſement to review the many efforts which have been made to imitate us, and obſerve *with how* much pains ſome ſenſible writers have kept

clear

clear of the very point which they wanted to hit. These attempts have however produced several valuable discourses, tho' hardly one single essay. The truth is, they have been all written *invita Minervâ*, and want that inexplicable somewhat, which must ever distinguish the Tatlers, Spectators, Guardians, and my Speculations.

Writers of all ages have been permitted to glory in having gone spiritedly out of the common path, and excelled in a kind of composition unknown to their time and country. I think I may be allowed some vanity on this head. Even our metropolis, tho' the residence of literature, has not produced a single person who could periodically entertain the public, without the aid of politics or personal satire. And I am the happier at my success, because it occurs at a crisis, when public matters seem to engross the attention of almost every one, and party papers are the favourite kind of reading. It is therefore not a little to my praise that I have gained an audience amidst the general clamor, and found such numbers who can relish a plain dish of innocent entertainment, without any of the seasoning of political acrimony. This however, I must gratefully acknowledge, reflects at least as much honour on their taste, as on my performances.

As I mean in this paper to point out every thing that can possibly enhance my own merit as an author, let me put my reader in mind of my difficulties. The scene where all writings of value in this way have appeared, has been *London*, a little world in itself, and abounding more in extraordinary incidents, and various characters than all the rest of the globe. The invention there can never be distressed, and pictures

of

of curious occurrences or amuſing particularities may be freely drawn, without a poſſibility of gueſſing from whence they were taken. In this our little ſphere every thing is the reverſe. We are all here known to every one, and not a ſingle feature could be ſtolen, without holding up the whole original to public view. Nay, I own it is with fear that I ſometimes venture to draw a general portrait from the world at large, leſt, from ſome unforeſeen circumſtance, it may be applied to an individual among ourſelves. Beſides, writing is there a kind of trade, purſued by men who have nothing elſe to do, and who, by aſſociating together, and communicating mutual hints, keep alive that intellectual warmth which is neceſſary to a good production. I need not tell my readers how much I am deficient in the article of leiſure. My interruptions will not indeed, at any time, allow me a chain of thought of two minutes long, except when I ſteal it from my reſt. Nothing but my family-facility could bear me through; and I can farther with great truth affirm, that I have not been aſſiſted by any one friend, who is not engaged in the hurry of a public profeſſion.

Yet I beg it may be obſerved that, tho' thus limited in ſubjects, ſtraitened in invention, and confined in time, I have ventured my works into the world without the aid of any kind of decoration. The old gentleman who often viſits me, and knows a good deal of mankind, has formed a notion, that nine out of ten are governed by little prejudices. 'An 'eminent name, ſays he, awes a reader into a reſolu-'tion to be pleaſed; but one of leſs note inclines 'him to run over the performance with a contemp-'tuous inattention, or encourages him to claim a ſuperiority

'superiority, and commence critic. Publish there-
'fore your speculations, as the work of some con-
'cealed *Literati*, and give them some important title.
'Let them come out by themselves, with an air of
'consequence. The sure method to meet with de-
'ference is to claim it. Let the eye be pleased; the
'paper and type of the finest kind; and above all, do
'not degrade your productions by a place in a com-
'mon News-paper. I know the world, Mr. Flyn;
'believe me the way to get through it is by forcing
'respect, and rising on the indolence of some, and the
'ignorance of others, by a pompous out-side, and per-
'severing self-sufficiency.'

This was his advice at my first setting out. I thanked him, but begged leave to decline it. I will trust, said I, to the good sense and candor of my readers. The little arts of a writer I disclaim. No contrivance of the press can give value to absurdity or dulness; and if my works cannot support themselves, I am contented they should fall. No false ornaments shall (if I can avoid it) load either my sentiments or stile. I will endeavour to shun being abstruse, poetical, or important on common subjects, and preserve an uniform simplicity, except where the occasion calls naturally on me to rise. Every reader of taste well knows, that a transposition or creation of words, a constant use of metaphor, and a profusion of epithets, are within the reach of any ordinary genius, and that it is much easier to write a Rambler than a Spectator. Lace and embroidery are a good disguise for the defects of shape; but I will follow the fashion of my family, and, in compliment to the public, will take the pains to be plain. My works shall go, without any increase of price, as an amusing prelude to

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the news of the day, and I have no apprehenſion that any one will be weak enough to value them the leſs. Nor will I conceal my name. A diſcerning mind will examine into merit detached from little circumſtances; it will conſider, not who writes, but what is written, and ſet an equal value on good ſenſe, whether it be publiſhed under the name of FLYN or of ADDISON.

To find my confidence in my readers not ill-founded, gives me unſpeakable pride, and animates me to go through any difficulties to pleaſe them. My aſſiſtants are increaſing, my beſt materials untouched, and I feel an ardent, honeſt ambition, for future as well as preſent applauſe. Yet I ſincerely deſire to have ſharers in my fame. Learning, taſte, and knowledge of human nature, lie hoarded in many private repoſitories about me, which I wiſh to draw out for the general good. An entire eſſay is not required. The diamond's value lies in a ſmall compaſs, and a ſingle hint may be pregnant with a thouſand rich deductions. From perſons of genius in the country, I ſhould expect conſiderable aid. Their leiſure, retirement, and the ſcenes about them, ſhould naturally (I imagine) diſpoſe them to revive their early reading, indulge the fancy, and amuſe a heavy hour in putting their thoughts together on ſome elegant or inſtructive ſubject. But, from the gentlemen of the ſacred order, my hopes are particularly ſanguine. Compoſition is to them habitual, and muſt conſequently be eaſy. They know the various nature of man; that

A verſe may catch him, who a ſermon flies;

and ſo may an eſſay. Some of thoſe valuable leſſons which are heard but by few, and by them not always with due attention, may captivate the fancy in a new and more airy dreſs, and by this general conveyance

diffuſe

diffuſe their influence through the community at large. I am convinced it is as much their deſire, as their duty, to do good, and that they will therefore embrace every opportunity of effecting it, tho' not exactly in the track of their profeſſion.

Some wag will probably ſay, that I have not only taken a meal, but alſo a nap, after my fatigue; but I promiſed in the beginning of this paper to be dull, and as it relates all to myſelf, I have a right to be ſo. One yawn and a ſtretch, and away I go forward with double ſpirit on the ſervice of the public, my ever kind and affectionate maſters.

W.

No. 23. Monday, June 11, 1770.

——— *Quo ſit, ut omnis*
Votiva pateat veluti deſcripta tabella
Vita ——— Hor.

AS I was ſitting the other day in my ſhop, meditating on the ſubject of a new Speculation, a ſervant, on horſeback, in genteel livery, ſtopped at the door, with a packet in his hand, which he ſaid his young miſtreſs had ordered him to deliver to no perſon but myſelf. I ſeized it with tranſport, and as this is but the ſecond favour I have been honoured with from the Ladies, ſhall poſtpone all other matters to obey the commands of the gay Clarinda.

To Mr. FLYN.

SIR,

You have ſolicited the correſpondence of moſt ranks of people, and among the reſt of the Ladies; but I don't find that more than one ſingle female has condeſcended to put down her thoughts on paper, and ſend them to you. I am not at all ſurprized at it; and if you can bear that a woman ſhould venture to find fault with your Speculations, and what is more, have the preſumption to give you advice, you ſhall know the reaſon. I ſhall firſt however premiſe, with a very grave writer of your ſex, "that women, as they have more delicate paſſions "than men, have a more delicate taſte in dreſs, equi-"page and the ornaments of life. He adds (which "I give you as a hint) any excellency in theſe hits "their taſte much ſooner than ours, and when you "pleaſe their taſte, you ſoon engage their affections."

Moſt periodical writers, ſince the time of the SPECTATORS, TATLERS, and GUARDIANS, have taken thoſe eſteemed writers for their model, without conſidering that a few years make a great alteration, not only in the external part, the cuſtoms and faſhions, but in the manners of a people. To talk in our way, is it to be imagined, that a full perriwig down to the waiſt, a gold ſnuff-box, and an amber-headed cane, with ſtockings rolled above the knees, would now captivate the affections of even a girl at a boarding-ſchool? And yet thoſe, in the time of the SPECTATOR, about the year 1711, were the neceſſary appurtenances to the perſon of every man of faſhion. It would be tedious to deſcend to particulars, but let any perſon pick out Mr. ADDISON's, and a few other papers from that collection, and the remainder

will

will be equally unedifying and unintereſting. The Tatler was originally, like your Speculations, at the head of a news-paper, containing, amongſt other particulars, a recital of the motions of the allied army and *Marlborough*'s battles, and affords as little inſtruction and entertainment as the London Gazette of fifty years ago. The Guardian indeed is much ſuperior to the laſt, but is liable to the ſame cenſure of being obſolete, and I am certain Lady *Lizard*'s tea table has no reſemblance at preſent to any party in the three kingdoms. I ſhall ſet this matter in a ſtronger light by incloſing the occurrences of a day, as regiſtered by my poor mother in her pocket-book, when a girl, and as a contraſt to it, ſhall add a journal, actually taken down at my requeſt by a young Lady, who went to Cork laſt aſſizes, in order, as ſhe ſaid, *to improve herſelf by ſeeing the world.*

July 24th, 1736.

Five o'Clock. Get up an hour ſooner than uſual to diſtil ſurfeit-water. Say my prayers. Finiſh one of papa's new ſhirts. *Mem.* To ſend to Cork for ſeven pound of raiſins, and the *New Whole Duty of Man.*

Six o'Clock. The poor of the pariſh come for medicines. Give out of the ſtore-room ſeven vomits, nine purges, three bottles of Grandmamma's water, and a pint of ſack. *Mem.* To carry two ſhillings from Mamma to Dick the ſhoemaker's wife, who is going to lie-in.

Seven. Breakfaſt. A card from Mr. *Tomkins* to let us know he will do himſelf the pleaſure of dining with us. The match debated the whole time of breakfaſt. Papa ſays, if he finds him a man of good morals, he'll not differ about ſettlement. Ordered

never to be alone with him, or give him the leaſt encouragement, till the writings are drawn.

EIGHT. Read the Pſalms and chapters of the day. Teach brother Tommy his catechiſm. *Mem.* Little Jenny has got as far as N in her ſampler.

NINE. Clear-ſtarch linen for the next week.

TEN. Go to ſee the ſhoemaker's wife. The family in great diſtreſs. Give them a ſhilling out of my own pocket.

ELEVEN. Sit down to work at the fire-ſcreen in croſs-ſtitch.

TWELVE. Am deſired by Mamma to make a cuſtard pudding, to ſhew Mr. Tomkins what I can do.

ONE. Too much brandy in the pudding. Mr. T. praiſes ſome hare of my potting. I like him very well, but muſt not let him know it by any means. *Mem.* The gooſeberry wine almoſt out. Miſlaid the key of the corner cupboard.

FOUR. Miſs W. and her lover come to tea. Promiſe her our receipt for pickling cucumbers green. *Mem.* Mrs. Homely's plaiſter for burns, a good thing to have in the houſe. Syrup of garlick good for a cough.

EIGHT. Supper. My brother tells me that Mr. T. is a great rake, that Betty, the farmer's daughter, is with child by him, and that ſhe is ſtarving, as he refuſes to give her any thing for her ſupport. *Mem.* To ſend her the money I had laid up to buy a new gown, and never to to ſee his face again.

Saturday. March, 1770.

TWO O'CLOCK. Juſt arrived in town. Have *hardly* time to put off my riding dreſs, huddle on my things,

things, and get into a condition to go to the milliner's, mercer's, &c. after dinner. Have no appetite.

Four. Send for Mr. Thorne and Mrs. Williamson. Much disappointed. Thorne sends me word that I can't have him to crepe my hair till Sunday night at 12 o'clock.

Five. Going out with Miss Trolly. She tells me *Coque de Perle* necklace and ear-rings are in high fashion. *Mem.* To teize my Mamma till I get them. Arrive at Fanny's. *Mem.* Fanny the first milliner in the world. Ordered immediately a cane hat lined with cherry-coloured persian, with blond lace and ribbon, for walking the streets and paying morning visits. *Mem.* To bespeak two pair of white shoes with red heels and red binding. Advised to have a St. Teresa of white sarsnet and blond lace, as 'tis the newest taste. Ordered it immediately. *Mem.* Blond lace ruffles, with a great slope, vastly genteel. Shall be uneasy till I get them.

Eight. Go home for fear I should miss Mr. Colbert. He advises me, as I am a little round shouldered to have my stays made very high behind. He says 'tis quite the thing to have them so. I desired him to make them low before as it shews the bosom to great advantage.

Sunday. Eleven o'Clock. Did'nt sleep. Lie so long abed thinking of the pleasures of the week to come, that 'tis too late to go to church. Dress time enough to walk on the Mall.

One. Miss Trapes-it calls upon me to walk. Go to Mrs. Gadabout to engage her to matronize us at the assembly to-morrow night. Mr. ——— walked with us. An acquaintance of Miss Trapes-it. A

handſome well-made man, and improves upon acquaintance. He takes great notice of me, and tells Miſs Trapes-it that I'm a prodigious fine girl. Miſs Trapes-it jealous, and wants to go home, ſays ſhe's tired of hobbling over the ſtones. I reſolve to walk. She complains of a head-ach. *Mem.* To get a calaſh of green Perſian.

SEVEN. Walk the Mall. Engroſs all Mr. ——'s converſation.

ELEVEN. Deſire Molly to wake me at two in the morning to have my hair creped. It is only to take up four hours and a quarter.

MONDAY. Two in the morning. THORNE comes. Read *The Lovers* while my head is dreſſing. "Our paſſions irreſiſtable." A ſweet book!

SEVEN. My hair finiſhed. *Mem.* THORNE the greateſt hair-dreſſer in the world. Only 432 black pins in it. No other could do it with leſs than 446.

ELEVEN. Go ſhopping with Mrs. Gadabout. Take the round of the milliners. Beſpeak a peek-cap of blond lace with a grenadier cawl. A beautiful clouded luteſtring at Brown and Ludlam's. Reſolved to have it. 'Tis much genteeler than Miſs Flutter's.

TWELVE. Had a glance of Mr. ——. They tell me he has ruined a great many women. Charming creature! *Mem.* To dance with him to-night, if I can.

ONE. Quite fatigued with tumbling over ſilks. My new negligee tried on. Mrs. WILLIAMSON the moſt taſty mantua-maker in Europe. *Mem.* No genteel perſon is ſeen at the aſſembly before ten.

Pay two and twenty viſits before the aſſembly. *Mr.* —— engaged to dance with Miſs Rantum. I

wonder

wonder at his taſte. She looks very ugly. Mortified. Head-ach. Go home before two.

I ſhall make no comment on the foregoing, but inform you that I write, at the deſire of many of your ſubſcribers, to put you in mind, that your predeceſſors of famous memory, with all their gravity, beſtowed conſiderable pains, not only in reforming the manners but the dreſſes of both ſexes; but in your twenty numbers you hav'nt any thing faſhionable, but a ſingle paper upon a French cap, that no genteel body wears at preſent. For ſhame, Mr. Flyn, pay ſome attention to the Ladies, or we ſhall be very angry in good earneſt. At your firſt ſetting out I took you to be a ſprightly young fellow of ſix and twenty, but you're grown ſo grave and ſententious of late that I figure you to myſelf as ſtarch a perſonage as my grandfather; and really I would as ſoon take up a ſermon as one of your Speculations.

All that we deſire is, that you would now and then devote a paper to the faſhions, which will be of particular uſe to us who live in the country, and give us ſome notion of the ſtate of dreſs in Cork, eſpecially before every aſſizes; for we cut ſuch aukward figures, unleſs we are in town a week ſooner, that we are aſhamed to appear in polite company. Beſides the inſtruction this would convey, there is no perſon of any taſte but muſt find more entertainment in hearing of an alteration in the flounces of a petticoat than of a change in the Miniſtry; of the arrival of a cargo of millinary goods from Briſtol than of wheat from North-America, or of the prices of the laſt new ſilks than of Full-bounds to the country.

I hope you will take this matter into your conſideration, and ſtrike out ſomething pretty on the ſubject, which

which will much oblige many of your female ſubſcribers, and particularly

your friend and wel'-wiſher,

CLARINDA.

P. S. What would you think of a *Coterie* or of a Committee of Modes, or even of a Female Parliament? If ſuch a thing ſhould be introduced, I beg your vote and intereſt."

As I value the approbation of my fair readers more than can be expreſſed, I ſhall give the preſent ſtate of the faſhions in a future Speculation, and ſhall, from time to time, take notice of any conſiderable revolutions in them, with that care and fidelity which the importance of the ſubject deſerves.

No. 25. Monday, June 18, 1770.

Strenua nos exercet inertia —— HOR.

A FEW days ago the following letter came to me from the Poſt-office.

To Mr. FLYN.

SIR,

'I am not aſhamed to confeſs myſelf one of that happy claſs of females who have thank Heaven! eſcaped all connections with your ſex; by which means I have kept my fortune comfortably to myſelf, and preſerved an excellent ſtock of health and ſpirits to the age of ſixty eight. I live juſt to my own liking, and go occaſionally into the world, in order to be

amuſed

'amuſed with the manifold follies of this truly frivolous age. Moſt of them indeed are ſubjects for laughter; but there is one that puts me quite out of patience. Go where I will, every woman I meet, from little Miſs up to her great-grandmother, is dreſſed out with her knotting-bag, and is ſo affectedly buſy with her ſhuttle, and ſo important about doing nothing, that they fret me to a degree not very conſiſtent with my health. Young raw arms, and old withered ones are all in motion together, with ſo many geſtures and grimaces, and turns of the head and eyes, that it is one general convulſion through the company, as if they had got St. *Vitus*'s dance. When a lady comes into a room, you would ſwear, by the great ſatchel on her arm, that ſhe had brought her proviſions with her. The ſhuttle pops out between the courſes, after every ſip of tea, and every deal of the cards. I could forgive chits for any nonſenſe, but for ſtayed matrons to commence children again, and bring their play-things into company, is not to be borne. I remember, not very long ago, when women were not aſhamed to cut out a ſhirt or a ſmock, or make caps, or knit ſtockings. But theſe occupations are now, it ſeems, only fit for the *Canaille*, and milliary things can be had from the ſhop, at not above four times the price they could be made for. What, in the name of goodneſs, do they mean by it? Is it to paſs for real induſtry, in an age when the very word is laughed at, and all the traſh they make in the year is not worth two pence? Or is it to diſplay their hands and arms, when nine out of ten would be better concealed? I don't believe they know themſelves; but it is the faſhion, and to be the *faſhion* it can't be too fooliſh. You, Mr.

Flyn,

'FLYN, have, with great decorum and ſucceſs, animadverted on their caps and ſhoulders. Let me 'requeſt you will not let this go unnoticed, and you 'will oblige,

Sir, your conſtant Reader, and humble Servant,

TABITHA SWANSKIN.

I am much obliged to Miſs *Swanſkin* for her correſpondence; but, on a cloſe conſideration of the ſubject, I really think there is more to be ſaid in favour of this faſhion than ſhe ſeems to imagine.

I admire it, in the firſt place, for it's innocent ſimplicity. It is pure nature, a little, and but a little, improved by art. We may obſerve that one of the firſt efforts toward action in the infant ſtate, is that of tying knots on little ſhreds, and bits of packthread. Theſe knots are, by the help of maturer reaſon, only more regularly and cloſely arranged, and the ſhuttle is introduced to give a facility of execution; but the ſameneſs of idea, and ſtrict unity of deſign are ſtill preſerved, and form a ſtriking inſtance of true taſte, in an age when falſe refinement too generally prevails.

In the next place, that it is a profitable ſpecies of induſtry, I can demonſtrate from experiment. I made my wife, who is very expert at her ſhuttle, take a yard of thread, and ſit down to knot it, chatting to me at the ſame time, ſo as to preſerve a middle rate of velocity. It was finiſhed in ten minutes, and produced a quarter of a yard of knotting; ſo that, in an hour, one yard and a half may be eaſily manufactured. Now, ſuppoſing a lady, on a moderate average, to work 11 hours out of the 24, there will be a produce of ſixteen yards and a half *per diem*. Out *of* the 365 days we will deduct 52 Sundays, and there *will remain* 313 effective days, which will produce no

leſs

leſs than 5164½ yards of knotting, which at the rate of ſix yards a penny, will amount to the groſs ſum of £3: 11s.: 8½d. nearly, *per annum*.

Then, to examine the *per contra*, I made her weigh out, and meaſure a quarter of an ounce of *Smith's* five ſhilling thread, which ran to 69 yards and a half, ſo that the pound muſt have contained 4448 yards. Now in order to knot this thread, it muſt be doubled; the 5164½ yards of knotting finiſhed in the year, muſt therefore conſume 41316 yards of thread, which, according to the above proportion, will be ſomething more than nine pounds and a quarter. The firſt coſt of this is £2: 6s: 3d. which deducted from the above groſs ſum of £3: 11s. 8½d. leaves, to the fair Manufacturer, a net profit of one pound five ſhillings and five pence halfpenny for the work of the year, or rather, of only three thouſand four hundred and forty three hours.

It has puzzled ſome perſons to conceive, what becomes of the great quantity of this commodity which is made in this city and it's environs; For, ſuppoſing but five thouſand females daily employed, which is a low calculation, there muſt be annually manufactured no leſs than twenty five million, eight hundred and twenty two thouſand, five hundred yards; ſo that after ornamenting all the toilets, bed-quilts and curtains, and feſtooning thoſe under-garments which are cruelly hidden from our ſight, a vaſt redundancy muſt ſtill be left. I am very happy to have it in my power to ſolve this myſtery, and aſſure the public, that the violence of induſtry which is to be met with in every houſe, is not without it's meaning. The truth is that a ſociety is already formed, and a warehouſe preparing for the reception

reception of this manufacture; in conſequence of which, a large export trade will ſoon be opened with *France* and the *Weſt-India* iſlands, ſo that the ballance will be turned in our favour, and every gentleman will ſhortly drink his rum and claret out of the induſtry of his wife and daughters.

But the circumſtance that charms me moſt in this invention is it's elegance. I cannot but think that ſhirts and ſmocks are rather unfit for any woman of delicacy to handle. As to millinary matters, perhaps ſome trifle may be ſaved; but ſurely it is a ſtrong proof of humanity to keep from interfering with the buſineſs of thoſe, who have no other way to get their bread. Indeed all kinds of needle-work, like poring over books, help to doze the ſpirits, and ruin thoſe fine eyes which were formed for nobler purpoſes. But as to knitting, I can hardly think my fair correſpondent is ſerious. When a young Queen of *Spain* was going home after her nuptials, ſhe paſſed through a little town remarkable for making ſtockings. A deputation from the poor people immediately waited on her, to beſeech her acceptance of ſome of their fineſt manufacture; but the Duke de ALVA, who eſcorted her, turned them from her preſence in a rage; *Know*, ſays he, *baſe peaſants, that a Queen of Spain has no legs.*

All raillery aſide, I can ſee more art in this faſhion than men are generally aware of. Beſides diſplaying the poliſhed roundneſs of the arm, the whiteneſs of the hand, and the luſtre of the diamond rings, it may be often brought to act in concert with the eyes, and give additional force to their expreſſion. The ſhuttle is an eaſy-flowing object, to which the eye may at pleaſure remove with propriety and grace, and helps

to give an air of nature to thoſe quick tranſitions and ſubtil glances, which ſhoot like lightening to the heart. A look thrown gently downward on the knot, has all the bewitching effect of genuine modeſty, and the very eye-lid may do execution. Sweetly riſing again, attended with a ſmile, it pours a volley of charms on the lover; and even a pretty ſtruggle with ſome little inequality in the thread, may expreſs that alluring kind of inattention, which has no ſmall effect on our unaccountable natures.

There is an inimitable ſcene of this kind in the *Egaremens de Cœur*, where the beautiful De Lursay, to compleat all her attractions, throws herſelf into the graceful attitude of knotting; under which advantage ſhe plays off every irreſiſtible little art of refined coquetry. The whole picture, with the awkward addreſs of Meilcour, *Vous faites donc des nœuds, Madame*, is exquiſitely wrought, and finiſhed with a dangerous degree of elegance. The uſe of this little implement is, in ſhort, more powerful and various than even that of the fan, ſo much celebrated by one of my predeceſſors. It takes away the air of ſtill-life, which is apt to attend a ſtate of formal inaction, and brings into play thoſe innumerable little graces, which, without ſome degree of gentle motion, muſt lie totally concealed.

But I muſt requeſt my fair readers to obſerve, that all the effects of this graceful amuſement are loſt by its being too conſtantly exhibited. Penelope's web was not more endleſs than the induſtry of ſome of our Ladies; ſo that, without riſing in the night to undo their work, they may ſafely promiſe a diſagreeable lover to be kind, *when they have finiſhed their*

knotting. An inſipid ſameneſs muſt ever diſ
and too eager and undiſtinguiſhing a paſſion for
little modiſh invention, conveys no favourable
of the underſtanding. Good ſenſe will allow
matters no more than their value, and an in
and engaging relaxation may, as a buſineſs, be
contemptible.

I will farther venture to affirm, that it is not
woman who can knot, that is qualified to wie
ſhuttle. An expreſſion of ſentiment can only
from an informed mind; and the ſame little
ments, which are capable of diſplaying grace
equally adapted to betray inanity. An improve
derſtanding, and cultivated taſte, will inſpir
whole form, give a dignity to trifles, and com
cate meaning even to the fingers ends. Theſe m
I particularly recommend to the conſideration o
younger part of the ſex. While they labour t
rich the curtain and the toilet, the mind ough
ſurely, to remain unfurniſhed. They ſhould
der, that all their future value in life depends o
due application of their preſent hours, and al
remember, that MINERVA, who was the inve
of the ſhuttle, was alſo the goddeſs of WISDOM

No. 26. Thurſday, June 21, 1770.

Eſt MODUS *in rebus.* HOR.

IN obedience to the commands of m
correſpondent CLARINDA, I ſhall e
vour in this Speculation to purſue
idea of a FEMALE PARLIAMENT; w
muſt be productive of the beſt conſequences to

public in general, and to the polite world in particular. I am confident that none of my readers entertain the leaſt doubt of its utility; but to ſilence all cavillers, I ſhall mention a few circumſtances, which will put the matter out of diſpute.

It is well known, that violent animoſities have ariſen between ladies from an inattention to, or a neglect of, that capital article amongſt well-bred people, *the proper times of paying and returning viſits*; and when once the female part of families are engaged in a quarrel, the male are ſeldom permitted to remain neuter. From this ſource ſpring numberleſs diſſentions, jealouſies and diſcontents, which increaſing in virulence in proportion as their ſphere is expanded, the relations, friends, and acquaintance on both ſides take up the matter, the quarrel is carried on with endleſs acrimony and altercation, and the moſt melancholy conſequences, not only duels enſue, but caps are torn, and faces are ſcratched with unrelenting cruelty. All this may be prevented by an act of the Female Parliament, regulating the time in which viſits ſhould be returned, if the parties mean to keep up an acquaintance, and in what circumſtances a Lady may be allowed to have herſelf denied to another. A young Lady has often miſſed a good match by having an unfaſhionable cap on, or having her hair improperly dreſſed at the Aſſembly; and it is equally certain, that many a Gentleman's heart hath been captivated by ſomething inexpreſſible, a *je ne ſçai quoi*, or nameleſs grace; but which in reality has been nothing more than her having put on a ribbon, of a colour properly adapted to improve the tranſparency of her complexion, or add life to her eyes. As this in a great meaſure muſt depend on the good taſte of

the milliner, and as many defects in the ſhape may be remedied by the addreſs of a good ſtaymaker, or mantuamaker, a committee ſhould be appointed to examine into the merits and abilities of all milliners, mantuamakers, ſtaymakers and hairdreſſers, and none be employed by any perſon of faſhion, unleſs they can produce a certificate, not only of the ſaid examination, but of their being approved of, which ſhould be properly atteſted by the Clerk of the houſe.

The Gentlemen may laugh at me, when I talk of ſerious conſequences attending the omiſſion of what they vainly ſay are of little importance; but not only hearts, but battles, huſbands and kingdoms have been loſt, and the greateſt revolutions in ſtates have been brought about, by matters of the ſame nature. The Dutcheſs of Marlborough was Groom of the Stole to Queen Anne, and her principal favourite, while the Duke, her huſband, was gathering laurels in the Netherlands. The Tories, who wiſhed for peace, endeavoured in vain to deſtroy his intereſt with the Queen; it was too powerfully ſupported by his Dutcheſs. A trifling accident brought about what they ſo ardently deſired. The Queen and the Dutcheſs had given orders at the ſame time for a pair of new-faſhioned gloves. The Dutcheſs, who was impatient for hers, went to the glover's, and almoſt by force carried off the pair that was intended for the Queen; to which ſhe added the imprudence of appearing in them that evening, at a ball where the Queen was expected. The moment the Queen entered the room the gloves caught her eyes, and turning about to Lady Maſham, ſhe ſaid, that the inſolence of the Dutcheſs was not to be endured. This *Lady*, who was the greateſt enemy to the favourite,

took

ook advantage of the opportunity, and aggravated matters so much that the Dutchess was disgraced, and he Duke recalled; with him fell the Whig party, nd that of the Emperor's allies and to this pair of loves, by a series of events may be attributed, as *oltaire* observes, the succession of the house of Hanover to the throne of Great Britain.

I propose, that there should be two Houses of Parament, an upper and a lower one. The upper to onsist of married women only, who are to consult nd determine on the most serious and important ubjects, such as trespasses against the rules of poteness, breaches of decorum; immoralities; in short, o act as a supreme Court of Honour. They e to choose for their Speaker; the woman of most ood sense and elegance of taste, in the city of Cork, nd its environs. It may be thought perhaps, that here would be many candidates for this honourable mployment, but I venture to say there will be no opposition; for envy itself must allow, that one certain dy would carry it, *Nem. Con.* The young unmarried Ladies, of whom the lower house is to be composed, are to determine all matters of ceremony, visits, c. and to be supreme arbiters of the fashions. In heir cases an appeal will be admitted against their dgment to the upper house, whose sentence must e final. They are to choose for their Speaker, the oung Lady of the most beauty in the city or county f Cork. *Detur pulchriori.* There would be a world f candidates, and undoubtedly a great number qually deserving. In a case of this difficulty, I believe he Ladies must have recourse to the Gentlemen, ho are indisputably the best judges of beauty in the her sex; but, as there would inevitably be great fference in their opinions on this occasion, it must

be left to the determination of one, who ſhould be choſen by ballot. Happy will the *Paris* be, who is to preſent the golden apple.

The Aſſembly-room will ſerve exceedingly well for the purpoſe. The lower houſe, as being moſt numerous, to ſit in the dancing room, the upper houſe in the card room. The ticket-room, and tea-rooms are beſt adapted for committees. Both houſes ſhould ſit a month before the aſſizes, and a ſtanding committee ſhould meet every day in the aſſize week.

Under the ſanction of both honourable houſes, I intend publiſhing once a month a paper on a new plan, in the following manner.

THE

Ladies and *Gentlemens* GAZETTE;

OR

POLITE INTELLIGENCER.

[*Publiſhed by Authority.*]

Veneris, 24 Die Auguſti, 1770.

THE Upper Houſe proceeded on "the bill for inflicting pains and penalties on Gentlemen who appear drunk at the Aſſembly."

Mr. —— being accuſed by two Members of the Lower-houſe, of indecency in converſation, was brought to the bar of the houſe, in cuſtody of the Uſher of the Black Rod, when the accuſation being fully proved, he was diſmiſſed, after aſking pardon on his knees.

The great cauſe between Mrs. ——, and Mrs. ——, put off 'till the Aſſizes.

The

The Houſe adjourned until Friday, 10 o'clock.

The Lower-houſe took into conſideration the length of the trains of negligees.

Ordered that Mrs. *Williamſon* attend the houſe on Wedneſday next.

Mr. *Thorne* waited in the lobby, with an account of the faſhion of dreſſing hair laſt imported from Paris.

Ordered that it lie on the table for the conſideration of the Members.

Mrs. *Roche* attended with the laſt new night-cap.

Referred to a committee of the whole houſe.

A motion was made and the queſtion put, that "the bill for reſtraining the quantity of blond-"lace and ribbon in hats," be read a ſecond time.

It paſſed in the negative.

Ordered that leave be given to bring in heads of a bill for regulating the length of viſits in aſſize-time, and that Miſs ——, Miſs ——, and Miſs —— do prepare and bring in the ſame.

A complaint was made by Miſs ——, againſt Mrs. ——, a Member of the Upper-houſe, that Mrs. ——, did not return her viſit in four months, and then accuſed Miſs —— of rudeneſs for not being at home to her.

A conference deſired with the Upper-houſe.

Ordered, That *William Flyn* do print the votes of this Houſe, and that no other perſon do preſume to print the ſame.

Extract of a letter from Paris, dated July 23.

"The Ladies wear their hair in a frizzed toupee, with upright buckles on the temples, without much powder. The hoops decreaſing."

CORK,

CORK, Auguſt 26.

We hear that there will be Aſſemblies every night next week, and that Wedneſday night will be the fulleſt, but Monday the genteeleſt company.

We have the pleaſure to inform the public that the greateſt part of the cargo of the *Woolpack*, Capt. *Lundy*, who put into *Youghal* in great diſtreſs, will be ſaved, except a Bruſſel's head, and fifty yards of blond lace, that were damaged by the exploſion of ſix dozen of bottled beer. We don't hear of any accidents happening in the ſtorm, except that a *Doll* from the Miſs *Gores*, *St. James*'s-ſtreet, and the cabbin boy were both waſhed overboard.

On Sunday laſt appeared on the Mall a *Peek cap* of an entire new conſtruction. It is looked upon as vaſtly genteel, and occaſions great ſpeculation.

STATE OF THE FASHIONS.

The Gentlemens hats are riſing behind, and falling before, in imitation of the Ladies ſtays, and the blazing gold loop is in high vogue. Hats before 2 $\frac{1}{10}$ inches; behind 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

The ſingle buckle at each ſide is quite out, and 'tis confidently aſſerted that the three buckles will not long hold their ground. The ſame is reported of the roſes, and the bags are increaſing every day. Toupees 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ perpendicular.

Stays behind 16 $\frac{3}{4}$, before 9 $\frac{1}{2}$. Stomachers, three rows of plaits upwards. A ſingle breaſt-knot and ſleeve knots of the ſame ſilk. Rich ſilks with frier's knotting. Triple flounces to the ſleeves, 12, 9, and 5 inches. Triple ruffles, on the outſide, 18, 15, and 11 inches; inſide 6, 4, and 2 inches.

On the petticoat of the negligee, a frill comes all *round*, plaited next to the tail; ſix inches above that

is

is a flounce ¼ yard deep, only on the front; close over that is another frill as at the bottom; all of the same silk. Trains sweep 5 ½ inches.

Casualties *during the Assizes.*

Spoiled (by being carried in dirty hand-chairs) four negligees, two petticoats, and one milk white coat with gold buttons.

——— (By the tallow from the candles at the Assembly) three white satin gowns and petticoats.

Torn (by a Gentleman's spur) a train of pompadour lutestring.

——— (By the hilt of a sword) one pair of minionet ruffles.

Lost (at the Assembly) three hearts and one earring.

——— At P———'s 300 guineas, and a surtout coat.

To be buried next week (in the country) thirty-two Ladies of youth and beauty.

Rising hour, 11. Visiting ditto morning 1, evening 7 to 8; length of visits 7 minutes; dinner 4 to 5. Assembly 10; bed-time 3 morning.

Hazard — Gold, one pound—Silver, ten shillings. Loo, half a crown to a crown. Whist half a crown to a crown, and a crown the rubber. Quadrille, one shilling a fish. Piquet, one pound. Brag, no price. Back-gammon, half a crown.

CORK: Printed by William Flyn, Printer to the Honourable the Female Parliament.

O

No.

No. 27. Monday, June 25, 1770.

Sunt Lachrymæ rerum, & mentem mortalia tangunt.
VIRG.

I LOOK on the ADVENTURER as one of the beſt periodical diſſertations which the ambition of following our family has brought into the world. The reaſoning is generally cloſe, the criticiſm juſt, and the morality excellent; and, had he taken the pains to copy our ſimplicity, inſtead of the laborious affectation of the *Rambler*, he might have paſſed for a diſtant relation of our houſe.

I took one of his volumes yeſterday evening into the fields, where, after ſauntering ſome time, I ſat down under a tree, and opened on his one hundred and tenth paper. The evening was delightful; the landſcape charming; nature wore an univerſal ſmile of gaiety, and riſing plenty covered all the country round me. My mind was filled with the ſofteſt and moſt affectionate ideas, and benevolence was ſtreaming from my heart. But, on throwing my eye on the page, how great was my chagrin! I found I was deluded, and that pride had flattered me with falſe ideas of myſelf. I ſaw that ſympathy was but ſelfiſhneſs, and pity no other than concealed malignity. It is all illuſion, cried I; the ſpell is broken, and I have claſped to my breaſt a fiend, where I thought I held.

held an angel! My heart ſunk within me at the idea, and, for ſome minutes, I deſpiſed myſelf and all mankind.

In this ſtate of mind I perceived my old Gentleman approaching. He ſat down, and I told him my diſtreſs. I remember the paper, ſaid he; it is very confuſed, but ſententiouſly plauſible, and enlivened with a well-told ſtory. The whole is a dangerous error, adopted by that miſtaken zeal, which, to promote the happineſs of man takes pains to degrade his nature. But give me the book, and I will try to relieve your perplexity.

There being no method in the argument, continued he, we will take things as they occur. In the firſt place then, his definition of pity is not exact, *That Paſſion which is excited by the ſufferings of perſons with whom we have no tender connection*; for that paſſion often riſes much higher than pity. There are many who could not bear to ſee a common execution, and many more, whom no bribe could induce to view the tortures of *Damiens*. In theſe caſes, pure anguiſh, and not pity, would be felt, without any particular regard for the ſufferer. His definition is therefore wrong, or he muſt give up his favourite poſition of the delight of pity.

It is not eaſy to define the paſſions which border on others, like ſhades of the ſame colour; eſpecially where the great variance of ſenſibility makes the boundary a fluctuating one. Pity, therefore, may be left at large, as the ſenſation excited by unhappineſs, at a degree of diſtance which can be only relatively aſcertained. Beyond that point we feel nothing. On a nearer approach of the object, the paſſion gradually changes its nature and its name. But

But, the great point is, how far we are pleaſed at the miſery of others, when it falls under our own immediate obſervation. It is in this light alone that pity can be fairly examined, for, in almoſt every other caſe, new paſſions will intermix, and confound the theory. Pleaſed with the miſery of others, cried I! Excuſe me, Sir. I have read the aſſertion, but the heart only can judge. For my own, I can anſwer, on the ſtricteſt ſcrutiny, that I never received the ſmalleſt ray of pleaſure from a ſimple view of calamity, but where I had a hope of relieving, or felt a tranſient ſelf-approving thought at finding my affections right. The operations within, replied he, are very rapid, and difficult to be traced. Many think with you, but I am convinced there is a ſomewhat not unpleaſing, (delight is much too ſtrong a word) which leads us to approach and attend to miſery. Pity is an inſtinct, and they all gravitate, independently of the will, to their proper objects. There is ſomething in calamity which grapples with the ſoul, and keeps it's hold in order to extort a bleſſing; a kind of attraction which allures us to ſubmit to that pain from which the relief is to ariſe. The mind would ſhrink from the ſenſation, were it ſimply painful, as the eye from the ſun-beam. The begging wretch, whoſe ill-judging policy expoſes his ulcers, illuſtrates this poſition. We avoid, and try to forget the object from diſguſt, as, in the other caſe, we ſhould from anguiſh.

But what proof is this of malignity? The ſenſation, tho' thus modelled by our WISE FORMER that it may be effectual, is ſtill extremely painful, which prompts us to get rid of it by removing the cauſe. Did any man ever pity the diſtreſs which he would not joyfully

ally relieve? If this be malignity, words have no meaning. The mixture, thus urged as a charge againſt he paſſion, proves it the very reverſe of ſelfiſh or malignant. We abandon not the object; we conſult ot our own eaſe; we contemplate, but to be unhap-y. The pain on the whole is highly predominant, and ve wiſh to loſe it. Pity is therefore, by his own ule, an *honeſt commiſeration*; the inconſiſtency, ſup-poſed in his firſt paragraph, falls with the truth of his poſition, and this paſſion may be, and is, the prop rty of *gentle, virtuous, and benevolent minds.*

If pity, thus ſimply conſidered, as ariſing from niſery immediately preſented to us, wears this amia-ble face, no argument from objects ſeen through the nedium of repreſentation can have any force. The nature of every paſſion is to be tried only at the foun-tain head; if it be found pure there, any diſcolouring in its progreſs muſt be imputed to the ſtreams with which it mixes. In narrative, it is hard to be ſo ſim-ple as not to excite a ſecond paſſion. Curioſity, a very active principle, will come in for its ſhare of plea-ſure. Adorn the tale with poetic flowers, introduce the great, the beautiful, and the new, all the powers of the imagination are delighted. Unite it to the drama, and every ſenſe and faculty are at once in-dulged. The ſame not unpleaſing ſomewhat runs through the whole, but the general pleaſure reſults from a variety of ſources. Yet pity even here aſſerts its character; for though, from a complicated cauſe, we are delighted with the picture, who would not fly with tranſport to relieve the diſtreſs which it re-preſents!

But ſee if you underſtand this next attempt. *Pity being abſorbed by a ſtronger paſſion proves the weak-*

neſs of general Philanthropy; in other words, Our regard for man in general is weak in compariſon with our feelings for a friend. There was ſomething humiliating meant here, which, I believe, nobody will feel. Yet a more curious argument remains. *Were pity pure and ſocial, a circumſtantial detail of diſtreſs would not be neceſſary to excite it.* The anſwer is almoſt too obvious to be mentioned. We can feel only through our ideas, and are affected only as objects are preſented to us. General terms convey but obſcure and imperfect images, and the effect will neceſſarily be in proportion. 'A nation, ſays the ſtory, was once in great diſtreſs.' Here is a propoſition pregnant with manifold calamity, yet until it be farther unfolded, who can feel it? Is this peculiar to pity? Let us try another paſſion. 'The G and Seignior's ſeraglio is the fineſt in the world.' The greateſt ſenſualiſt feels no emotion. But fix, in the firſt inſtance, on a ſingle family, and minutely picture all the various forms of domeſtic miſery, or, in the other caſe, ſelect ſome fair *Circaſſian*, and deſcribe, in glowing colours, her ſhape, complexion, her roſe-bud lips, her ſwelling boſom and bewitching eyes, both the paſſions will ſoon prove themſelves true to their duty. Where then lies the defect? In this only, that the intellect is not powerful enough to form, from an obſcure general term, a vivid picture of infinite circumſtances, and magically force into light an endleſs variety of images which were never offered to its view.

Take your book, continued he, I am tired of tracing the ſcattered ſophiſtry, unworthy of ſuch a pen. Reſt aſſured that this paſſion is, in every inſtance, the reverſe of his deſcription. It is *ſocial*, for ſociety only is its object. It is *pure*, from every the

the leaſt taint of malignity. It is a *Virtue* of the higheſt claſs. Of *Benevolence* it is the firſt and moſt valuable article, for it reſts not in mere ſympathy, but impels to important action. Of all the paſſions it is the fartheſt from *ſelfiſh*, and of all ſeems to be the moſt *perfect*, for, being adapted only to miſery, it is here in its full perfection. Benevolence may, as he furniſes, contribute to our future felicity; but, unleſs the preſent analogy in our natures be totally deſtroyed, that mind can never be happy in the happineſs of others, which could feel a malignant pleaſure in their pain.

But to what end is this? Are mankind too affectionate, too ſocial, too humane? Or is it the part of a friend to man, while miſery calls all around us for relief, to vilify that principle from which alone it can proceed? What mind will not ſtartle at the indulgence of malignity, and avour to reſtrain its impulſes, and labour to loſe every tender ſenſation for beings, whoſe leading affections he believes to be ſelfiſhneſs, and malevolence?

Yet a friend to man has done this; a cloſe obſerver of nature has endeavoured to confuſe her moſt obvious operations; a lover of truth has tried to involve it in perplexity, and a ſoul full of piety has pictured the contrivance of Infinite Wisdom, for the nobleſt purpoſes, as *an imperfection in our natures*, as a *malignant*, and conſequently a diabolical, delight in the calamities of mankind.

The truth is, an unreſtrained enthuſiaſm will run inſenſibly into all the paradoxes of *Hobbes* and *Mandeville*. The eye fixed intently on the Heavens becomes dazzled with the brightneſs, and ſees the more immediate objects in colours not their own. A ſtrange

kind of partiality is formed againſt man in his preſent ſtate, in favour of his future, and ſupported by a zeal which ſtrains every thing for its purpoſe. But ſurely the ruins of nature are not the beſt baſis of revelation, nor is it neceſſary that we ſhould be Devils here, in order to be Angels hereafter.

Fear not then, my friend, to indulge, in its ampleſt ſcope, this ſocial, generous, virtuous Paſſion. Cheriſh it in your boſom, obey its inſtincts, and enjoy an honeſt pride in the ſenſation. It is no malignant Spirit that has leaped the bound; it is a Cherub ſent from GOD; it is HIS OWN voice within you which prompts to ſooth and alleviate that miſery which, in his inſcrutable wiſdom, he ſuffers to exiſt, and the ſingular delight which HE has annexed to it, is but an earneſt of INFINITE REWARD.

W.

No. 28. Thurſday, June 28, 1770.

Avidis, Avidis natura parum eſt.

SEN. Her. Oet.

To Mr. FLYN,

SIR,

I HAVE three ſons, DICK, TOM, and GEORGE. DICK, the eldeſt, is the favourite of all the world, but I can't endure him; and what is ſtill more extraordinary, TOM, the boy after my own heart, is univerſally diſliked. I ſhall give you the characters of both, and

with

wiſh you would think a little upon the ſubject, that you may inform me of the reaſon of this contradiction, and give me your advice about the education of the youngeſt.

You muſt know, Mr. Flyn, that I have made a conſiderable fortune by taking lands, and began upon a very ſmall capital. I all along intended to make a rich man of my eldeſt ſon by bringing him up to my own buſineſs; but never had a good opinion of him ſince I found he had a contempt for money, which I eaſily diſcovered by his keeping halfpence in his waiſtcoat pocket. In order to break him of this trick, and to teach him to take more care of his caſh, I have often whipped him; but to no purpoſe, except inducing him to give it to the next beggar. To let you further into the weakneſs of his diſpoſition, I ſhall mention to you his proceedings in Cork laſt ſeaſon. I ſent him there with ſome Bullocks, which he ſold below the market price; his only excuſe was, forſooth, that he could not bear to haggle for a few ſhillings, and, for want of a good look-out, he brought me a *Dublin* bill that was proteſted. Before I gave him up entirely, I was reſolved to try him once more. As I am apt to make hard bargains, my tenants often run away with the rent, and therefore I always diſtrain them as ſoon as it becomes due. I ſent Dick on this errand, but inſtead of doing his buſineſs, he gave the fellow a crown out of his own pocket, becauſe as the blockhead told me, the man was unable to pay. Upon making ſeveral experiments of this kind, I was convinced he would never come to any good, and therefore ſent him to the College.

Tom is another kind of a boy, I aſſure you, and will be a comfort to me in my old age. There is not

any body in the county has a better hand in making a bargain, or ſelling a foundered horſe, and for driving lands he has no fellow. He gave early proofs of of his genius; for when I ſent him to ſchool to learn to read and write, which is all I think neceſſary, he made 50 *per cent.* of ſome money his mother gave him, by lending it out to his ſchool-fellows at compound intereſt.

With regard to the education of my youngeſt ſon I am ſomewhat at a loſs. His old uncle wants to make him a ſcholar too, but I can't bear to think of it. I know a Gentleman, of great learning, who has had the beſt education Europe could afford, and yet has no notion of making money, and will never be a rich man; whereas, there's my neighbour *Gripeall*, without any kind of talent in the world, has made a conſiderable fortune, and has purchaſed all the lands around him. Your fine ſcholars, with all their capacity and learning, are obliged to borrow money from thoſe they deſpiſe, and in the end be ſlaves to perſons who are their inferiors in ſenſe and underſtanding.

For my part I am convinced, that the ſkill of the purſe is the cardinal virtue of life, and that people who have made the greateſt figure in the world are thoſe who have beſt conſulted that prevailing principle in human nature, ſelf-preſervation.

I beg your anſwer, and am Sir,

Your humble Servant,

JONATHAN RACKRENT.

To Mr. RACKRENT.

SIR,

I think very little conſideration is neceſſary to give you an anſwer. If you have a mind to make your

ſon

ſon George a rich man, bring him up to your own buſineſs. If you chuſe to make him eſteemed and beloved, you muſt take ſome other method.

I am Sir,

Your moſt humble Servant,

William Flyn.

The character of a country Gentleman who underſtands the ſtation in which Providence has placed him, is a truly eſtimable one. He is a father to his tenants, and a patron to his neighbours, and is more a ſuperior to thoſe of lower fortune by his benevolence than by his poſſeſſions. His life is ſpent in good offices, as a companion, an advocate, a referee, a mediator, and a friend. His knowledge and advice are a protection to the ſimplicity of thoſe of an inferior capacity, and the entertainment and happineſs of his equals.

From Mr. Rackrent's letter, we may form an idea of the oppoſite character to that I have been deſcribing, as well as of the uſual method of educating the younger ſons of country Gentlemen, and of the miſerable ſituation of the poorer natives of this iſland. A rich man, the little tyrant of a little village, takes every farm he can hear of, and lets it out to a great number of poor tenants at an exorbitant rent, which is collected, as ſoon as it becomes due, with unrelenting rigour, attended with the moſt aggravating circumſtances of rapacity and oppreſſion.

In that ſavage country, *Poland*, upon non-payment of rent, the Barons, or landlords, ſeize the wives and children of their tenants, and ſell them to Jews, who attend half yearly for that purpoſe. The Jews ſell them to the Turks in the ſlave-market at Conſtantinople.

nople This slavery has more terror in the name, than in reality. They are treated, particularly by the better kind of Turks, with the greatest indulgence. They are put to no great hardships, are well cloathed and fed, and often obtain their liberty after a few years servitude. At any rate, their situation is to be preferred to that of the peasants in this unhappy country, who, after having long laboured with unremitting assiduity for years together, can barely procure a wretched subsistence, exposed to the insults of power or the iron hand of despotism. To this circumstance is owing, in a great measure, the poverty of Ireland, and that barbarism which still continues to the disgrace of all good government.

The source of this and many other evils to the state is, that baseft of all vices, avarice, or the unbounded desire of acquiring riches without either inclination or capacity to enjoy them. When once this has taken possession of the soul, it corrupts the spring of all our virtues, benevolence of disposition, and extinguishes that feeling for the woes of others, given us for the best purposes, which is the foundation of all the duties we owe to society. Can the wretch whose heart is steeled by education and practice against the tender sensations of humanity, be a good father, a good husband or a friend? The latter part of his life finishes the scene; where, instead of filial fondness, which should alleviate the infirmities of age, and nourish the sickening flame of expiring nature, he finds himself destitute of all comfort, and hears his heir, from the very principles which he had so assiduously taught him in his early years, curse the old fellow for living so long, and wish for his death with all the ardour of youthful expectation.

Walking

Walking after riches pineth away the body, and the care thereof driveth away ſleep.

The poor laboureth in living poorly, and when he leaveth off he is ſtill poor.

Many are deſtroyed by reaſon of gold, and have found their deſtruction before them.

It is a ſtumbling block to them that ſacrifice unto it, and every fool is taken therewith.

Bleſſed is the rich who is found without blemiſh, and hath not gone after gold, nor hoped in money and treaſures.

Who is he, and we will commend him? For wonderful things hath he done among his people.

Who hath been tried thereby, and found perfect? Let him be an example of glory who might offend and hath not offended, or do evil and hath not done it.

Q.

No. 29. Monday, July 2, 1770.

Joculare tibi videtur: & ſane bene,
Dum nihil habemus majus, calamo ludimus.
Sed diligenter intuere has nænias;
Quantam ſub illis utilitatem reperies?

Phæd.

THE following incident may at firſt ſight appear to have a little of the marvellous in it; but as I look on my veracity to be firmly eſtabliſhed in the opinions of my readers, I ſhall, without any apprehenſion, proceed to relate it.

My

My close application to literature having some time ago produced an obstruction in my liver, I was ordered by my physician to go under a regimen of exercise, as well as medicine, and riding was particularly recommended. In consequence of this, I looked out for a horse, and, after some search, met with one at a Livery-stable which pleased me extremely. He was a fine black, well marked, about fifteen hands high, and seemed to be both light and strong. But the circumstance which struck me most was, that he had more good sense in his face than any horse I ever saw, and his eye was particularly candid, ingenuous, and benign. The owner honestly confessed that he was hurt in his wind, a little tender in his feet, and that as to age, he believed he could not be less than twenty. But I was so prejudiced in his favour that these were no objections, and I took him home, with great pleasure, at the price of seven guineas.

Though I have no skill in horse-flesh, it is plain that I have in physiognomy. Never was a better creature, a more agreeable companion, nor, I am convinced, a more sincere friend. We went out together, not as master and servant, but on a footing of the most perfect equality; and, though I was uppermost, yet, if I could have done it with the same ease, I would willingly have carried him. I never rode with either switch or spur, left, from the habitual tyranny of man, I might inadvertently offer him a violence. He always chose his own road, went in the gait he liked best, stopped to graze as long as he had a mind, and turned homeward when he was tired. At every little ascent I alighted to favour his wind, and when he fell, which he always did when he stumbled, I soothed away the concern which his honest eye expressed as an apology for his feet.

Such,

Such was our happy intercourse for fifteen months but this morning, going to see him fed, I found the worthy animal ſtretched and lifeleſs, and, under his off forelleg, the following letter—Which I muſt get my foreman to tranſcribe, for I cannot go on.

My DEAREST MASTER,

Before we part for ever, let me thank you for all your kindneſs, and, as the only requital I can make, leave you a few of the principal incidents of my life, from which you may draw ſomething to amuſe the public.

The county of *Clare* gave me birth about two and twenty years ago. My three firſt years are not worth recording. In my fourth I was purchaſed at a fair, with ſeveral others, by a Gentleman's ſteward, and carried about forty miles off. The day after our arrival, my happy maſter, ſurrounded with a divan of country connoiſſeurs, had us led out, and aſſorting us according to our ſeveral endowments, deſtined me for the chace, and ordered me into the beſt paſture. His joy on this important event knew no bounds; he exulted in his felicity, and, after over-paying his agent only forty *per cent*, got drunk with his companions to crown the auſpicious day.

This Gentleman, being born to five hundred pounds a year, and conſequently under no neceſſity of a profeſſion, had been ſyſtematically educated on the plan which had been annexed as a royalty to the eſtate for many generations. The good effects of it indeed were very evident, for he was much happier than wiſer men. His health and ſpirits were invincible; his laughter ſincere and frequent; he eat and drank liberally, ſlept ſoundly, thought little, and felt leſs.

W 2

was his prime delight, and when he could not be on my back, he was always in the ſtable meditating future raptures, or celebrating my praiſes over his cups. In a ſhort time indeed I felt the ſame inſtinct with himſelf, and found my ſpirits riſe mechanically at the cry of the hounds. But, on one fatal St. *Stephen's* day, after exerting every ſinew under him, during a mad unmeaning chace of ſeven hours, without either ſeeing fox or dogs, my ſides being laid open by the ſpur, and covered with blood, I fainted and fell under him. For this offence I was condemned as carrion; but his daughter begged me for herſelf, to which, after he found he had broken my wind, he at length aſſented.

I now got under a lovely pair of legs, and was ſtroked by the whiteſt hand in the world. My miſtreſs was about eighteen, very handſome, and very ignorant. Indeed the uſe of letters did not ſeem ever to have reached this manſion, for, as I underſtood, there was nothing legible in the houſe, but a ſheet almanack over the chimney, and half a volume of novels belonging to the upper maid. My poor young Lady paid dearly for this deficiency. By the art of this huſſey ſhe was inveigled to go off with a valet, and I was made the unwilling inſtrument of conveying her to his arms. Penitence and poverty ſoon enſued; but my maſter, with true parental affection, compleated, by his firmneſs, the ruin which her folly had begun, and left his favourite child to ſtarve.

I was now a ſecond time in his hands, when the young Squire came home, who, having got 1500l. a year, by a diſtant relation, had gone to *Dublin* for a month to ſee the world. I happened to pleaſe him, and

and the old Gentleman, who, though ſtrictly honeſt in every other dealing, was a Latitudinarian as to horſe-fleſh, dropped my imperfections, and took in his ſon for ſixty guineas.

The compoſition of my young maſter was buckiſm engrafted on folly. Taſte, honour, and gallantry were his favourite ſubjects. His exceſſive finery proved the firſt; the ſecond could not be doubted, for he quarrelled in every company; and his love for the Ladies was evident from his debauching, or (which pleaſed him juſt as well) being thought to debauch all the cabbin-girls in the country. I have been faſtened to a door, in my rich furniture, for twelve hours hours together, to diſplay his conqueſts. Nor was the bottle or the dice-box excluded from his ſyſtem; ſo that in about three years I was releaſed from a painful ſervice by the purchaſer of his eſtate, and my young Gentleman retired, friendleſs and unpitied, to obſcurity, there to aſſociate, for the remainder of his life, with contempt, poverty, and diſeaſe.

My health had ſuffered ſo much by ill uſage, that my new owner ſoon parted with me to one of the people called Quakers, in whoſe kind hands I ſoon began to recover. My paſture was excellent; neither my hay nor oats were embezzled; I was well worked, but never hardſhiped, and, by cleanlineſs and care, I ſoon became as ſleek as my maſter's beaver. Indeed every thing about him ſeemed to thrive. Habitual attention, quiet domeſtic diſcipline, and rational œconomy made every hour chearful and ſerene. But a price, far above my value, tempted him at laſt to part with me, and with much regret I left a ſervice where there was plenty without waſte, neatneſs without finery, and happineſs without ſhew.

My new purchaſer was a citizen of *Dublin*, who having arrived by induſtry at three thouſand pounds more than he ever had expected, reſolved to commence a man of faſhion. I was put to his new poſt-chaiſe, and matters went merrily for about two years, when an unlucky execution laid hold of me and all the other cattle, the country-houſe, and my Lady's diamond ear-rings.

This revolution threw me into the hands of a Gentleman, who, from having nothing to do but to think, was become an hypochondriac of the firſt claſs. For twenty times that I was ſaddled, I was not mounted once. He would look at the ſky near half an hour, with one foot in the ſtirrup, preſaging the weather; then order me to the ſtable, and, before I could take two bites, I was led out again. A gleam of ſun-ſhine broke out; the ſurtout was thrown aſide. The ray diſappeared; it was called for again. Three drops of a ſummer miſt diſperſed the whole ſcheme; he returned to his chagrin, and I to my hay.

But my greateſt misfortune was my maſter's exceſſive care. Health was his only ſtudy, and from the analogy between his *Viſcera* and mine, he governed me by his own theory. Graſs was too laxative; hay was a *Caput mortuum*, and oats infarcient. A compound diet was therefore ordered, of chopped clover ſtrewed with rhubarb, balls of rice, oatmeal, powdered hartſhorn, and ſalep, made up in treacle, with a carminative addition of pepper, aniſeeds, and grated ginger. This regimen not agreeing with me, phlebotomy was directed once a week, ſharp cathartics every ſecond day, and three conſtant rowels, to draw off the peccant humours. But the worſt of all was an emetic, which, being his own favourite remedy,

was given to me daily, and, not operating in the way he wiſhed, threw me into violent agonies. I heard the groom ſay that my apothecary's bill for a year came to ſeventy-ſix pounds. But I ſoon became an emblem of mortality too ſtrong for my maſter's imagination to bear, and he gave me away to a travelling pedlar. Here I loſt a good natured man, poſſeſſed of ſenſe and virtue, yet uſeleſs to ſociety, and unhappy in himſelf, from the want of thoſe intereſting purſuits, without which nature will ever prey upon itſelf, and her beſt purpoſes be defeated.

But I find myſelf going—My ſtory would fill a volume—So various have been my miſeries, as the ſlave of man, that they would hurt your philanthropy. My pangs increaſe—My immaterial part (for ſuch, be aſſured, I have) is tearing from the ſtrong hold of matter—Ah! Think, my deareſt maſter, of this hour! You cannot fly it; every moment hurries you upon it. Before you cloſe the ſentence which now employs your eye, you may drop into eternity. If even to me, intruſted with no duties, incapable of guilt, and exempt from puniſhment, this criſis be ſo dreadful, what horror muſt attend on time miſpent, on faculties abuſed, and even revelation diſregarded? On the preſent depends your all, and the moments with which you are ſtill indulged, are to fix the fate of your endleſs being. Even the anguiſh of diſſolution will be ſoothed by Virtue, and Religion will irradiate the death-bed gloom—Farewell—May you be eternally happy! is the dying wiſh of your

ROZINANTE.

Y.

No.

No. 30. Thurſday, July 5, 1770.

Nec veniam antiquis, ſed honorem & præmia poſci.
HOR.

To Mr. FLYN.

SIR,

I TAKE up the pen in defence of my ſex in general, and the young Ladies of this city in particular, upon whom you and your fair correſpondent, CLARINDA, have been unreaſonably ſevere; and though, it may appear Quixotiſm in a woman to attack ſuch formidable writers, yet, unaſſiſted as I am with the poignancy of expreſſion, brilliancy of ſtile, and rotundity of period, which adorn your Speculations, I flatter myſelf, that your cenſures of our ſex, like the flowery fields of enchantment, will vaniſh at the firſt gleam from the mirror of truth.

The general charge, which runs through your Speculations, ſeems to be this. *That the young Ladies of the preſent age ſpend their time in frivolous amuſements; purſue the changes of the faſhions, be they ever ſo ridiculous, and take more pains in adorning their perſons than improving their minds; in ſhort, that from the faults of their education, and the practice of their lives, they are not ſo amiable whilſt unmarried, nor are they ſo well calculated for good wives and mothers, as they were forty years ago.*

Before I deſcend to particulars, you muſt allow, that the times in general, or to ſpeak more correctly, *the* manners of all claſſes of people, from the higheſt

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to the loweſt in the three kingdoms, if not in every part of Europe, have ſuffered very conſiderable changes within a few years. To what this revolution is owing in other countries is not my buſineſs to enquire; but I think the cauſes of it, as far as relates to this city, may be reduced to the following; a greater intercourſe with the more poliſhed parts of the world, and, a leſs confined, and freer way of thinking in conſequence: but above all, a more extenſive commerce, increaſe of riches, and its natural concomitant, luxury.

The excurſions of the Gentlemen of this city to the capitals of *London* and *Dublin*, are much more frequent than in former days, when, I am well aſſured, on an intended expedition to the neareſt of thoſe cities, after preparations had been making for months before hand, the poor traveller with ſtreaming eyes took, perhaps an eternal, leave of his diſconſolate parents, and the parting ſcene was attended with as lamentable circumſtances, as if he was to make a voyage to the remoteſt Indies. The Gentlemen, on their return from their tour, during which they have no doubt paſſed through a great deal of good company, have been delighted with the elegance of dining rooms, aſtoniſhed at the richneſs of beaufets, and amazed at the magnificence of repaſts, will certainly endeavour to introduce as many of thoſe elegancies as poſſible. Hence the variety and taſte of the furniture in the houſes of our people of faſhion, of which our anceſtors had no idea; and hence, inſtead of the ſtuffed round of beef or the ſmoaking ſirloin, either of which was formerly conſidered as a ſufficient dinner for a dozen perſons, we have thirteen diſhes, complete courſes, removes and deſerts; and inſtead of home-

brewed ale imbrowned with nutmeg and toaſt, and handed about in heavy family tankards, which was the only beverage of our anceſtors, we have the different wines of *Europe*, and the moſt delicious liquors, to enliven the wit, provoke the appetite, and fortify the digeſtion.

Further, if it be conſidered that the commerce of this city and the riches of individuals have increaſed to a great degree within a very few years, and that when a man finds his income ſo conſiderable, that after providing for the neceſſaries of life, he has money ſtill to ſpare, he will undoubtedly employ that abundance in procuring the ſuperfluities, or if you will, the luxuries. If to this be added vanity, which ſo forcibly induces every perſon to aſpire at equalling, if not ſurpaſſing his neighbour, you will ſoon diſcover the cauſes, which operate ſo powerfully in changing the manners of both ſexes.

In order to ſupport with propriety this more elegant manner of living, a greater number of ſervants are neceſſary than in old times, and a good cook is indiſpenſable. From this very circumſtance, a young Lady will hardly put herſelf to the trouble of making pies and puddings; nor will ſhe think it eſſential that ſhe ſhould preſide in the pantry, or ſuperintend the operations of the kitchen. The ſame may be ſaid of making ſhirts and ſhifts, which branch of houſewifery is generally better performed by the upper maid ſervants; and as to caps and other millinery goods, there is but a trifle ſaved in making them at home, and they muſt certainly be executed in more taſte by perſons who make it their profeſſion. As to the great affair of waſhing and ſtarching linens, which your correſpondent CLARINDA mentions, the very idea is

ridiculous;

ridiculous; and you muſt confeſs, Mr. FLYN, that a young Lady of any fashion would not wiſh to be ſeen, by her admirer, immerſed in ſoap-ſuds, as was formerly the caſe; nor would ſhe think of diſplaying the elegance of her figure in the graceful attitude of ſmoothing, or oſtentatiouſly exhibit the poliſhed whiteneſs of a beautiful arm in the delicate act of ſpreading a plaiſter for corns.

This leads me to the uſual employment of our anceſtors, the making cordial waters, and quacking the poor of the pariſh. For my part, I think it a very idle way of ſpending time. It has the appearance indeed of being very buſy, and of poſſeſſing a great fund of charity, but it often does more harm than good; and if a cordial be neceſſary, wine is a better one than ever diſtilled from the alembic of my grandmother.

As to the improvement of the mind, I don't find that in former days the reading of the Ladies ever extended beyond the *Pilgrim's Progreſs*, or the *Houſewife's Companion*, the *Practice of Piety*, or *Court Cookery*. At preſent the female world abounds in readers, and ſeems fond of inſtruction. The Gentlemen, to do them juſtice, have taken great pains to ſupply us with a number of writings, compoſed in a manner beſt ſuited to our capacities, to convey information and delight, and as is mentioned in the title page of every one of them, 'to ſupport the cauſe of religion and virtue.'

It muſt be allowed by every perſon of candour, that the education of the young ladies of antiquity was exceedingly well adapted to make them good upper ſervants and houſekeepers, but by no means to form

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the woman of fashion or agreeable companion; both of which the Gentlemen of the present age look upon as necessary, and with good reason expect in a wife, and would be equally disgusted at seeing an inelegant figure at the head of their table, or wanting at home the sweets of social converse, upon their return from the boisterous mirth of bucks at a tavern.

From our improvements in polite life, and in consequence, a less confined way of thinking, there is a much more familiar intercourse between the sexes than formerly, when, as your correspondent mentions, a young Lady never was trusted in company with a Gentleman, except there were a dozen persons in the room. In the present mode of unreserved familiarity, a Gentleman has a much better opportunity of studying and knowing the temper and disposition of the person he intends for his wife; and if she turns out after marriage a different woman from what he had thought her before, it was his own fault; he was perhaps in too great a hurry, or did not sufficiently consider that agreeable giddiness or engaging levity may arise from folly, and that lively wit and satirical repartee may degenerate into ill humour and domestic altercation.

If this unlimited communication has been of use to one sex in the article of matrimony, it has been of no less service to the other; for to this only can be attributed the infrequency of those romantic expeditions, scaling walls and getting out at windows in search of a husband, which was so usual amongst the girls of former times. At present, the affair is carried on in a quite different manner. The young Lady prudently suffers her parents to provide one for her, trusts more to their discretion and experience than to her own feelings, and wisely prefers the permanent

pleasures

pleaſures of a ſplendid fortune, and a large jointure at her huſband's death (if that melancholy event ſhould happen) to the extravagancies of that capricious paſſion love, which, ſhe is told, muſt always end in mutual diſguſt and indifference.

You have a whole Speculation againſt knotting. Give me leave to ſay ſomething in its favour. Few perſons know how to diſpoſe of their hands, and if they are laid one over the other in an aukward manner, it gives an air of ſtiffneſs to the whole figure, and puts one in mind of the perſonages in old family pictures, dreſſed out in conical hats, ruffs and furbelows. This at leaſt is prevented by knotting, which takes away that formality ſo deſtructive of all grace. I wiſh you would contrive ſome amuſement of the ſame kind for the Gentlemen, who are equally at a loſs in this particular.

You lay great ſtreſs on the article of faſhions, tho' you yourſelves are the vaineſt creatures alive, and are as anxious about the cock of a hat or cut of a ſleeve, as we can poſſibly be about the ſlope of a ruffle or the flounce of a petticoat. We are juſt as you make us; and as we are fond of admiration, we wiſh to pleaſe you, which we do moſt effectually by imitating your very imperfections. Mend yourſelves firſt, and our manners will infallibly improve. Make us ſenſible of our dignity by paying more regard to the accompliſhments of the mind than the beauty of the perſon, by chooſing a companion for life ſooner for her good qualities than her fortune, and you will find that the race of flirts and coquettes will gradually be extinguiſhed, and in their ſtead *Cork* may boaſt of producing the moſt amiable daughters, the moſt affectionate wives, and the moſt provident mothers of any city in *Europe*.

Z. FLAVIA.

No.

No. 31. Monday, July 9, 1770.

Non noſtrum inter vos tantas componere lites.

VIRG.

I FEAR I have inadvertently brought myſelf into a ſcrape. It is as dangerous to interfere between the ſexes in general as between man and wife. But I muſt requeſt my fair correſpondent not to include me in her diſpleaſure. I have acted no part in this affair, but that of a mere publiſher, and do ſeriouſly aſſure her that I inſert her valuable, elegant and ſpirited epiſtle with more real pleaſure than any male compoſition ever afforded me.

To Mr. FLYN.

SIR,

I am a woman who, tho' otherwiſe happy, am ſeverely hurt by the manner in which my ſex is treated by yours. I have a kind of partial benevolence for them which is my torment. I feel not, Sir, your ridiculing of our faſhions, our knotting, or thoſe trifling foibles which are inſeparable from the courſe of life to which we are unnaturally confined, but the attacks, the cowardly attacks, which are made upon us in the more material articles of character, from a ſuppoſition of our inability to defend ourſelves in public.

Poſſeſſed with a ſtrong ſenſe of theſe injuries, you muſt not expect me to be calm; yet I hope you will not find me, like your male friends, either uncandid

did or unjuſt. You may ſuppoſe me as you pleaſe, either maid, wife, or widow. If the firſt, to be ſure I am an old neglected one, and conſequently ſatirical and moroſe; if honoured with the degree of matron, I am certainly a termagant, and heaven help my huſband! And if a widow, ſome young fellow has undoubtedly jilted me, and I hate the whole ſex for his ſake—Surmiſe, Sir, what you will. It is enough that I am a woman, and that I draw the pen for the honour of my ſiſters, not for any private wrongs of my own.

You have, Sir, two very inſolent correſpondents, Mr. Y. and Mr. F. The firſt begins with us in your twelfth paper, and Mr. F. plays into his hand in your fifteenth, under the maſk of an old fellow of ſixty five, which, if taken off, would, I dare ſwear, ſhew him to be not above half that age, if I may judge by the warmth of his colouring. Mr. Y. ſets out very ſmoothly, and pretends that our manners have been much injured by our peruſal of certain moral writers, or, in other words, he meanly wiſhes to deter us from ſuch a courſe of reading, as is fitted to improve that reaſon which is given to us from above, given us, yes, I will ſay it with ſteadineſs, in at leaſt as ample a degree as to thoſe who have aſſumed the government of the world. Here he ſpeaks the narrow wiſh of the whole confederated ſex; conſcious the yare, that nothing but our perverted education could ſupport their boaſt of ſuperiority, and that with the ſame advantages of inſtruction which are ſo often waſted upon thoſe invincible brains that, merely from being covered with a wig, aſſume the claim of rationality, we ſhould ſhame them in every department of ſcience,

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and not leave even their ſophiſtry or aſſurance a pretence for taking any other part in the creation than that ſubordinate one, to which their ſuperior bodily ſtrength is evidently adapted.

Need I prove this aſſertion? I call upon the obſerving parent to vouch for the early dawn of reaſon, the kindly opening of the intellect, the powers of apprehenſion, memory, and diſtinction, which the female child exhibits to a degree that does honour to its nature, before the wicked policy of education ſtifles all its vigorous efforts, and not only denies it the due aſſiſtance, but, what is infinitely worſe, diverts its energy on the moſt wretched trifles, and fills it with a love for gewgaws, as if they were the purpoſe of its creation.—I call upon the un-inſtructed of both ſexes to ſtand forth, and ſhew the woman's ſuperiority; I call upon thoſe females whoſe active minds have forced through the cloud, and ſhined among the foremoſt, in hiſtory, poetry, criticiſm, and philoſophy—And for the art of government, CATHARINE of RUSSIA, I invoke you, and, above all, thy mighty ſhade ELIZABETH!—This was a woman; ſhew me ſuch a man! No wonder theſe ſultans of the world ſhould tremble, and with true Turkiſh policy and humanity put out the eyes of their competitors for the throne of reaſon.

But Mr. *Y.* is apprehenſive that by reading we may be argued out of ſome of thoſe pretty accompliſhments ſo neceſſary to the happineſs of the men; or, in other words, that we may come to a knowledge of our own powers, aſſert our dignity, and aſſume a character ſomewhat higher than that of beings formed for fooleſy and dalliance. The Gentleman indeed is kind enough to allow that we have a ſtrong natu-

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ral propenſity to refinement, elegance, and love. I fear, for our curſe, that this aſſertion is too true. Heaven help us! where, as the world goes, can this propenſity be gratified! Surely not by a ſex who, when they mean to be refined, always pay us the involuntary compliment of becoming effeminate, whoſe elegance is always foppery, and who, inſtead of love (O ſhame to proſtitute the word!) value themſelves, with much animal importance, on a groſs, capricious, ſelfiſh paſſion, totally devoid of ſentiment, and a ſtranger to conſtancy, friendſhip and affection!

But we are told that the men would be all we could wiſh, if we would but borrow a little from the looſe ones of our ſex, and that they (good creatures!) love not vice, but only ſeek for happineſs—Mr. Y. thy argument is as falſe as, I fear, thy heart is ſenſual—I deny your aſſertion, and I appeal to facts, whether we do not ſee many inſtances of the greateſt elegance of perſon, and exact attention to the ornaments of dreſs, thrown away on the dulleſt inſenſibility, nay poſtponed and neglected, to ſkulk in corners in the embraces of uglineſs, dirt and diſeaſe—and for a noble reaſon, well worthy of a man, becauſe the firſt was united to virtue and good ſenſe in the perſon of a wife, and the other recommended by one ſingle charm 'tis true, but that an irreſiſtable one, the charm of vice, whoſe characteriſtic it is to quit a heavenly banquet, and *prey on garbage*. Nor is it merely by dreſs and tenderneſs that theſe lordly creatures are governed, for *The ungenerous dominion of the ſhrew* is often very effectual, provided it be joined with the charm aforeſaid; nay I have heard of many inſtances where the baſtinado has been very ſucceſsfully applied, and very gracefully

crouched to. Theſe are the beings for whom we ſhould wear the *Ceſtus*, for whoſe amuſement every hour of our lives ſhould be employed, and our reaſon left uncultivated. This is the creature who calls upon all God's works to view him, to examine, to explore, conſider, and ſtudy him as their ſtandard of perfection! Were ſuch hearts to be opened, I fear *Pandora's* box would be the leſſer evil.

This Gentleman, who really ſeems to lament that cuſtom does not admit us to a perſonal obſervation of the ſcenes of vice, requeſts us, with great delicacy, to ſupply the place by raiſing our imaginations to the ſubject. But his emotions are of ſuch a kind, and he is ſo violently entranced, that I will neither follow him, nor look longer at this paragraph leſt I loſe my temper—Pride and ambition I allow him we have, both given us for the nobleſt purpoſes, to raiſe and animate our conduct to purſuits worthy of rational beings, and to court, above all applauſe, even the *unerring* applauſe of MAN, that of the monitor within our own boſoms. My pride is that I am a woman and can do this; my ambition, that I may ever be able to do ſo.

How candid, wiſe, honeſt, delicate, and conſiſtent are the Lords of the Creation! They breed us up in ignorance, and then make it their favourite ſubject of ridicule; if, in ſpite of all their endeavours, any ray of genius break out, then all the wretched ſenſations of that moſt deſpicable paſſion, envy, are raiſed, and they labour to expoſe the reverſe of that folly which they laughed at before. They themſelves are oracles of wiſdom; one would imagine that to ſuch, good ſenſe would be very pleaſing. No—to captivate WISDOM, we muſt dreſs, and paint, and patch, and liſp, and giggle, and amble—We muſt ſmile, and we muſt

frown,

frown, and the leſs reaſon for either, the more attractive it will be to Wisdom. Even the fineſt faces among us if they have any meaning but a certain one, are denied to have beauty. Our very imperfections have a pleaſing prettineſs in them, becauſe they keep us ſtill farther from the dreaded equality, and the fillier, the emptier, the more childiſh, the more truly ridiculous we are, the greater favourites we are of Wisdom, and the greater is our aſcendancy over it. Our principles too muſt be ſtrictly delicate, or, by the book of cuſtom, eſtabliſhed by their authority, infamy and the ſevereſt penalties attend us; yet we are told in the ſame breath, that there is a curſed inſipidity in virtue, and that we ought always to make the adepts in vice our models of behaviour, if we mean to delight the delicacy of theſe worthy legiſlators.

I dont know, Mr. Flyn, whether I am exceeding the bounds of your paper, or not. You know it is not eaſy to ſtop a woman's pen any more than her tongue. My ideas are very far from being exhauſted, for ten thouſand things croud upon me for utterance, as various and as variable as the tempers of thoſe who are my ſubject. I am quite aware with what a ſcornful, yet jealous eye, a female production will be read. At the firſt glance there will be a ſhrug and a half look of pity; then it will be pronounced not to be raillery but railing, trifling, low, unconnected, rambling, flimſy ſtile, no method, no *Louth* in it; nay, the blunders of you or your workmen will be charged againſt my orthography. Quite eaſy am I at all this, and comforted by one reflection that every man who reads it (if he underſtands it) will be galled, for it is Truth. Though the Lion in the fable had not been thaught to draw pictures, yet he could growl, and had the means,

when provoked, to convince the man of his natural ſuperiority.

Adieu, Sir, for the preſent, you ſhall probably hear from me again.

Your's

THALESTRIS.

No. 32. Thurſday, July 12, 1770.

——— *Abſentem qui rodit amicum;*
Qui non defendit, alio culpante; ſolutos
Qui captat riſus hominum, famamque dicacis;
Fingere qui non viſa poteſt; commiſſa tacere
Qui nequit: hic niger eſt; ———

HOR.

TAKING a walk the other evening up the river-ſide, I came ſuddenly on two young men who were dreſſing themſelves after ſwimming, and were in very loud and earneſt diſcourſe. One of them ſeemed to be extremely agitated, and had diſtreſs ſtrongly painted on as ingenuous a countenance as I ever ſaw. 'What, cried he, 'and are we then loſt to each other? Is the friend-'ſhip of ſeventeen years deſtroyed by an abſence of 'a few months? But I deſire to hold no friend againſt 'his will—Part we muſt—Yet, for the ſake of what 'is paſt, I beſeech you this once to act as a man; 'alledge ſome fact, ſome colour of a fact, that I may 'have the pleaſure of doing myſelf juſtice, before we 'ſeparate for ever—You cannot—Your mind has

been

'been poiſoned almoſt inſenſibly to yourſelf, and the 'curſed detractive loquacity of your new aſſociate, 'whom I never offended has undone me.'——The reply died away on my ear, and I could only perceive, by the ſounds, a ſubmiſſive conceſſion of an inability to anſwer the demand, joined to a fixed unfeeling tenacity of opinion. I found, in ſhort, that a worthy man had loſt the friend whom he tenderly loved, merely from being depreciated, without being accuſed, and that his happineſs had been gradually undermined by a conſtant re-iteration of little calumnies, which collectively could not form a ſingle propoſition againſt his merit.

Turning homeward on this incident, I fell into a train of very uneaſy reflection on this unhappy propenſity of mankind. So warm is my love for human nature, that it ſeverely hurts me to meet with any thing that ſeems to degrade it, and I therefore always endeavour to deduce its moſt unfavourable ſymptoms from ſome principle originally amiable, though perverted and diſguiſed by frailty or paſſion. A mind poſſeſſed with this kind of benevolent enthuſiaſm will be generally pretty ſucceſsful, and be able to trace moſt of the faults, perhaps, the crimes, of ſociety, to the ſame ſources from which the moſt valuable actions take their riſe. My thoughts on this occaſion took their uſual turn, and I began to exert my beſt ſkill in moral heraldry to find out an honourable genealogy for DETRACTION.

By this I mean not only the paſſion for unprovokedly hurting, but even of leſſening, one man in the opinion of another; of turning every little ſhade of character into a blemiſh; of ſwelling with a cruel zeal every pigmy foible into a gigantic fault, giving the worſt poſſible

poſſible conſtruction to every doubtful appearance, and inventing, with a malevolent facility, an unfavourable motive, however diſtant and improbable, for the moſt meritorious actions; of canvaſſing with delight the petty caſual frailties of acknowledged merit, and ſneering at thoſe little peculiarities which more frequently attend on active virtue than on worthleſs reſerve. Nor do I exclude from this idea that diſpoſition which encourages calumny by being paſſive, and feeds malignity with aſſenting looks, or acquieſcent ſilence.

As it prevails moſt where no other occupations employ the mind, I looked for it as a vitiated excreſcence of the love of action, to which nature ſo ſtrongly inclines, as to produce in the childiſh ſtate of life unnumbered inſtances of cruelty and miſchief. But here I found an eſſential failure in the analogy, for ignorance of the effects cannot be pleaded by adult malevolence. I ſearched for it in the indolence of pride, which, contented with comparative excellence, would maintain its ſuperiority by depreſſing others, and, without the labour of riſing, enjoy the ruins of competition. Yet we ſee that thoſe who have entirely renounced fair fame, and ſet the opinions of the world at defiance, are eminently eager to tear from others the jewel which they themſelves deſpiſe It cannot be envy, for even the wretched do not eſcape it. For the honour of man, I wiſh the rarity of this vice would allow us to reſolve it into a *Luſus Naturæ*, or one of thoſe anomalous growths which no theory can account for. But it is unhappily as general as it is diſhonourable to our nature, and if any thing could bring me to believe the exiſtence of pure malevolence, it is this ſingle vile propenſity.

It

It muſt amaze any obſerving man who mixes in the world to ſee how much time and pains are beſtowed on the mutual communication of little cenſures on the abſent; with what a chearful alacrity memory and invention lend their aid, and with how fluent an eloquence the tongue, as if inſpired by the theme, performs its part. Small alas! is the ſhare beſtowed on praiſe! How rarely occurs the attempt, how coldly ſeconded, how faintly purſued, how ſoon abandoned!

Yet the ſtrength of this impulſe is ſtill more aſtoniſhingly conſpicuous in the private intercourſe of life, where we daily meet a baſe incontinence of tongue which breaks through the reſtraints of intereſt as well as the ties of morality; which hurries men to betray the foibles of a friend to a perſon whom they deſpiſe, to ridicule the little frailties of a benefactor, depending on the ſecrecy of a common acquaintance, and hazard, for this ſingle gratification, the reſentment of a man whoſe good will is eſſentially neceſſary to their welfare.

On minds capable of groſs commiſſions of this crime, remonſtrance and argument would probably be loſt. But there is an inferior ſpecies of it more frequent, and, on the whole, more deſtructive to ſociety; I mean that habitual obloquy which ſeldom meets a harſher appellation than that of goſſiping, but goes more commonly under the name of converſation. This requires to be particularly guarded againſt, becauſe it operates almoſt inſenſibly to the poſſeſſor. The miſchief being produced by a perſevering accumulation of ſucceſſive little circumſtances, the guilt is not glaring enough to alarm the detractor; continual practice gives new pleaſure to the work;

his

his ſubjects multiply, his expertneſs improves, and he is gradually enabled, almoſt without knowing it, to torture a reputation with all the calmneſs of a hired executioner.

I wiſh it were not true that many perſons, in other inſtances unexceptionable, have from an inadvertent ductility ſuffered themſelves to be carried down this general current. Hence obviouſly ariſes a neceſſity of watching, with the ſevereſt ſtrictneſs, againſt the firſt approaches of a paſſion, which has the ſanction of too general an example, and is gratified with ſo much eaſe. We are connected by nature in ſuch a manner that every man is a truſtee for the happineſs of another, and peculiarly as to his fame, becauſe it lies more immediately at his mercy. Beſides the eſſential parts of character, there is a kind of gloſs, or elegant finiſhing, which is ſullied not only by the touch of calumny, but even by the ſlighteſt breath of inadvertent ridicule. A cautious ſenſibility ſhould therefore be ever attendant on our ordinary converſation, and our moſt diſſipated hours ſhould be chaſtened by an attentive delicacy to mirth.

Abſtracted from every moral argument, our very pride ſhould be ſufficient to keep us above this groveling vice. To any man poſſeſſed of an intrinſic value for himſelf, how humiliating muſt it be, to look back at his own impotence in having given the rein to a vicious loquacity! How baſe, how abject muſt he be in his own eye, how infinitely degraded below the rank of a rational and ſocial being!

In the ordinary round of life great crimes are rare, and in a retired circle, like that in which we move, there are but few opportunities, and fewer temptations for extraordinary vices. This equable flow of

exiſtence

exiſtence is apt to flatter us with the hope that the breaches of duty for which we muſt account, are but few and inconſiderable. But from the advantages of every human ſtate there is ever a proportionable deduction, and I fear that out of the placid ſtagnancy of retirement, this poiſonous weed of detraction is apt to riſe in a luxuriance which is neceſſarily prevented by the current of diſſipation.

A ſtated and rigorous examination of our conduct is eſſential to our ſafety from this vice. The old *Pythagorean* maxim was never better applied. Every ſetting ſun ſhould yield a ſtrict account of all the little occurrences of the day, and the part which we have acted ſhould be traced, through all its turnings, with an accurate ſeverity. The poſſeſſor of every honeſt heart ſhould lay his hand on it, and ſay, has he, ſince he was permitted laſt to riſe from ſleep, ſacrificed a ſingle moment of another's fame, welfare, or eaſe, to his own private gratification? Has he yielded to any the minuteſt call of malevolence, indulged the miſchievous ſallies of caprice, or even been a ſilent accomplice in the aſſaſſination of good fame? By theſe enquiries we ſhall be able to arreſt thoſe diſperſed and fugitive little vices, which, by being connived at, may ſoon form a coalition not eaſy to be ſubdued. If every idle word muſt be accounted for, what a dreadful article will ariſe from that accumulated guilt which habitually revels in the injury of others, without even the plea of provocation! However eaſily we may forget, or forgive ſuch treſpaſſes in ourſelves, there is aſſuredly a VOLUME in which they ſtand unerringly recorded.

W.

No.

No. 33. Monday, July 16, 1770.

——— Non omnes eadem mirantur, amantque;
Carmine tu gaudes; hic delectatur lambis;
Ille Bioneis sermonibus, & sale nigro.
Tres mihi convivæ prope dissentire videntur,
Poscentes vario multum diversa palato.
Quid dem? quid non dem? HOR.

I CONSIDER myself as the master of a feast and the public as my guests; or, if you will, I keep an ordinary, to which every person, at a small expence, is welcome twice a week. As there is no disputing about tastes, I have endeavoured to hit every palate, by sometimes satisfying the keener appetite of the Gentlemen with a piece of roast beef, and at other times have presented the Ladies with a light tois-up, or the leg of an ortolan, to piddle at. To lay aside metaphor, I have roved from one subject to another,

From grave to gay, from lively to severe,

with the most ardent desire of giving general satisfaction, and had indulged myself in the pleasing hope of my success, when I was suddenly overpowered by a multitude of letters from various persons, some praising, others abusing, some advising, and others demanding, that I was quite at a loss how to conduct myself. As most of my correspondents will expect answers, I shall select a few of them for the entertainment of my readers.

Mr.

Mr. Flyn,

Your Speculations are too long.

Tom Short.

Mr. Short,

My next ſhall be ſhorter.

William Flyn.

Mr. Flyn,

In your papers or Diſſertations, or Lucubrations, Speculations, or Eſſays, (for I will call you an Eſſayiſt (although the great *Johnſon* has made a diſtinction between them;) for if you turn to his Dictionary, (the greateſt work the world has ever ſeen, far ſurpaſſing the Dictionary of the Royal Academy of Sciences in France, *Il Vocabolario della Cruſca* for the Italian, or *El Diccionario Real della lengua Caſtelliana* for the Spaniſh) (I mean the folio edition) you will find, that he ſays in his ſynonymes, (from a Greek word) (ſignifying names that ſignify the ſame thing) a Speculation is 'a mental view, or intellectual examination or contemplation,' &c. (which is worth your reading) and an Eſſay is 'a looſe ſally of the mind, an irregular, indigeſted piece, &c.' (which you had better turn to) (though I'll call you which you pleaſe,) (for I think you partake of both) I muſt give you a piece of advice, which I ſhall do ſhortly, (as I hate to be prolix,) be more copious, or protracted, or longer, and not ſo curt or brief. Timothy Tedious.

Mr. Tedious,

In my next Eſſay, Speculation, Diſſertation or Lucubration, (for you may call me an Eſſayiſt or Speculatiſt which you pleaſe) I ſhall be a great deal longer, and not ſo curt, or brief. William Flyn.

SIR,

SIR,

If you continue to fill your Speculations with faſhions, knotting and ſuch trumpery, your paper will only be fit for the females of this age, who are ſo remarkably fond of levity, that I am aſhamed of them; and if you don't change you ſubjects to ſomething ſerious, you can no longer expect a reader in

SUSANNA GRAVEAIRS.

DEAR FLYN,

Let us have more on the faſhions, or ſomething ſmart about the jemmy young fellows of the town. If you give us many of your grave papers I ſhan't endure you. Yours, &c.

JENNY GIDDY.

Mr. FLYN,

Amongſt the various ſubjects of your Speculations you have not touched upon a very intereſting one to many of your readers; I mean politics. There is a club of us meets every poſt day, to drink porter, to conſider the ſtate of the nation, and conſult together for the public good. We take in your paper, as it contains a great deal of news; but are much ſurprized that you can ſee the conſtitution ſubverted without emotion. A little touch on the Miniſtry would be agreeable in your next.

ALEXANDER ANXIOUS.

SIR,

Notwithſtanding your repeated declarations of keeping clear of all political matters, I find the moſt dangerous principles laid down in one of your late Speculations. As they are concealed with great art, they are the more pernicious, and I think it the duty

of

of every citizen, in these critical times, to lay them open to the Public, which I shall certainly do in a express treatise.

The paper I complain of is the 26th, in which you describe a Female Parliament. So, Mr. Flyn, Lords and Commons ridiculed in a breath. I thought what you would be at, when you hinted that the *Hanover* succession was brought about by a pair of gloves. For shame!

You are resolved that no part of the Royal family shall escape you. Every body knows who you mean by *Paris*; and as to the Ministry and great Officers of the Crown, you represent them no better than milliners, mantua-makers and hair-dressers. Your grenadier cap, which contains an oblique stroke at the affair in St. George's Fields, has really some humour in it; but when you come to the *Doll* from St. *James*'s, I can't help exclaiming, *O Tempora! O Mores!* As you find there is one who can discover your intentions, you should be more careful for the future; if you do not, beware of

Old Slyboots.

Flyn,

Rot your Speculations. I am pester'd with them from morning to night. When I go to the Coffee-house to indulge my spleen with the nonsensical pursuits of mankind, I hear nothing, but *You waiter, bring Flyn's paper. Hibernian Chronicle in hand, Sir. Here you Sir, is there a d—d good Speculation to day? O dear yes, Sir, there's a great demand for Flyn to day; three of them were stolen this morning before breakfast. D—n me, Jack, the horse writes a deviliſh good letter. Waiter, buy me a Flyn.* When I fly from the men, and

take refuge with the women, there you are again, at breakfaſt, dinner, ſupper, amongſt fathers, mothers, daughters. *Molly, my dear, don't ſtoop ſo, you'll be like the round ſhouldered young Lady in the Speculations. Did you ſee the paper on knotting? No ceremonies, Gentlemen; you remember Flyn; the dinner will be cold.* This is the eternal round; ſo write no more, unleſs you can give ſome private hiſtory, or ſevere ſatire, which will be more pleaſing to

MATTHEW MOROSE.

Meſſ. WILLIAM FLYN and Co.

SIRS,

This ſerves to remit you my thanks for yours, which comes duly to hand, and the contents noted in conformity. Errors excepted, I approve much of your Speculations, and don't doubt but the returns on the tot will be good. I am adviſed already that French night-caps lie on hands, knotting dull, heads look-up, head dreſſes look down, and the balance turning in favour of flat ſhoulders. But ſeveral articles, not yet mentioned, continue at par. Theſe you'll not fail to take in courſe, and above all that heavy draw-back on induſtry, cards, which make no ſmall figure on the *per contra* of the year.

I find, on an average, that one night of my wife's at Loo ſquanders the labour of four of my days. On the twenty-ninth of September laſt, I opened an account current with *Pam*, and on the twenty-ninth of March (though I am convinced there are many articles of which I am not adviſed) made the balance againſt him (including coſt of ſuppers and chair-hire) no leſs than 217l. 11s. 4½d. beſides my loſs of ſleep, and my wife's company, which

I did

I did not charge. To this I may fairly tack twenty pounds for her extraordinary cloaths and gloves. I work hard, Sirs, during the winter, in my cellar and counting-house. My risques are great, and my anxiety not little. These deductions are too heavy on my labour. Please advise your opinion of this, and whether you think our luxury in general is not before hand with our riches. I hope to hear from you at maturity, and am,

SIRS,

Your humble servant,

Hezekiah Invoice.

P. S. I have waited for the launching of your packet-boat on the 20th *ult.* as *per* yours of the 19th of April, No. 8. Hope no accident has happened. Shall have frequent occasion to give her freight.

Yours as before,

H. I.

Mr. *Invoice*'s letter is on a subject of much importance to the Public, and shall be duly considered at a proper opportunity.

My dear Mr. Flyn,

Tell me, ah! do, the real name of the persons you allude to in your Speculations, and particularly who was the girl with the French night-cap, who lost the young man by her round shoulders, who was she that reclaimed the dear rake in your 15th paper, and she in your 29th who went off with the valet; but above all tell me who wrote the papers on the fashions, for I'll swear they were not your own. I have as little curiosity as any creature in the world, but I am burfting to know all these things. My Papa says they are only general characters; but I am convinced you have a

deeper meaning. And when your hand's in, let me know what's meant by the letters at the end of your Speculations, for I have a hundred wagers about them. Do, my dear Sir, make haſte and gratify

Your impatient reader,

ARAMINTA RATTLE.

My dear Miſs RATTLE,

Your Papa is extremely right. Do not let your lively imagination apply what was never intended for any individual. Fiction is often neceſſary to convey inſtruction, and, without ſome pictures of character, writings like mine cannot poſſibly be ſupported. But theſe pictures ſhould be formed out of the vice or foible, and never drawn from the perſon This rule I have ever faithfully obſerved, and ever ſhall. Let your curioſity therefore reſt, and not ſearch for what does not exiſt. As to the marks at the end of my papers, they are little frolics of my own, without any meaning at all. I am, MADAM,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

WILLIAM FLYN.

No. 34. Thurſday, July 19, 1770.

Nos quoque pars mundi, quoniam non corpora ſolum,
Verum etiam volucres animæ ſumus.

OVID.

IT has been ſaid by the Ladies, that the Gentlemen can't bear correction, that the leaſt ſeverity of reproof throws them into a flame, and that if the ſmalleſt of their faults are but hinted at, the whole ſex take up

arms, and fiercely deny the charge. I allow this to be too much the caſe; but in the following letter, with which I have been honoured, the fair Amanda chides with ſuch benevolence, that I venture to affirm, every one of my ſex will kiſs the rod, and readily acknowledge the truth of the facts, and the good ſenſe of the writer. In ſhort, the delicacy, ſenſibility and peculiar elegance that runs through it, perſuade me, that my readers will receive as much pleaſure from the peruſal, as I did; which I can aſſure them was very conſiderable.

Amanda to Mr. Flyn.

Sir,

As an apology for my intruſion (having no ſkill in letters, by which I might illuſtrate the ſciences, no abilities to render morality more lovely, or caſt any new lights on our revered religion) I have prefaced this letter with a female name, which will entitle me to the protection of the ſenſible and benevolent, and, I hope, ſcreen me from the ſeverity of the moroſe and cynical; as they are ſo well acquainted with the diſadvantages women labour under, both from nature and education.

After ſo candid a confeſſion, I ſee you at a loſs to account for my motive in writing. This letter is the effuſion of a grateful heart, that wiſhes for powers to make a more ſuitable return to the benignity of a few men, who have condeſcended to inform us with the blandiſhments of friendſhip, and to entreat them to proceed in the generous purpoſe. Accuſtomed as I have been both in books and converſation to the dogmatizing ſtoick, inflated with ſelf-approbation, partial to his own faults, too often vices,

merely from their enormity, while he sinks us into unconquerable despair, as if nothing but trifles deserved censure! How can I refuse this public testimony of my regard to men, who appear to me instigated by the most delicate and generous sensibility, as ardently solicitous for our happiness as for their own felicity; which are indeed so twined by the wise and beneficent Author of our Being, that to separate would be to destroy the bliss of both.

Permit me now, with kind indulgence to female loquacity, to mention a train of reflections which a letter from THALESTRIS, vivacious, sensible and energetic, gave rise to. I wish, that like her, I had genius sufficient to hide the benevolence of my heart under an assumed character.

It is indeed impossible for a woman to reflect without astonishment on the ascendancy illiberal females, often devoid of every charm of mind and person, have established over your sex, and when they meet with men of cultivated understandings and refined minds, this is often carried to a flagrant tyranny; whilst we every day see the most amiable of our sex, if they be wives, neglected—perhaps used with brutality. It is with genuine concern, free from resentment, I declare, I never knew a truly lovely woman treated with complacency by her husband. You have given me more satisfaction on this subject than I ever before received; and without reserve I confess, that women of virtue and erudition do not always sacrifice as liberally to the Graces as they should do. The reasons are too obvious to need a disquisition; besides that those unhappy women, obnoxious to our laws, helpless and friendless, compel the protection of the generous

generous by the ſtrongeſt attraction—imbecility and dependance! But all theſe united do not ſeem to me ſufficiently concluſive.

The depravity of women in exalted ſtations is ſaid to be general; and I fear the cenſure is too well founded, as it is a natural conſequence of the corruption and inconſtancy of the men. Juſtice and candour muſt allow they are objects, not of deteſtation, but of pity, ſtimulated, as they are, by every incitement that can ſooth the proud, allure the voluptuous, and gratify the malignity of the revengeful. What, alas! Is beauty, ſoftneſs, ſenſibility, but the ſource of misfortunes, the origin of vice, by ſtrongly exciting the deſires of the ſenſual. Such women are like our fineſt ſhrubs, the delicacy of whoſe texture indiſpenſably requires a ſupport, and if they are deprived of what ſhould have ſuſtained them, their flexile tendrils, agitated by every gale, will neceſſarily wind round the firſt objects they meet with: Hence in our gardens we every day ſee the moſt noxious weeds encircled by the faireſt flowers.

But I have a charge to make of a ſtill more baneful tendency. Inſpired by religion, and captivated by '*Virtue's graceful deeds*,' elevated and inſpirited by the hope of future rewards, numbers might paſs blameleſsly through every trial, which indeed, I think, nothing but the hope of a bliſsful immortality, labouring under ſuch diſadvantages, could in general effect. Unhappily for us, moſt men of parts and information, are what they call *Free-thinkers*; the whole tendency of whoſe diſcourſe is to deny revelation and depreciate morality. I ſhould '*unſex me quite*' were I to be more explicit—their licentiouſneſs is horrid, even from the mouth of a man.

They

They ſet at odds Heav'ns jarring attributes,
And with one excellence another wound;
—A God all mercy is a God unjuſt.

As to us, the conſequence muſt be fatal, if men ſo reſpectable cheriſh vice by degrading humanity to mere animal exiſtence. I know Faith is not a virtue, but when it is ſanctified by reaſon. Whatever their ſentiments may be, it is ſurely their duty not to infeſt the world with opinions ſo ſubverſive of goodneſs, and ſo detrimental to the happineſs of their fellow-creatures. There are many of you, I confeſs, who have abilities

To gild refined gold, to paint the lilly,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To ſmooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow;

And too frequent effects have proved ſtill higher power—even the capability of rendering vice amiable.

'They can beſt bear reproof who merit praiſe.'

The experience I have had of this truth has emboldened me to ſpeak with ſuch freedom to thoſe ſo infinitely my ſuperiors.

But where ſhall I find terms ſufficiently humbling to addreſs their ſervile copiers in? They cannot plead, that their imagination hurries them out of the common road, that their ideas are too numerous to be ranged under eſtabliſhed forms, that after having exhauſted ſcience and paſſed the bounds of the viſible creation, their minds have wantoned through ſpace, giving birth to *Hypotheſes* beyond the province of reaſon, and, in the luxuriancy of thought, raiſing ſplendid edifices without a foundation. Theſe Gentlemen can no way ſo effectually arraign the goodneſs of the

Almighty

Almighty as by exhibiting themſelves. It would have the colour of an argument to thoſe whoſe ſenſes could take in but one object at a time. Yet even the loweſt, if they be not really *Automatons*, may perceive the neceſſity of inferior orders to the good government of the world, and inſtead of being the midges—the humble tormentors of mankind, learn from the ſedulous bee to be uſeful to the community by bodily labour, and then I would allow them all reaſonable privileges;

Whoſe right it is uncenſur'd to be dull.

Let us for a moment ſuppoſe *Locke* to have defined humanity, which I do not recollect that he has done, (I think he has only told us what it is not) there would not be one of the characteriſticks of man in theſe creatures, but extenſion, ſolidity, figure, mobility and motivity; indulge me with the addition of impenetrability, it is I think a property of matter, and from its duplicity pleaſes my unlettered mind. If our philoſopher had placed drills in a ſubordinate ſtate, he would have done juſtice to his remarkable parrot by ranking him in a more elevated ſituation. Who that has ſenſibility and reflects on theſe things can preſerve their temper? It is my glory that I cannot. The virtuous and animated I am ſure will pardon my vivacity, and as to the reſt I deem their cenſure praiſe.

Men have private ſeminaries and public colleges for their inſtruction; every faculty of the God-like mind has been enforced to form their judgment, and beſtow ſolidity and beauty on their underſtandings. Take us helpleſs and unſupported under your protection, recommend to parents the expanſion of our minds, while they are ductile, adapted to our fortune,

that

that is in proportion to the leiſure we ſhall probably have: But with humble deference I would adviſe rather to exceed than fall ſhort; as I have obſerved in the loweſt ſtations times for idleneſs, and in thoſe that are but a little elevated, ſpace for cards and knotting. The amuſements of PHOEBE CLINKET, though a violent *caricature*, are ſurely as innocent as theſe; and it does not appear to me (to dwell on negatives), that the tendency could be more injurious. I am perſuaded this would add much to your happineſs; for, as *Milton* ſays,

Among unequals what ſociety
Can ſort, what harmony or true delight.

As you have given encouragement to women to write, and are at liberty to publiſh or ſuppreſs what you receive, I will make no apology for my numerous inaccuracies or want of method, ſatisfied my motive is laudable: If it be publiſhed, I am ſure there will be very many ſneers, particularly at the frequency of my quotations. I have honeſtly not borrowed a thought but what I have with candour confeſſed. I pretend not to originality; language is but a vehicle to convey the ſentiments of one rational creature to another, and where I have recollected expreſſions more forcible than my own, I have freely uſed them.

No. 35. Monday, July 30, 1770.

Ingenium cui ſit, cui mens divinior, atque os
Magna ſonaturum. Hor.

IT has always been one of my favourite amuſements, to ſelect the celebrated paſſages in our beſt poets, to compare them with ſomething ſimilar in the writings of their cotemporaries, or predeceſſors, and endeavour from hints in ancient authors to diſcover the leading idea, which, like a ſpark, gave fire to the train in the imagination to the poet, that has afterwards burſt out in a phrenſy and enthuſiaſm. This proceeding is attended with many advantages; it affords a certain method of eſtimating with ſtrict juſtice the merit and genius of the author, improves the taſte, enables the reader to criticiſe with judgment, and is often the occaſion of his conſidering the paſſage in a new light, and of ſtriking out ſome latent beauty, which had eſcaped the eye of the moſt curious and inquiſitive obſerver. For this purpoſe, I ſhall take *Milton's deſcription of the garden of Eden*, and proceed in the manner I have mentioned; without however promiſing any thing new on the ſubject, deſigning only to recommend this method to ſuch of my readers, as are fond of taſting more particularly the beauties of our modern poets.

The notion of a terreſtrial paradiſe was popular among the ancients, who placed it in thoſe they called

the

the *fortunate iſlands*, ſituated on the coaſt of *Africa*, and ſuppoſed to be the ſame with the *Canaries*. The peculiar bleſſings of this happy ſpot are thus deſcribed, by *Ptolomy* and *Plutarch*: 'The rough northern and eaſterly winds are diſſipated before they reach them; and, inſtead of rain, they have gentle weſtern and ſoutherly breezes, bringing along with them ſoft dews, which ſo enrich the ſoil, that it produces plenty of delicious fruits without trouble or labour; the trees bear in a conſtant ſucceſſion; the air is always ſerene and healthful, without any alteration of ſeaſons, and the inhabitants enjoy a perpetual ſpring.'

In *Homer*'s deſcription of the gardens of *Alcinous*, the perennial ſucceſſion of fruits in fertile climates is circumſtantially expreſſed.

'Tall thriving trees confeſs the fruitful mould;
'The red'ning apple ripens here to gold.
'Here the blue fig with luſcious juice o'erflows,
'With deeper red the rich pomegranate glows;
'The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
'And verdant olives flouriſh round the year.
'The balmy ſpirit of the weſtern gale,
'Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail:
'Each dropping pear a following pear ſupplies,
'On apples apples, figs on figs ariſe:
'The ſame mild ſeaſon gives the blooms to blow,
'The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.'

This ſubject has given riſe to ſome celebrated deſcriptions in the works of modern poets; in the famous Portugueſe poem, the *Luſiada* by *Camoens*, where the ſailors are on their return entertained in the *Iſland of Bliſs*, that ſprings out of the ſea for that purpoſe; and in the *Gieruſalemme liberata* of *Taſſo*, where Rinaldo is detained in *Armida*'s *enchanted gardens*, which are

embelliſhed

embelliſhed with the greateſt luxuriance of fancy and warmth of imagination. *Spenſer* in his deſcription of the *bower of bliſs*, has barely copied the others without adding a ſingle thought. Milton in this particular, as in moſt others, ſtands unrivalled, as will appear evidently on compariſon: With half the number of words, he has excelled them all in his deſcription of *the garden of Eden*, and the loweſt and crudeſt idea, at his touch, ripens into gold.

We ſhall firſt conſider the topography, or plan of the *enchanted garden of Armida*; which is thus tranſlated by Mr. *Hoole*.

'The garden then unfolds a beauteous ſcene,
'With flowers adorn'd and ever living green.
'There ſilver lakes reflect the beaming day;
'Here chryſtal ſtreams in gurgling fountains play:
'Cool vales deſcend, and ſunny hills ariſe,
'And groves and caves, and grottoes ſtrike the
'eyes.'

That is, the garden was laid out in the higheſt degree of variety; there were lakes, fountains, riſing grounds and vales, groves, caves and grottoes.

Spenſer has only expanded the ſame thought.

'There the moſt dainty paradiſe on ground,
'Itſelf doth offer to his ſober eye,
'In which all pleaſures plenteouſly abound,
'And none does other's happineſs envy:
'The painted flowers, the trees up-ſhooting high,
'The dales for ſhade, the hills for breathing ſpace,
'And that which all fair works doth moſt aggrace,
'The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no
'place.'

He proceeds to deſcribe a fountain ſhaded with laurel trees;

'Whoſe depth exceeded not three cubits height,
'That through the waves one might the bottom ſee,
'All pav'd beneath with jaſper ſhining bright,
'That ſeem'd the fountain in that ſea did ſail upright.'

MILTON has drawn before our eyes a landſcape worthy of the greateſt painter. The taſte he has ſhewn in particulariſing the parts, and in the diſpoſition of the whole, is admirable. The garden is watered with innumerable rills; theſe at laſt uniting, form a caſcade, and fall into the main river, which, running in various meanders, ſometimes conceals itſelf, and ſometimes meets the eye. The banks are ſhady, and covered with flowers, not diſpoſed in the paltry taſte of knots and parterres, but poured forth in the elegant variety and profuſion of nature, both on the ſunny plain, and in the dark bower. The ſcene is diverſified with groves, between which are lawns with flocks grazing on them, or hillocks covered with palms; in another part are flow'ry vales, in another ſhady grots—but hear the poet.

——'The rapid current, which through veins
'Of porous earth with kindly thirſt updrawn,
'Roſe a freſh fountain, and with many a rill
'Water'd the garden; thence united fell
'Down the ſteep glade, and met the nether flood,
'Which from his darkſome boſom now appears,
'And now divided into four main ſtreams,
'Runs diverſe, wand'ring many a famous realm
'And country, whereof here needs no account;
'But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
'How from that ſaphir fount the criſped brooks,

'Rolling

'Rolling on orient pearl and ſands of gold,
'With mazy error under pendent ſhades
'Ran nectar, viſiting each plant, and fed
'Flow'rs, worthy of paradiſe, which not nice Art
'In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
'Pour'd forth profuſe on hill and dale and plain,
'Both where the morning ſun firſt warmly ſmote
'The open field, and where the unpierc'd ſhade
'Imbrown'd the noon-tide bow'rs; thus was this
'place
'A happy rural ſeat of various view;
'Groves whoſe rich trees wept odorous gums and
'balm,
'Others, whoſe fruit burniſh'd with golden rind
'Hung amiable, Heſperian fables true,
'If true, here only, and of delicious taſte:
'Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
'Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
'Or palmy hillock; or the flow'ry lap
'Of ſome irriguous valley ſpread her ſtore,
'Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the roſe:
'Another ſide, umbrageous grots and caves,
'Of cool receſs, o'er which the mantling vine
'Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
'Luxuriant; mean while murm'ring waters fall
'Down the ſlope hills, diſpers'd, or in a lake,
'That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
'Her cryſtal mirror holds, unite their ſtreams.'

Taſſo tranſplants into his garden the fertility of the *Fortunate Iſlands*. The thought ſeems to be taken from the paſſage in the *Odyſſey* above quoted, and is repeated again and again.

'By pow'rful magick breathes the vernal air,
'And fragrant trees eternal bloſſoms bear:

'Eternal fruits in ev'ry branch endure;
'Thoſe ſwelling from their buds and thoſe mature.
'There on one parent ſtock, the leaves among,
'With ripen'd figs the figs unripen'd hung.
'Depending apples here the boughs unfold,
'Thoſe green in youth, theſe mellow'd into gold.
'The vine luxuriant rears her arms on high,
'And curls her tendrils to the genial ſky:
'There the crude grapes no grateful ſweet produce,
'And here impurpled yield nectareous juice.'

Milton has ſaid full as much in fewer words;

——————— 'A circling row
'Of goodlieſt trees, loaden with faireſt fruit,
'Bloſſoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
'Appear'd with gay enamel'd colours mix'd:'

And has thrown a glow of ſunſhine over the whole, worthy the pencil of a *Claude*;

'On which the ſun more glad impreſs'd his beams,
'Than in fair ev'ning cloud, or humid bow,
'When God hath ſhow'rd the earth; ſo lovely ſeem'd
'That landſkip.'

Every perſon muſt have obſerved the effect of the ſetting ſun, when its rays pierce the fringed edges of a cloud, or more particularly when it is attended with a rainbow, and a gentle ſhower. At that time, the oppoſition between the lights and ſhades is very ſtriking; the ſhades are as dark as poſſible, and though the lights are extremely vivid, yet there is a peculiar delicacy of tone and ſoftneſs of colouring diffuſed over all the beauties of nature. To enjoy thoſe beauties, it is neceſſary that the mind ſhould be in a ſtate of ſerenity. This ſtate is induced in a very remarkable

markable degree by the purity of the air, as every one of my readers muſt have experienced upon firſt meeting the country breeze, after a long confinement in the town, in its noiſome ſmells, and putrid vapours.

——— 'And of pure now purer air
'Meets his approach, and to the heart inſpires
'Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
'All ſadneſs but deſpair.'

I ſhall reſume this ſubject in my next Speculation.

Z.

No. 38. Thurſday, Auguſt 2, 1770.

Invenias etiam diſjecti membra poetæ.

Hor.

IN my laſt I conſidered the general plans of *Taſſo's enchanted garden of Armida*, *Spenſer's Bower of Bliſs*, and *Milton's garden of Eden*. I ſhall now proceed to compare the embelliſhments which each of thoſe poets have thought neceſſary to add, that no circumſtance ſhould be wanting to make their deſcriptions as complete as poſſible. And firſt,

As in a perfect paradiſe all the ſenſes ſhould be delighted. *Taſſo* introduces,

'And incenſe breathes in ev'ry balmy gale.'

From this hint have ariſen the following lines, which are inexpreſſibly beautiful.

——— 'Now gentle gales
'Fanning their odoriferous wings diſpenſe

'Native perfumes, and whiſper whence they ſtole
'Thoſe balmy ſpoils. As when to them who ſail
'Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are paſt
'*Mozambic*, off at ſea north-eaſt winds blow
'Sabean odours from the ſpicy ſhore
'Of Araby the bleſt: with ſuch delay
'Well pleas'd they ſlack their courſe, and many a
'league,
'Chear'd with the grateful ſmell, old ocean ſmiles.'

The ſenſe of hearing too muſt have its ſhare amidſt the various pleaſures of thoſe happy manſions. Thus, in *Taſſo*,

'The joyous birds, conceal'd in ev'ry grove,
'With gentle ſtrife prolong the notes of love.
'Soft zephyrs breathe on woods and waters round;
'The woods and waters yield a murm'ring ſound:
'When ceaſe the tuneful choir, the wind replies;
'But, when the ſing, in gentle whiſpers dies:
'By turns they ſink, by turns their muſic raiſe,
'And blend, with equal ſkill, harmonious lays.'

Spenſer has it thus:

'Eftſoons they heard a moſt melodious ſound,
'Of all that might delight a dainty ear,
'Such as at once might not on living ground,
'Save in this paradiſe, be heard elſewhere:
'Right hard it was for wight which it did hear,
'To read what manner muſick that mote be;
'For all that pleaſing is to living ear,
'Was there conſorted in one harmony,
'Birds, voices, inſtruments, winds, waters all agree.
'The joyous birds, ſhrouded in chearful ſhade,
'Their notes unto the voice attemp'red ſweet;
'Th' angelical ſoft trembling voices made
'To th' inſtruments divine reſpondence meet:

'The

'The ſilver ſounding inſtruments did meet
'With the baſe murmurs of the water's fall:
'The water's fall with difference diſcreet,
'Now ſoft, now loud, unto the wind did call:
'The gentle warbling wind low anſwered to all.'

Milton has it thus;

'The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
'Breathing the ſmell of field and grove, attune
'The trembling leaves, while univerſal Pan
'Knit with the graces and the hours in dance,
'Led on th' eternal ſpring.'———

Spenſer, proceeds in deſcribing the beauties of his *bliſsful bower*;

'Thereto the heavens, always jovial,
'Look'd on them lovely, ſtill in ſteadfaſt taſte,
'Ne ſuffred ſtorm or froſt on them to fall,
'Their tender buds or leaves to violate,
'Nor ſcorching heat, nor cold intemperate
'T'afflict the creatures, which therein did dwell;
'But the mild air with ſeaſon moderate
'Gently attempred, and diſpos'd ſo well,
'That ſtill it breathed forth ſweet ſpirit and wholſome
'ſmell.'

To enhance theſe ſtill more, he prefers the place to the moſt celebrated ſituations of antiquity.

'More ſweet and wholſome, than the pleaſant hill
'Of Rhodope, on which the nymph that bore
'A giant babe herſelf for grief did kill;
'Or the Theſſalian Tempe, where of yore
'Fair Daphne Phœbus heart with love did gore;
'Or Ida, where the gods lov'd to repair,
'Whenever they their heavenly bowers forlore;

'Or

No. 39. Monday, Auguſt 6, 1770.

Quo ſemel eſt imbuta recens, ſervabit odorem
Teſta diu. HOR.

To Mr. FLYN.

SIR,

IN order that you ſhould not be diſappointed, I think it right to inform you, at my firſt ſetting out, that you are not to expect, in the following lines, the judicious and well-applied reflections of a THALESTRIS, nor the delicate and ſenſible obſervations of an AMANDA, to whoſe ſpirit and taſte, diſcovered in their Speculations, I think our whole ſex conſiderably indebted. I who at preſent venture to addreſs you, am a meer old woman, and ſhould probably have been of very little uſe to ſociety, were it not that Providence had placed me Mother and Guardian over a dear and tender charge, the duties of which character I could wiſh to fulfil in the moſt perfect manner.

When I read your firſt Speculation, I admired the ingenious method you had choſen to encourage others to aſſiſt you in your undertaking; for, even to the diffident and to thoſe of inferior genius, you preſented a Veil in one hand to cover their imperfections, and a Shield in the other to guard them from criticiſm. Accordingly I find you have been joined by many, who have favoured us with ſuch beautiful productions as indeed wanted neither the veil nor the helmet; and hoped, as example is prevalent, and a delicate encouragement ſoothing even to diffident minds, that others would,

would, on your invitation, exert and improve those talents given them by the great Creator, to whom we are minutely accountable for the proper discharge of the trust committed to us and that, by this means, I should receive some useful hints for the future advantage of my ward.

But, as this has not been yet the case, I must appeal to our kind Monitors, who seem very nice observers of our conduct, and request they will please to favour us, at their leisure, with their thoughts on the education of a Daughter. I can't doubt of their being more ready to instruct than to censure, and am all impatience to know how far I have discharged my duty and what remains still to be done.

It is the opinion of many that children receive their first and most lasting impressions from the unequaled care, observation and example of their mothers; and, as it was ever my fixt opinion, that I could not expect any solid advantage from an education not founded on Religion, it has been my particular care to make my two girls acquainted with the truths of Revelation, and to fill their little hearts with the love of the INFINITE GOOD.

In this I found no great difficulty. They are, by nature, tender, susceptible, yielding. When I acquainted them, in lessons suited to their capacities, of the greatness of their Creator, of his wonderful works from the beginning, of his almighty power and justice, they used to listen to me with respectful reverence and most earnest attention, now and then making use of such natural expressions, as shewed their admiration; but when they were informed of his patience, his mercy, his goodness (particularly in the great work of our redemption)

redemption) their eyes ſtreamed tears of the pureſt love and gratitude. This appeared to me ſomething more than a meer effect of nature, at leaſt the keeping up thoſe impreſſions has, I think, made it ſuch; and, it is with infinite delight, I obſerve that all their actions are governed by the love and fear of the SUPREME BEING.

It would be cruel to impute their benevolence to ſelf-love; it ſprings, I hope, from a ſuperior motive, a juſt ſenſe of their duty, ariſing from that grace, which is cheriſhed in all good minds. When ſeldom I thought there was any reaſon to ſuſpect them of ſelfiſhneſs, I endeavoured to convince them of its unbecoming meaneſs, in order to raiſe their thoughts to nobler views, and to animate their minds with "modeſt pride." Their delicacy has ſoon taken the alarm at having entertained a thought contrary to that perfection, they ſhould aſpire to, which as ſoon as I could perceive, I have endeavoured to comfort them as Adam did his gentle Eve.

So chear'd he his fair ſpouſe, and ſhe was chear'd,
But ſilently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;
Two other precious drops that ready ſtood,
Each in their chryſtal ſluce, he ere they fell
Kiſs'd, as the gracious ſigns of ſweet remorſe
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.

After having conveyed them through every part of education, commonly thought neceſſary for a young girl, I have had the vanity to embelliſh them with every ornamental part I could procure; from which indeed I have not been able to diſcover the ſmalleſt inconvenience, but that my enraptured heart feels too *much*. Their muſic, painting or needle affords them

conſtant

conſtant amuſement, and the reading of ſuch books, as I think proper to be put into their hands, engages their hours of leiſure. Even *knotting*, Mr. Flyn, I have no exception to, as I obſerve they only take it up at ſuch times and places where, from cuſtom, it is not deemed an impropriety, and would be impolite perhaps to engage in any other employment.

They have been properly inſtructed in ſuch parts of domeſtick knowledge, as may fit them to regulate a family, if they ſhould ever have occaſion; but it does not appear to me, in any manner, neceſſary to make them ſlaves to the houſe or kitchen. Providence has bleſſed them with a genteel ſufficiency, and, if it ſhould pleaſe the divine will to reverſe their fortune, I hope he has given them an humble mind to bear it, and that their education would enable them to procure a comfortable ſubſiſtance. They have been taught to conſider themſelves as travellers in this world where they are to remain but a ſhort time; ſo that the end of their purſuit ingroſſes their attention and will, I doubt not, ſecure them from murmuring at the little inconveniences which might come in their way.

As to the article of *dreſs*, I have thought that, in moſt tempers, it might be conſidered as an index of the mind, and therefore leave my daughters to their own taſte, not without obſerving their choice and adjuſtments with the moſt watchful maternal eye: and here I beg leave to make a ſmall digreſſion by remarking, that the dreſs commonly worn in this city has the air of ſimplicity and innocence, whilſt the long flowing robe, falling gracefully behind, and the gloſſy hair, raiſed into graceful curls by the artiſt's hand, might be ſaid to make a ſtrong repreſentation of the *Sublime* and *Beautiful*. I never could think a Lady, conſulted

ther glass, in so ridiculous or absurd a light as some would persuade us, and am much indebted to one of your Speculations for confirming me in that opinion: Our mode of dress requires this assistance, and I think I might affirm that we rarely have any other motive for adorning our persons, except that which custom and the respect due to ourselves and our company makes necessary.

Having advanced thus far, I am at a stand, and beg to be advised. Shall I transplant these tender and delicate buds to other climes, the more to strengthen and and improve their opening lustre, to polish and fit them to be led into, what the worlds calls, *Life?* a most delusive and dangerous path to unsuspecting innocence! or shall I conceal, guard and hover over my more than earthly treasure, as the miser over his soul's idol, to secure their innocence in peaceful retirement? I am almost ready to get into Mr. *Pope's* opinion.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot?
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd;
Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;
Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;
Desires compos'd, affections ever ev'n;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n.
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whisp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes,
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins hymenæals sing,
To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.

I will

I will not tire you any longer, nor expoſe myſelf to the danger of doing diſhonour to a ſubject which I hope to ſee illuſtrated by the pen of a THALESTRIS or AMANDA, if your male aſſiſtants ſhould diſappoint me. The advantage of children yet unborn, and the good of ſociety in general, call loudly for at leaſt one hour's inſtruction from the pen of a writer who underſtands human nature, and will oblige with the dictates of a judicious, ſenſible, virtuous heart

An ANXIOUS MOTHER.

The ſubject, on which the *Anxious Mother* has favoured me with the above letter, is ſo intereſting and important, that I flatter myſelf I ſhall ſoon be enabled to gratify her expectation. Until then I preſume to give it as my opinion that the plan ſhe has hitherto adopted is exceedingly rational, that ſhe may remain in full confidence of having diſcharged her duty properly, and in perfect hope of obſerving, every day, the moſt happy conſequences of her early care.

Life, it muſt be acknowledged, is very frequently "a dangerous and deluſive path to unſuſpecting innocence," but, I fancy, it is only ſo to thoſe who run giddily thro' it, without looking before them, or on either ſide: Such as carefully obſerve, and cautiouſly tread in the real path may paſs ſecurely on, for, having diſcovered the devious alluring ways into which the incautious had ſtrayed, they might eaſily learn to avoid the ſlippery Maze, and be happily conducted to the end of their walk, under the guidance of *Virtue, Prudence and good Senſe.*

It muſt be, no doubt, of conſiderable uſe to young Ladies, as well as to the Gentlemen, to have opportunities of obſerving the cuſtoms and manners of thoſe

of other nations; but I cannot, by any means, conſent (pleaſing as Mr. *Pope's* picture of retirement is) to a young Lady's being ſequeſtered from the world, in which ſhe may undoubtedly poſſeſs "*Eternal ſunſhine of the ſpotleſs mind*," and be a real friend to ſociety in the character of a WIFE. I appeal to my fair correſpondent's experience and obſervation, for the truth of this aſſertion, and hope that her anxiety will, in due time, terminate in the ſatisfaction of prevailing on her daughters to become HAPPY MOTHERS.

No. 41. Monday, Auguſt 6, 1770.

Dum peregre eſt animus, ſine corpore velox.
HOR.

To Mr. FLYN.

SIR,

IN a converſation, at which I had the pleaſure of being preſent a few days ago, among other ſubjects, that of dreaming was ſtarted; and it was conſidered how far this ſtrange phænomenon of our frame may be reaſonably allowed as a proof or illuſtration of the diſtinct, or immortal nature of the ſoul. On a topic like this, it is eaſy to imagine that there were many and various debates. The ſubject was of ſuch a kind as to afford room for a great diverſity of hypotheſes, without any degree of certainty or preciſion. It was of ſo ſubtile and fleeting a nature, as to ſlip almoſt

moſt from the contemplation before it could be ſufficiently peruſed.

In general, however, it appeared to denote a power and activity in the ſoul which cannnot be ſatisfactorily accounted for by mere matter. We ſeem, on theſe occaſions, to have ſomething within us, that diſdains to partake in that torpid ſtate which is neceſſary to the refreſhment of our wearied bodies; ſomething that ſoars above inſenſibility, tranſporting us into the moſt pictureſque and lively ſcenes, and hurrying us through an infinite variety of adventures, with a rapidity to which our briſkeſt waking thoughts are ſtrangers. It ſeems to exult in an exertion of its natural vigour and ſuperiority; and, being partly diſengaged from the embaraſſment of matter, affords a ſpecimen, though a faint one, of the energy it will be capable of, when totally releaſed from its load.

It is alſo remarkable, that our perceptions of pleaſure and pain, eſpecially the former, are often, on theſe occaſions, uncommonly acute; far beyond any effort of the imagination in our waking hours; and the impreſſions ſo ſtrong, as to ſtick to us through all the buſtle of the ſucceeding day. Many peculiarities too, ariſing from ſome impediment or defect in our mechanical ſtructure, are frequently removed at the inſtant we enter into the viſionary world. The phlegmatic become volatile; the modeſt, aſſured; and the ſilent and reſerved harangue with all the force and eloquence of language. The notions produced by prejudice and cuſtom too are often quite effaced; we enter, without awe, the palaces of Kings, approach their thrones with eaſe, and converſe with them in the utmoſt familiarity Nay, ſo daring is the imagination, that it bears us beyond the grave, and

often mixes us with angels, dæmons, and departed spirits.

Were the soul no other than a modification of matter, it should seem as if its functions must become weak, slow, and impotent, in proportion as the material organs are sunk in fatigue and insensibility, and indispos'd for action. But, on the contrary, we see it gain an addition of power and activity; it grows more volatile, rapid, and sensitive, as if its slow-paced partner were rather a clog than an assistant to its abilities.

Nor is such a supposition affected by the wildness and confusion which generally attend our dreaming thoughts. For, while the soul continues to be tied to this material machine, and is doomed to act by the intervention of its organs, it were absurd to expect any perfect or connected chain of ideas, when these organs, or any of them, are benumbed and unfit for co-operation. It is, for this reason, highly probable, that, even in dreams, though the grosser fibres of the brain may be too far plunged in lethargy to lend their aid toward a regular system of thought, yet some of the finer and more sensible ones are kept awake by the impulse of the roving spirit, and, like the delicate chords of the Æolian lyre, produce those enthusiastick strains, which, however wild and irregular, are affecting beyond the utmost efforts of any studied composition.

Some doubts, however, were started, whether the soul exerted such a perpetual activity; and Mr. *Locke*'s arguments against it were much insisted on. Indeed, as we are frequently not conscious of having dreamed at all, it may plausibly be imagined, that our thinking part often took a share in the body's insensibility, and had

had occaſion for intervals of reſt. But, on a nearer view, this objection ſeems to have but little force; for many circumſtances make it highly probable, that we often dream without being able afterwards to recollect it. We know, by experience, that the matter of our dreams has frequently lain, for ſome time, buried in oblivion, till ſome correſponding incident has rouzed it to the memory; from which obſervation all the difficulties on this head ſeem eaſily ſolved. If we were to take the trouble of calling up the ideas of the night at our firſt awaking, we ſhould, in many caſes, give them a ſtability in our remembrance But this we ſeldom do; the objects around us inſtantly ruſh on our ſenſes, and the cares of the day on our attention, which conſpire to efface the impreſſions from the brain; ſo that unleſs ſomething analogous to them ſhould afterwards occur, we are apt to reſt perſuaded we had not dreamed at all; and this muſt generally be the caſe, as our dreaming reveries fly ſo very wide from the paths of real life.

We may farther obſerve, that the impreſſions of our dreams are very various in their degrees. Sometimes diſtinct and ſtrong, eſpecially when pleaſure or pain has a ſhare in them. At other times partly diſtinct, and partly confuſed; and from this again there are different degrees of confuſion, until, at laſt, we are able to remember nothing more than that we have been dreaming, without being able, on the ſtricteſt ſcrutiny, to call back a ſingle idea. And from theſe different kinds of impreſſion it ſeems no forced tranſition to ſuppoſe another degree, ſo faint, as to leave us ignorant, not only of what we dreamed, but even that we dreamed at all.

The

The truth of it is, that however eſſential conſciouſneſs may be to thought at the time, yet an after-conſciouſneſs, or recollection, is by no means ſo. We often walk the ſtreets, and go through many of the different occurrences of life, without feeling any but inſtantaneous impreſſions, which vaniſh immediately beyond the power of recalling. Nay I know many beſides myſelf, who have been often ſo engaged in an unintereſting tranquility of meditation, as not to be able to declare, the next inſtant, what was the immediate ſubject of their thoughts. To a laborious philoſopher, like *Locke*, who was conſtantly occupied in a cloſe and intenſe inveſtigation of important truths, no wonder that this ſhould appear impoſſible; and yet the fact is certainly ſo. But ſurely it would not be fair to infer that we do not think in ſuch moments as theſe, becauſe our ideas are of too faint and indifferent a nature to impreſs the memory. And if this be the caſe in our waking hours, it is not only poſſible, but probable, that the ſame ſpirit, which is often ſo amazingly active in our ſleep, is never entirely torpid, but acts always, though with different degrees of vigour, and ſometimes on ſubjects too ſlight, too ſubtil, or too rapid, to have any effect on our faculty of recollection.

And on this principle we may more pleaſingly account for our ſometimes perceiving no diſtance between the moments of falling aſleep and awaking, than by ſuppoſing the ſoul to be, during that interval, in a ſtate of ſtupefaction. For as our idea of duration ariſes merely from a reflection on the train of images in our mind, if thoſe which occur in our ſleep ſhould be too weak and unintereſting to affect the memory,

memory, the conſequence will be the ſame as if we had not thought at all in that time, and the idea of ſo much duration will be abſolutely loſt. But I muſt here obſerve, in confirmation of what I have before advanced, that this is not often the caſe. We ſeldom ſleep ſo ſound, but that we have kind of a glimmering conſciouſneſs of the progreſſion of time, though we cannot afterwards point out one idea that paſſed through our thoughts.

The great *Locke* has confeſſedly argued on this point with leſs preciſion and more prejudice than is uſual with him. His firſt aſſertion being contradicted, irritated him to a very unclear, and unſatisfactory, but very warm defence of it.

I acknowledge that this ſubject admits more of hypotheſis than concluſive argument. And yet I cannot but fancy ſtrongly, that the operations of the ſoul in ſleep afford a dawn of its native abilities, and immaterial eſſence. When the body is ſunk in ſtupefaction, the avenues of ſenſation ſtopped up, and the whole material machine lying under all the incapacities of a temporary death, we ſtill find ſomething within us volatile and unfatigued, and enjoying its activity in recalling and combining, in various ſhapes, the ideas it had received. It draws the livelieſt pictures of fancy, often darts on a lucky expedient, nay, there have been inſtances of its finding the clue of doubts which had baffled the ſlower proceſs of waking reaſon; as if it meant to give a proof of thoſe intuitive powers which it will probably exert when it ſhall eſcape to the intellectual world, when the problems of *Archimedes* and the labours of *Newton*, ſhall appear as the moſt eaſy and ſelf-evident truths.

The

The similar appearances in inferior animals can be no objection to this ſuppoſition. That they have their dreams, is highly probable; that they have ſomething in them which is diſtinct from, and will ſurvive, their bodies, ſeems to me as much ſo. Mere matter will no more account for their operations, than ours; nor is there, in my apprehenſion, any ſufficient reaſon againſt allowing them a future ſtate, but many ſtrong ones for it. This, however, is one of thoſe things which are not neceſſary for us to know, and which we are therefore, not qualified to know.

Y.

No. 42. Thurſday, Auguſt 16, 1770.

Nil ſine labore. —— —— —— HOR.

To Mr. FLYN.

SIR,

HAVING obſerved indolence to be a concomitant of mental abilities, I ſend you a juvenile trifle; that whenever your friends prefer reſt to celebrity, they may fill up a page with it. Remarks on the inequality of the diſtributions of Providence gave riſe to this little playful tale; the more experience I gain, and the oftner I reflect on this ſubject, the more fully conviction poſſeſſes me. We are none of us ſo depreſſed as the deſpondency of impatience ſuppoſes, nor is there any ſituation however elevated or apparently happy, *without* its alloy of miſery.

I do

I do not know a ſcheme more worthy the pen of the learned and benevolent, as many pious perſons are thrown into deſpair by every little misfortune, as if it were the immediate puniſhment of ſupreme juſtice, and the flagitious arraign the equity of Providence; both I think from not taking an accurate ſurvey of the degree of their enjoyments (which are proportionable to the capacity of the poſſeſſor rather than to the richneſs of the gift) and extent of their duration; and comparing the deſires of temperance and inordinacy, which are in general the effects of ſituation; while the ingenuous mind would ſoar to infinity, and the benign heart pant for omnipotence, without perceiving the blaſphemous tendency. Upon the whole I believe no one of obſervation will contend, that the abundance of affluence, either material or intellectual, creates fewer wants than the indigence of penury. We have all ſome peculiar felicity, which habit and pride render moſt precious, and which any other ſtate might ſeclude, or deſtroy; therefore an humble acquieſcence is as much our intereſt, as it is our duty.

For my part I never lament with impatience the imbecility of my mind, but when I would vindicate the diſpenſations of the Almighty. Yet though I am incapable of proving to conviction perhaps the moſt obvious truth, I may, by turning the thoughts of others on this momentous ſubject, be the remote cauſe of conſiderable advantage to my fellow-creatures; and whatever Providence has in his wiſdom withheld, I bleſs his goodneſs for having beſtowed on me a heart that can delight in beneficence.

I am, Sir, &c.

The

The *Fire Robed God* hath three thouſand times beheld each varying ſeaſon, that with grateful viciſſitude circling decks the checkered year, ſince there reigned in *Caſſimere*, favoured with his earlieſt beams, *Indus*, who claimed the ſource of day for his ſire. His mother the cryſtal footed *Nuiad*, *Jechena*, gave love to the *Golden haired God*. Her fair purity ſtill captivates him; and hence it is that he drives with ſuch ſpeed from us, looks in the morning with ſo vivacious a gaiety, and in the evening wears ſo ineffable a ſmile. His ſon by the potency of wiſdom and energy of valour ſubdued all the nations that environed him, from the great ſea that imboſoms ten thouſand ſmaller worlds, to the icy mountains of the North; from *Euphrates* crowned with the wonders of *Babylon*, to the fertilizing *Ganges*, adored by the natives of the Eaſt as the diſpenſer of good.

Many years did *Indus* reign diffuſing beneficence around him, till at the intreaty of *Phœbus*, *Jupiter* rendered him immortal, placing him among the river Gods. His people grateful to his benignity called their country *India*; which is ſo highly favoured by *Apollo* that there alone he ſeems to exert his whole influence, covering its ſurface with bloomy fragrance, and enriching its bowels with gems ſparkling as the beauty of *Jechena*.

When the day came on which his reſplendent ſire had promiſed to give him a potion of immortality out of the nectared cup of *Jupiter*, he called his two ſons, Adverſity and Proſperity, to him, and divided his dominions between them; giving to the firſt all that lay north of *Caſſimere*, its rocky hills, and woody vallies; and to Proſperity the effloreſcent fields of *Godah*, and the diamond mines of *Golconda*. This diſtribution

my

my children, ſaid he, may, at preſent, appear unequal, but experience will convince you of its juſtneſs. You, Adverſity, will receive from the laborious hand of Induſtry not only the riches and delicacies of your brother's kingdom, but every production of omniferous nature; while, you Proſperity, from the ſpontaneous produce of the fruitful earth, will become enervated by fullneſs, and emaſculated by reſt, languid as the occidental winds that bring contagion, and drooping as the fair almond tree, whoſe flowery redundance they have blighted; exempt from want, but incapable of felicity. Whilſt thy ſinews, Adverſity, braced by exerciſe, health glowing on thy cheek and ſparkling in thine eye, ſhalt be vigorous as the beams of *Apollo*, and vivid as the verdure that laughs along the banks of *Jechena*.

His ſons ſeemed already to experience thoſe prophetic truths, Adverſity was animated by Hope, and Proſperity ſatiated by repletion. *Indus* was borne in a golden cloud, which his mother had given, and his father made effulgent, to the manſions of the gods, where he was inveſted with immortality. *Bacchus* crowned him with vines; *Cybele* threw over him a verdant mantle, enriched by *Ceres*; *Thetis* embroidered his veſt with pearls; and each bright celeſtial of the heavenly ſynod beſtowed profuſe ſome ethereal boon. *Apollo* endowed his waters with ſalubrity, and *Jechena* gave him a cryſtal vaſe from which to pour his tranſlucent waves.

No. 43. Thurſday, Auguſt 23, 1770.

Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus, altum
Ædificat caput: Andromachen fronte videbis,
Poſt minor eſt: aliam credas.

JUVEN.

STATE OF THE FASHIONS.

The HEAD.

Extract of a letter, dated London, July 26.

'THE GENTLEMEN wear, in undreſs, one curl at each ſide, very high and very forward; in full dreſs, three curls principally, ; but others a great many, which meet at the top of the head. Some, who are in the height of the faſhion, wear a long curl, which beginning where the eyebrow ends, deſcends gradually till it meets the upper part of the bag. Powder for one dreſſing, 1lb. 6 oz. pomatum 3 rolls.

'The LADIES in general wear *toupees* of many different forms; but the upright *ſauſage* curl on the temple is quite out. The *ſcollop toupee* is reckoned very elegant, and is chiefly worn by Ladies who don't chuſe to be in the extreme of the mode. The higheſt in faſhion is the *heart toupee*, that is one in the ſhape of a heart; and in theſe there is a great difference; in ſome the ſides project ſo much as to reſemble horns, and that is chiefly worn at Court; in others, it is variouſly decorated with curious ſtars ſtuck here and there.'

there. In general it ought to rise before the length of a face and a half.'

On Friday last I received the following card.

'Miss *Modish* presents her compliments to Mr. Flyn, and desires he would send her no more of his papers, having no farther occasion for them, as she wears the new fashioned toupees.'

I laid my head on my arm and continued in profound cogitation for ten minutes, without being able to decypher this mysterious card, or discover what relation there could possibly be between Miss Modish's toupee and my Speculations. I consulted Mrs. Flyn on the subject, who could only inform me, that a toupee was an artificial head of hair, but was equally at a loss about the point in question.

I resolved at length to apply to my friend *Thorne*, who laughed at my perplexity, and told me 'that he had the honour of dressing that very Lady's hair, which she always took care should be curled with my Speculations; that artificial toupees were much in fashion, which, as they covered the natural hair, would save the trouble of applying the curling iron, and he could assure me that my Speculations would no longer be degraded to the vile office of serving for *papillotes*.'

I returned home a little piqued, I must confess, at Mr. *Thorne*'s explication of the card; though I could not help laughing at the whim of the Lady, and upon reflection was much elated at the thoughts, that my Speculations should assist in adorning the outside as well as the inside of her head.

A friend of mine, who is a great philosopher, assures me, that the Lady's notion is far from being

abſurd, and that he has often ſeriouſly thought of it as an eaſy way of communicating information. 'For,' ſays he, 'if you conſider the operation of curling; each lock of hair is carefully ſeparated from the reſt by the dextrous fingers of the artiſt, and carefully involved in a piece of your Speculation: This lock we'll ſuppoſe to repreſent a *ſimple idea*; the whole head, which contains 436 locks, or curls, may repreſent a *complex idea*. To explain this better to the Ladies; a piece of ſilver ſilk at *Stevelly*'s may repreſent the firſt; and that ſame ſilk modified into a gown and petticoat by Mrs. *Williamſon* will neceſſarily be compounded of lining, flounces, furbelows, trimmings, &c. and this alſo including the additional circumſtances of its being made in the beſt taſte, of the ſleeves being properly ſloped, and of the train's ſweeping gracefully on the ground, will familiarly repreſent the other. Conſider then, if a ſentence be employed in curling a ſingle lock, it will take up a whole Speculation to finiſh the head, and as heat is well known to extract the virtues of all ſubſtances, the curling iron, applied hot, will undoubtedly have that effect; all the ideas contained, will be ſet on float, and by a proper application of the night-cap afterwards, the whole will be concentrated, and penetrate the ſcull, to the great improvement of the Lady who undergoes the operation. But I ſhall proceed to conſider the antiquity, utility and importance of TOUPEES.

Their antiquity may be eaſily demonſtrated from the numberleſs antient buſts that adorn the cabinets of the curious. The *Fauſtinas*, *Agrippinas*, and *Sabinas* all wore them, as may be ſeen in thoſe collections; there you have the *Tete de Mouton*, the *Cheveux creſpues*, and above all the *Scollop-ſhell toupee*. There

is

is a very fine buſt of *Plotina* wife of *Trajan*, in which ſhe is repreſented as dreſſed in this laſt *toupee*, where the gradation of the curls is as accurately expreſſed, as in the head of a young Lady at the Aſſembly, when dreſſed by *Thorne*, and what is moſt remarkable in the buſt I mention, the whole *Tete*, though of marble, is moveable, and may be taken off at pleaſure, leaving the head as bald as a *Capuchin* friar. This may be objected to by our modern Ladies, who will undoubtedly decry the ſkill of the ancient *friſeur*, as if a *tete* could not be contrived without the wearers ſubmitting to have her head ſhaved; but this difficulty will be inſtantly cleared up when I inform my fair readers, that this *Plotina* was celebrated for many virtues now unfaſhionable, and amongſt the reſt for a particular affection to her huſband, inſomuch that ſhe accompanied him into baniſhment, dreſſed like a man, for which purpoſe, it was neceſſary ſhe ſhould cut off her hair, and this circumſtance I ſuppoſe the ſculptor intended ſhould be particularized in making the *tete* moveable. The *beart toupee* indeed I have not obſerved in any of the ancient buſts; but this elegant improvement has been reſerved for the ingenuity of the moderns to diſcover.

Juvenal, from whom I have taken my motto, mentions, that the Ladies in his time wore ſo many rows of curls, one over the other, connected together with ſo many pins, ſo much wool and other materials, and probably with ſuch a quantity of blond lace over all, that, ſays he, look at a well dreſſed woman in front, you would take her to be a gianteſs, look at her behind, ſhe is a dwarf.

Let us next examine what conſequences will attend the wearing of *toupees*, if the faſhion ſhould become

univerſal. It is well known that the brain is ſo tender an organ, that it is ſuſceptible of various impreſſions from the different envelopements of the head, and that a certain degree of warmth, particularly that, which a large quantity of artificial hair communicates, is productive of ſurpriſing effects. This is very remarkable in the learned profeſſions. How often does it happen, that a ſage of the law attempts in vain to diſcuſs a knotty point loaded with intricacies, when in his ſtudy and under the influence of a red night-cap; but all difficulties fly before him and his deciſions become irreverſible, as ſoon as his brain feels the genial warmth of a Chancery wig? In phyſic its effects are equally notorious. A young practitioner, upon leaving the Univerſity, finds himſelf poſſeſſed of the whole ſcience the inſtant he aſſumes the full-bottom, and not only the mind but the body undergoes a conſiderable alteration; for, ſtrange to behold! the lounging gait is converted into the ſolemn ſtrut, and the vacancy of countenance, attendant on youth and inexperience, is ſuddenly converted into the diſmal look of ſelf-importance and profound meditation.

If ſuch be the effects produced by wigs on the groſſer parts of the creation, what unhappy changes muſt the more delicate organs of the Ladies ſuffer by the additional weight and warmth of the new *toupees*? I tremble when I think of it; and muſt, as is my duty, caution every fair reader, againſt (what every woman of ſenſe will avoid) priding herſelf upon being the firſt in the FASHION.

O.

No.

No. 44. Monday, Auguſt 27, 1770.

Tunc ſumus incauti, ſtudioque aperimur ab ipſo,
Nudaque per luſus pectora noſtra patent.
Ira ſubit, deformeque malum, lucrique cupido,
Jurgiaque, & rixæ, ſolicituſque dolor.

Ovid.

THE following letter was miſlaid, or it ſhould have been inſerted long ſince; which I hope the writer may conſider as a ſufficient apology.

To Mr. Flyn.

SIR,

It has been the fate of the moſt uſeful inventions to have been decried by intereſted perſons, and the moſt important diſcoveries to mankind have been ſuppreſſed or their progreſs retarded by the united efforts of malevolence and prejudice. That this has been the caſe of Card Playing, I can ſafely affirm; and though it may ſeem paradoxical to moſt of your readers, I flatter myſelf that I ſhall prove to demonſtration, that nothing has contributed ſo much to the great reformation in the morals of mankind, for which this laſt century is remarkable, and that ſociety has been exceedingly benefited by the prevalence of this truly rational amuſement.

All writers of morality have agreed, that the vices of human nature have ſprung from the violence of the paſſions;

paſſions; they ſtrongly recommend that all the efforts of reaſon ſhould be employed to bridle thoſe unruly deſires: but at the ſame time lament that too often all reſiſtance is vain. Experience has proved, that *Card-playing* extinguiſhes moſt of the paſſions, or at leaſt concentrates and contracts them to a very ſmall ſphere, the *Card-table* and the perſons who ſit round it; and thereby produces, if not virtues, a freedom from vices at leaſt.

Love, or if you will, the mutual deſire of the ſexes which is the moſt violent and irreſiſtable of our paſſions in unmarried perſons, and has produced the moſt fatal conſequences both in private and public life, is totally ſuppreſſed by this wonderful antidote. Intrigues are never carried on, nor are aſſignations made at the Card-table. On the contrary I have a thouſand times obſerved that a young man, with all the circumſtances about him, that could make him feel and inſpire the paſſion of love, when ſeated at a Card-table with a blooming beauty at each ſide of him, and another leaning on the back of his chair, has been utterly inſenſible to their charms, attentive only to his game, and amidſt a diſplay of killing attractions has paid his devotion only, to the goddeſs of his wiſhes, the Queen of Trumps. The Ladies too, whoſe charms have always been fatal to the peace and tranquility of mankind, upon indulging in this amuſement loſe that glow of health ſo dangerous to our hearts, and from a repetition of nocturnal vigils the pallid hue of diſeaſe overſpreads the countenance, and the little loves that inſpired every feature take their flight, and leave our hearts as free as air. I expect to ſee ſhortly, (I congratulate my ſex upon it) a total ſubverſion of *all* female empire.

Together

Together with the natural feelings of the fair ſex, it annihilates many other little paſſions, with which it is preſumed, none but vulgar women are actuated, I mean thoſe antiquated whims of affection for their huſbands or care of their children. A true Card-player is ſuppoſed to be in genteel life, and therefore always appears diveſted of thoſe foibles, as ſhe knows that maternal fondneſs, and domeſtic accompliſhments would make her appear ridiculous in good company.

Some have ſuppoſed, very erroneouſly, that avarice is at the bottom of this favourite amuſement, and that perſons who meet at the Card-table have a deſign upon each other's pockets. I am perſuaded, thoſe perſons cannot be influenced by that baſeſt of paſſions, but that the ſole end of their meeting is a public-ſpirited one, to promote a circulation of caſh, which all writers agree is ſo uſeful in every community.

That it encourages œconomy I allow, as the Card money goes towards paying the ſervants wages. It alſo occaſions great ſavings in other articles. I have heard of Ladies who for a number of years won as much from their company as paid the whole expence of the ſupper. It affords too a great opportunity for exerciſing acts of charity, as it is to be ſuppoſed that at the end of a year the winnings in the card purſe are given to the poor.

It totally deſtroys that paſſion ſo deſtructive of ſociety called pride, which is the imagining one's ſelf of higher rank in point of family, fortune or accompliſhments than thoſe who are our equals, perhaps our ſuperiors, in theſe particulars. This it effects (for paſſions as well as diſeaſes are cured by their contraries)

by

by introducing an exact equality between thoſe who are aſſembled for the purpoſe of card-playing. For let a man be ever ſo baſe-born, diſagreeable, illiterate, in ſhort any thing but a beggar, (for money he muſt have) if he be only poſſeſs'd of the uſeful talent of making one at a party, he is upon an equal footing with every perſon in company, however his ſuperior in rank and fortune. It is alſo exceedingly productive of benevolence and brotherly love, as it aſſembles together the moſt diſcordant and incongruous individuals, and unites, for a time at leaſt, thoſe who deteſt each other with the moſt cordial hatred.

The card-table is a ſchool of virtue to the younger part of the female ſex; for though they ſhould not partake of this moſt edifying of all amuſements, they have conſtantly before their eyes the greateſt examples of moderation, good temper, and forbearance in the matronly Ladies and Gentlemen who ſurround it. There they learn never to repine at the unavoidable diſappointments in human life, never to loſe their good humour at the miſconduct of their partner, but always to preſerve that everlaſting ſweetneſs of temper, ſo remarkable in thoſe perſons, who are ſaid to live only when in the act of cutting and ſhuffling.

Upon the whole, I think it has been fully demonſtrated, that the invention of thoſe painted papers, trifling as they may ſeem to men of ſcience, are of continual uſe to mankind, particularly, as they give a conſtant employment to many perſons who for want of education, or perhaps of genius, are incapable of making a figure in the world, who have not a ſingle idea to call up upon any occaſion; to all who are uſe-

leſs

leſs in ſociety, to ſharpers, old women, and old men reſembling old women, in ſhort to all thoſe whom nature intended for this purpoſe only, that their whole life ſhould be, a Game of Cards.

No. 45. Thurſday, Auguſt 30, 1770.

*** As the intention of the motto to every Speculation is chiefly to ſhew that the writer underſtands Latin, it ſhall for the future be omitted, whenever a ſufficient quantity of that language is contained in the Speculation itſelf.*

BEING lately in company with ſome friends over a bottle, where we drank healths and toaſted after our manner the celebrated beauties of this city, the ſubject naturally fell upon the etymology of the word, Toast. I repeated what the ingenious *Mad. de Boccage* mentions on this head in the account of her travels to England. 'This cuſtom, ſays ſhe, owes its original to a miſtreſs of one of their Kings, who was bathing. One of the courtiers gallantly drank a glaſs of the water the nymph was bathing in; all the reſt drank one after the other, till it came to the turn of the laſt, when he ſaid, I'll keep the toaſt myſelf," alluding to the cuſtom of putting a toaſt into liquor.'

A Gentleman, who is a profeſſed admirer of antiquity, was preſent. He ſaid the cuſtom of drinking healths and toaſting was too abſurd in itſelf to have any meaning; that it was unknown to thoſe paragons

in

in good breeding, the ancients, and advised every perſon preſent to ſtudy the *Sympoſium of Plato*, and the *Banquet of Xenophon*, as models upon which every drinking-bout ſhould be formed. Upon my return home I read over thoſe remarkable productions, and was much ſurprized at finding, that though they abounded in good ſayings, the greateſt part were ſhocking to all modeſty. I then turned over ſome claſſics and other authors, from whence I have collected the following paſſages, which prove, that the cuſtom of toaſting was not unknown to, but was conſtantly practiſed by, the ancients.

The word *propinare*, in all the Latin writers, ſignifies either to bob-nob, or to drink a perſon's health. Thus in the *Curculio* of *Plautus*,

Propino magnum poculum, ille ebibit.

And again in his *Stichus*,

Propino tibi ſalutem plenis faucibus. i. e.

I drink your health in a bumper.

Martial mentions a curious piece of plate out of which *Dido* drank to *Bitias*, when ſhe entertained *Æneas*.

Hac propinavit Bitiam pulcherrima Dido
In patera, Phrygio cum data cæna viro eſt.

This cuſtom may be deduced from the higheſt antiquity: It was uſed by almoſt all nations, and the manner of doing it was, to taſte the cup firſt, and then hand it to the other. *Suetonius*, in his life of *Tiberius*, mentions it as practiſed by the Greeks. 'This cuſtom took its riſe from hence, that the Greeks, 'in their more ſolemn compotations, called *Philothefia*, 'ordered gold and ſilver goblets filled with wine to be carried

' carried round, and each perſon having firſt taſted, ' offered it to thoſe they thought proper.' It is alſo mentioned in the ſacred writings. The Vulgate has *propino* in the ſame ſenſe, twice in Jeremiah, once in Iſaiah, and once in Amos.

The origin of it ſeems to come from the very ancient cuſtom of offering libations. The whole of the wine was poured on the head of the victim, when it was offered up to the Deity, as *Calmet* obſerves in his comment upon Numbers, chap. xxviii. Where are theſe words, *You ſhall make a wine offering, or libation of the fourth part of a hin of wine:* But when the ſacrifice was intended for any particular bleſſings on a private perſon, part of the wine only was poured out, and the reſt was drunk by the officiating prieſts. Others, probably taking the hint from the prieſts, thought it better to drink, than ſpill a ſingle drop of it; thus in private families, whenever a ſtranger arrived, a goblet of wine was always produced by the maſter of the houſe, who poured out, or drank part of the liquor, as a libation to *Jupiter*, praying that he might grant health and proſperity to the new comer, and the remainder was always drunk by the perſon himſelf, as accepting of the compliment. This is conformable to the literal meaning of the word, which is thus explained by the commentators, *præbibo, poculum præguſto, & deinde alteri trado.*

Martial tells one *Hermus*, who we may ſuppoſe had ſomething diſagreeable about his mouth, that his never drinking to any body was not pride, but humanity.

Quod nulli calicem tuum propinas,
Humane facis, Herme, non ſuperbe,

[illegible] which nations became more polished, [illegible] ceremony was performed in different cups, or [illegible] person drinking out of his own as being [illegible] polished, and this particularly at feasts, [illegible] whole health was drunk in this [illegible] good manners obliged to return it, [illegible] and this was called *provocare*. [illegible] *Alexander*, when [illegible] *Philotas* hob or-nobbed [illegible] twenty in number-nobbed by each [illegible] *Philotium cenavit, ubi* [illegible] *provocavit, ab*

[illegible] seems, was [illegible] Map of *Milan*, [illegible] being the cause [illegible] cure. *Bi-* [illegible] *exer-* [illegible] *O* [illegible] *!* [illegible]

[illegible] e.

And in *Stichus*.

Bene nos, bene vos, bene te, bene me, bene noſtram etiam Stephanium.

That this was intended as a ſacrifice is plain from Athenæus, who ſays that 'Amphyctyon, King of Athens, ordained, that each perſon ſhould, before he 'drank, invoke the name of Jove the Saviour, *Jupiter conſervator*, to preſerve him and his friends in 'health.' And Ovid in his Faſti, ſpeaking of the family-feaſts, called *Chariſtia*, mentions the ſame.

Larga precaturi ſumite vina manu
Et bene vos, bene tuæ patriæ pater optime Cæſar,
Dicite; ſuffuſo ſint ſacra verba mero.

I ſhould proceed to conſider the rules of drinking amonſt the ancients, and amongſt the reſt, the celebrated one *e pithi, e apithi*, 'Drink, or go,' together with the origin of the word *hob-or-nob*, but muſt reſerve theſe particulars for a future Speculation.

Z.

No. 46. Monday, September 3, 1770.

Nolo doctam——————

Ant. Lamb. Fl.

THE great *Baron de Monteſquieu*, in his celebrated *l'Eſprit de loix*, has fully proved, that the laws of all nations, had their origin from neceſſity. The ſame, I think, may be ſaid of their cuſtoms, which muſt depend on

the climate, and the conſtitutions, genius, and natural diſpoſition of the inhabitants.

The women in *Turkey*, *Perſia*, and all the *Eaſt* are married at nine years of age, and are paſt child-bearing at twenty. I am ſtrongly convinced, that in thoſe countries, where, from the heat of the climate, the paſſions of the men are violent to an extreme, it is a great happineſs that the women are marriageable ſo early, and are in the prime of their beauty, before their reaſon is in its full ſtrength; for what would be the conſequence if the charms of their perſons and their underſtanding were to bloom together? By the united force of both, whole ſtates and kingdoms would be overturned, and no government under ſuch circumſtances could ever be fixed on a ſolid foundation. The great revolution in *Perſia* that happened in the laſt century, was brought about by the intrigues of the *Sultana-mother*, an old woman of eighteen, who moſt uncommonly had ſome charms remaining. Nature however has in general provided better for the inhabitants of thoſe countries, and the laws wiſely take care to confine the education of the women, that they ſhould never be taught to read and write, but that the whole ſhould conſiſt of muſic, dancing and embroidery.

I was led into this train of reflections by the following letter, but cannot entirely agree with the writer; for as the paſſions of the men in this cold climate are not quite ſo ungovernable, there may not be ſo much danger in cultivating the minds of the women. But, I foreſee with terror, that the preſent mode of education will undoubtedly increaſe that empire of the females, which is too conſpicuous in every *family*.

To

To Mr. Flyn.

SIR,

I think myſelf a man of as good ſenſe as the generality of thoſe I converſe with. I carry on an extenſive buſineſs, and if I may judge by the profits, there is no deficiency in my underſtanding. As a friend, ſon, brother, and maſter I am irreproachable, as well as in the common occurrences of life. The effect of all this was that I was happy till you intruded your curſed Speculations on the town; ſince which I have not enjoyed one quiet day. I have never read a page except in a News-paper or Magazine ſince I eſcaped the hands of a barbarous maſter; I confeſs the very ſight of a book makes me ſick in my ſtomach.

I have unfortunately a ſtrong ſenſe of ſhame and ſome deſire of ſuperiority, if it could be obtained without too much trouble; yet I honeſtly own I could be fully ſatisfied with that comfortable feel, that repletion which good meat and old claret cauſes, if I were not perpetually galled by the vociferous ſuperiority of other men, whoſe converſation always takes its riſe from your Speculations; and what is ſtill worſe the plague is ſpreading among the women, where I flattered myſelf I could always find an agreeable reſource, and raiſe myſelf as high by compariſon as I was lowered by the men. How many hours of reſt, little leſs refreſhing than ſleep, have I ſpent in their dear ſociety; for the poor things did inceſſantly talk of dancing, dreſs, and domeſtic occurrences, yet it was ſo pleaſing an uniformity, ſo grateful an inferiority, that I verily believe the *opium* the Turks chew, produces a leſs agreeable dulneſs; but ſince the formidable Thalestris, and the inſinuating Amanda

have broken the barrier of nature, it is become the faſhion of every pert Miſs who ſcalds you by ſpilling her tea, or puts out your eye with her needle or ſhuttle to excuſe herſelf by declaring ſhe was *ſpeculating*. Nay, I am told, the wives of mechanics are infected, and I can aſſure you the woman in whoſe houſe I lodge, leaves her children uncombed, hungry and dirty, till ſhe reads your paper, and then commits ſuch numerous miſnomers you would ſwear ſhe was a lunatic; the reſt of the day is employed in goſſiping, that ſhe may communicate her *ſentiments* to her neighbours.

In all the former part of my life I never met with but one woman of this caſt, and to do her juſtice ſhe was pleaſing from nature, if ſhe had not been mired by what you call cultivating her underſtanding. I never went to her houſe but with the greateſt depreſſion of ſpirits, except when I met with two or three of my companions, who were doomed to ſpend the day there; and then the condoling with them, and having a certainty of being kept in countenance gave me ſome heat. If we eſcaped learned ſubjects at dinner, they were ſure to be introduced with the bottle and glaſſes. The uneaſineſs and confuſion I was then in is not to be deſcribed; aſhamed to ſit ſilent, and dreading every moment ſhe would make ſome malicious application to me, till at length I found out an admirable expedient, the diſcovery of which, I do not doubt, may highly contribute to the happineſs of numbers, though from pride I never expect to reap the benefit of gratitude. It was to ſink my hands under the table, and turn my thumbs round each other, reckoning the times, and by my attention to the numbers, diverting it from the

converſation.

converſation in which I had too little inclination or ability to join; and now if I am not pleaſed in her ſociety, I am at leaſt not miſerable.

I beſeech you to conſider that the bulk of mankind are at leaſt as illiterate as I am, and by perſuading parents to give their daughters learning, you contribute to the happineſs of a few, you deſtroy that of millions, as well as your

very humble ſervant,
T. FEARFUL.

No. 48. Thurſday, September 13, 1770.

——— *Non in ſpecies ſuccedere quatuor annum*
Aſpicis, ætatis peragentem imitamina noſtræ?
Ovid.

To Mr. Flyn.

SIR,

AFTER having toiled for whole days through the pleaſures of the Aſſizes week, I went to bed, heartily ſick of a tireſome round of the ſame amuſements. Exceſſive wearineſs often prevents ſleep, inſtead of producing it; and as I found this to be the caſe with me at that time, I fell into a train of reflections, moralizing on the different purſuits of mankind at the different ages of life, from childhood to old age: But this ſtate did not laſt long; ſportive Fancy perſonified my ideas, and the chaos of images fleeting before my eyes were ſoon reduced into form, order and regularity.

I thought

I thought myſelf in a vaſt deſert, which at firſt ſight appeared the moſt barren, that could be conceived; but upon cloſer examination I obſerved violets, primroſes, daffodils and flowers of various kinds, ſpringing up under my feet. The ſun had juſt riſen, and the ſcene became more agreeable every inſtant. Extending my view further, I obſerved young trees ſhooting forth their leaves, the birds began to chirp on every bough, and cool zephyrs fanned the air. All nature ſmiled, and the whole brought to my mind many beautiful deſcriptions of the SPRING, in which ſeaſon the poets ſuppoſe all things to have been created.

At ſome diſtance I obſerved a group of perſons, whom I ſuppoſed to be the inhabitants of the place. Approaching nearer, I ſaw in the midſt a naked child with the unmeaning ſmile of puerility ſtrongly diſplayed in his countenance. His walk was unſteady, though he had two ſupporters, whom I found were IGNORANCE and DOUBT. A band of motley beings, more gaudy than the painted wings of the butterfly, the FANCIES, led on by INNOCENCE and WONDER danced before him. There followed ſlowly behind two perſonages in grave habits, whom from their diſtance I could hardly diſtinguiſh: They appeared afterwards to be REASON and TRUTH.

As I proceeded, the temperature of the air grew warmer, and the ſun, advancing to his meridian altitude, darted his rays fiercely on me. Every thing had the appearance of SUMMER. The trees were in full bloom, and on every ſide hung fruit of the moſt tempting ripeneſs;

——— Each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roſes and jeſſamin
Rear'd high their flouriſh'd heads between, and wrought
Moſaic; under foot the violet,
Crocus and hyacinth with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground.

A youth with joy ſparkling in his eyes, walked haſtily along. The Loves and Graces led on his way, and Pleasure and Expectation were his companions. Venus and her ſon followed cloſe in a triumphal car, and the Passions, with glowing cheeks, ſat at her ſide.

Roſy *Bacchus* and a troop of reeling *Satyrs* were her attendants. Reason and Truth had by this time approached, but were ſoon put to flight by a party of the train, headed by Intemperance and Excess. *Bacchus* preſented me with his bowl, and *Venus* beckoned to me as ſhe paſſed, accompanied with ſo gracious a ſmile, that I was on the point of aſcending her chariot, when happening to look behind, I obſerved a numerous band of ghaſtly objects, whom I knew to be the Diseases; they were led on by Pain, and Remorse and Penury brought up the rear.

I fled with precipitancy from the horrid crew, when a ſcene of another kind preſented itſelf. It was afternoon. Yellow Autumn poured forth its treaſures; the leaves of the trees were changed from a glowing verdure to a duſky brown; the flowers ſwelled with ſeeds; the bending corn ſtood ready to be reaped, and the purple grape was almoſt burſting with nectareous juice. At a ſmall diſtance were two beaten paths which led to two ſtately buildings. One

of the Corinthian order, ſurrounded with ſtatues, and adorned with military trophies; the other a plain ſtrong building, which at firſt I took to be a priſon, as the windows were defended by iron bars. A man with a thoughtful anxious countenance ſeemed doubting which way he ſhould take. On one ſide ſtood AMBITION, pointing to the temple of GLORY; on the other CARE and FORESIGHT allured him to the palace of RICHES. REASON had taken poſſeſſion of Venus's triumphal car, and had bound the PASSIONS to the wheels.

I was watching with great attention the proceedings of the perſon before me, when I was ſuddenly ſeized with a ſhuddering. I attributed it to the cool of the evening, as the ſun was juſt ſetting; but upon looking round me, I was ſhocked at ſeeing that the trees had loſt their leaves, the flowers which adorned the plain had withered, and the ſnow on the diſtant mountains gave certain ſigns of approaching WINTER. Before me ſtood a wrinkled old man, leaning on a ſtaff, and ſupported by HOPE, who pointed up to Heaven. Behind him ſtood REFLECTION and EXPERIENCE, and before him, DISTRUST and PRECAUTION. In his hand he held bags of money, which he preſſed to his heart, and ſeemed as if he wiſhed to hide them in a grave which ſtood gaping near him. At the inſtant I heard a confuſed noiſe, when looking round, I ſaw TIME, with his ſcythe, coming faſt upon me. I took to my heels in order to fly from him, but in running I ſtruck my foot againſt a tomb-ſtone, which put an end to my dream.

Z.

No. 49. Monday, September 17, 1770.

Auferimur cultu.——

Ovid.

SOME days ſince I received the following letter from an unknown hand. I hope the writer will excuſe the liberties I have taken in leaving out a whole paragraph, and in ſoftening the ſeverities of his production, as the faults of the female ſex ſhould be corrected with the greateſt tenderneſs and delicacy.

To Mr. Flyn.

SIR,

I am not certain that you will pay any regard to my letter, or that you will admit me to have the honour of being one of your correſpondents, as I write in defence of my ſex, Man. In order to oblige the Ladies, your Speculations of late have been filled with letters from Thalestris, Amanda, and fifty others, accuſing us of ignorance, envy at their ſuperior abilities, pride, brutality, and what not. I ſhall, in the courſe of my correſpondence, endeavour to ſet the matter in a true light, and give you this firſt eſſay by way of ſpecimen.

Marriage is conſidered by the whole ſex, as the *ſummum bonum*, the point to which all their little contrivances tend from their very cradle, and is the center of all their wiſhes. It is no wonder therefore that this ſhould be the ſubject of their diſcourſe. Whenever

ever it is, you will never fail to hear this proverb echoed from the Miſs playing with her baby to the old Lady in the chimney corner, *The lover is loſt in the huſband.* I as conſtantly repeat upon the occaſion, *The miſtreſs is loſt in the wife*; and to this may juſtly be attributed the general indifference of men to their wives, and their infidelity, which I acknowledge is too prevalent in the preſent age.

Upon a late ramble through a neighbouring county, I went to pay a viſit to a celebrated beauty, nearly related to me, who had been married a few months. At my entrance into the houſe, I was accoſted by a flatternly perſon, who, in the moſt familiar manner, threw her arms round my neck, and gave me a hearty kiſs. I puſhed her from me, imagining ſhe muſt be the kitchen wench, when to my great ſurprize, I found it was my couſin; I ſay to my ſurprize, as before marriage I remembered her to be always neat and well dreſſed. She aſked me the reaſon of my diſguſt, which I told her in very plain terms. 'Lord, couſin,' ſays ſhe, 'why ſhould a perſon take the pains of dreſſing 'herſelf, when ſhe expects to ſee nobody, but her 'huſband?' I read her a long lecture upon this matter, which as ſhe acknowledged it contained ſome things reaſonable enough, would, I hoped, have produced a thorough reformation; but I ſince have heard, to my great diſappointment, that ſhe ſtill bedaubs herſelf with ſnuff, and as to her teeth, ſhe ſays, ſhe has never cleaned them ſince ſhe was married; ſo that the ſweeteſt lips that ever were kiſſed are irrecoverably ruined, and a breath that equalled the perfume of a violet, conſtantly ſmells of the remains of the laſt meal.

* * * * * * *

I hope

I hope you will favour us with a Speculation on this ſubject, and am, Sir,

Your's, &c.

CENSOR.

The reſt of the picture is drawn in too ſtrong a light to have a place here. I hope, for the honour of my fair countrywomen, that the deſcription is exaggerated; but I cannot avoid taking notice, that an attention to cleanlineſs at leaſt, if not to ſome degree of neatneſs and elegance, is as neceſſary to ſecure the affections of a huſband, as it was firſt to captivate them, and that when *deſire* is extinguiſhed in one ſex, *love* generally takes its flight, and all the endeavours of the other are inſufficient to its reproduction.

I ſhall conclude this Speculation with a very old ſtory, and leave the application to the Ladies.

'Psyche, a virgin of the iſland of *Cyprus*, became 'enamoured of Cupid. After many unſucceſsful 'attempts to inſpire the god with a mutual paſſion, 'ſhe retired from the world to give vent to her com-'plaints in melancholy ſolitude. There dwelt not far 'from *Paphos*, the metropolis of the country, a nymph 'called Taste, a daughter of one of the Graces, 'to whom the Virtues, Arts, Sciences, and 'even Venus, the goddeſs of the iſland, often re-'ſorted; for without the aſſiſtance of ſome ſecret 'charms ſhe beſtowed upon them, though they per-'haps might ſometimes coldly ſatisfy the world, their 'endeavours to delight and enchant it were always 'ineffectual.

'Thither Psyche repaired, and having diſcloſed 'the cauſe of her uneaſineſs, ſupplicated the nymph 'in the moſt humble manner to relieve her diſtreſſes.

'TASTE, who never refuſed to comply with the petition of her ſincere votaries, heard the virgin's requeſt with compaſſion, and having made up a *Zone* of the ſame materials with which ſhe had before compoſed the *Ceſtus* of VENUS; gave it to her with the following injunctions. "Take," ſaid ſhe, "my dear PSYCHE, this magic zone, and wear it perpetually round you; from its latent folds ſuch an irreſiſtible power ſhall be added to your natural charms, that the diſdainful god of ſoft deſires ſhall not only be captivated with your beauty, but ſhall be retained in a voluntary and delightful bondage, as long as you preſerve this myſterious preſervative of his affection. Take the ſtricteſt care therefore of this ineſtimable treaſure; for ſhould you, thro' negligence, be ſo unfortunate as to loſe it, CUPID has wings, and will certainly make uſe of them to leave you."

'Let it be ſufficient to ſay, that PSYCHE bound the *Zone* round her waiſt, and in conſequence ſo far ſucceeded in her wiſhes, that HYMEN in his ſaffron robe pronounced a happy union between her and the ſon of VENUS. If PSYCHE went into the meadows and groves to taſte the tribute of the returning Spring, CUPID was ever ready to wanton before her, and fill her lap with the choiceſt flowers and bloſſoms. If ſhe was ever inclined in the heat of Summer to viſit the rivers and fountains, his image was conſtantly mixed with her's in the floating mirrors. PSYCHE began to think her zone uſeleſs, as ſhe was ſecure of his affections, and wiſhed to get rid of it, as ſhe thought it a troubleſome incumbrance; therefore being one day fatigued with the ſports of the country, ſhe looſened the golden ſtuds

with

'with which it was faſtened round her waiſt, and 'threw it diſdainfully into the paſſing river.

'Very few days after this, ſhe perceived a viſible 'alteration in the affections of her beloved Cupid; 'his eyes no longer languiſhed on her's with ineffable 'deſire; his ears ceaſed, as they were wont, to 'be raviſhed with the muſic of her tongue; and 'a civil indifference ſoon ſucceeded to the here-'tofore glowing language of extacy. By degrees her 'company grew every day more and more diſpleaſing 'to him, till at length a total diſguſt having ſeized 'his fancy, he ſpread his roſy wings in air, and for 'ever left the deteſted habitation of his once beloved 'Psyche.'

M.

No. 53. Monday, October 8, 1770.

Ut vidi, ut perii.

Virg.

BELIEF in witchcraft has been ſo long eſtabliſhed, ſo confirmed by the ſanction of time, that it is unneceſſary to ſay any thing in vindication of ſuch a received prepoſſeſſion, or prove that it was founded on juſt grounds; however, whether it is that the world is growing better in proportion as it is growing wiſer, or that the ſevere treatment the adepts in this diabolical ſcience generally met with, has deterred

them from exercising it, I will not pretend to determine, but it is certain that we now have very few instances of peoples vomiting crooked pins, rusty needles, living spiders, &c. and seldom hear of an old woman's riding through the air on a birch broom, sailing in a sieve, conversing with an evil spirit in the shape of a tabby cat, or metamorphosing herself into into a hare to defraud her neighbours of their milk by sucking their cows; the folded flocks now sleep in security, and the shepherd hies home merry-hearted, fearless of passing the detested cottage, once the object of terror and dismay to simplicity and superstition.

Is is needless to turn over the legends of antiquity for proofs of the mischiefs done by sorcery. We find many authenticated by our historians, and need not trace very far back, to behold the unhappy HASTINGS doomed to the scaffold, for joining with the wife of SHORE, in practising witchcraft on the stern protector RICHARD; and that celebrated virago the MAID of ORLEANS, on supposition of a similar crime, condemned to the flames in spight of her pretended inspirations. Until the reign of our fifth HENRY these kingdoms were swarming with sorceresses; at that period the evil seemed to have arrived at its utmost extremity, and has ever since been gradually declining. Most of the professors of the black art, are retired to the Caledonian Highlands, to peep into futurity, or gone to sell winds in Lapland; and the old women that remain among us are become *harmless*, as well as *useless*, members of society.

One species of malignant skill however still remains [redacted]ed, and not only retains its original force, but

but is every day growing more and more formidable, I mean faſcination; which is ſuppoſed to be the action of injuring a perſon by a glance of the eyes. This opinion has of all others of the ſame nature, been the moſt authorized; it was held by the ancients, as we may gather from the writings of *Ariſtotle*, *Pliny*, *Plutarch*, *Aulus Gellius*, and many others; even *Virgil* gives it an indirect ſanction, and that it ſtill exiſts, though under a different appearance, I will venture to aſſert, though at the hazard of incurring the ridicule and criticiſm of the philoſophers of this enlightened age.

In former times, old women alone were to be dreaded and avoided, but now the youthful and lovely part of the ſex are thoſe from whom we receive the injury, and ſo indefatigable are they in their endeavours to deſtroy, that there is ſcarcely a poſſibility of eſcaping them. Wherever a man turns he is ſurrounded with danger, and the worſt of it is, that he wilfully purſues it againſt the conviction of his reaſon. If he once ſuffers a pretty witch to engage his attention, he cannot withdraw till he is undone. His ſituation reſembles that of a bird in view of a cockatrice; ſoon as ſhe fixes her deſtructive eyes on him, he grows reſtleſs, irreſolute, uneaſy, and voluntarily ruſhes on ruin.

This evil, beſides being altered in appearance, is grown infinitely more dreadful in its conſequences, for the wretched ſufferers, not only pine away as formerly, but feel the moſt excruciating pains, darts, flames, racks, ſtings, poiſons; in fine, it is impoſſible to enumerate the variety of tortures they complain of, nor are its effects on the mind leſs baneful: It debilitates the powers of the underſtanding, governs reaſon, and

holds judgment in leading-ſtrings ; a man under the dominion of faſcination ſees every thing through a falſe medium ; to him levity appears innocent vivacity, affectation delicacy, and vanity genuine ſpirit. Nay caprice and coquetry have charms for him, and his infatuated imagination repreſents diſguſting foibles as captivating graces. It were to be wiſhed that the legiſlature would ſeriouſly conſider this grievance and try to remedy it, either by reviving ſome of the old ſtatutes againſt witchcraft, or enacting new ones to puniſh every Lady who ſhould be found guilty of giving bewitching glances ; for whilſt the ſorcereſſes are permitted to proceed with impunity, his Majeſty's male ſubjects cannot live in peace or ſafety. A ſpeedy ſtop muſt be put to the growth of this enormity, or no one can tell where it will end ; for wonderful as it may appear, the lovely ſex have entirely forgot that gentleneſs and humanity, which were (in what the faſhionable world term Antediluvian Times) their moſt amiable characteriſtics, and openly pique themſelves on attaining a proficiency in this pernicious and cruel art, applying with the ſame avidity to learn the *management of the eyes*, that they do to acquire the important ſciences of dreſs and quadrille. However, till the matter is taken into proper conſideration, in order to deter all fair offenders from the commiſſion of a crime ſo deteſtable, be it publickly known that every Lady ſuſpected of wilful witchcraft ſhall be tried by a committee appointed by her accuſer ; and if convicted, ſhall forthwith be advertiſed in FLYN's SPECULATIONS, and expoſed, not only to the reſentment of the men, but to that of her own ſex, whoſe anger (if we may judge by the good-natured ſeverity with which they generally treat each others faults,

even

even of the moſt trivial ſort) will be infinitely worſe than that of the injured parties.

A.

N. B. I warn the pretty young Lady in blue, who was plotting miſchief during ſervice-time laſt Sunday, to deſiſt from her attempts on the tall Gentleman with a ſmart cockade and regimentals, that ſat oppoſite to her. If ſhe ſlights this advice ſhe ſhall be the very firſt brought to trial.

No. 54. Thurſday, October 11, 1770.

———*me gelidum nemus,*
Nympharumque leves cum Satyris chori
Secernunt populo ———

Hor.

An Epistle *to* MYRA *from* STELLA.

DEAREST Myra,
Urge no more
Thy flatt'ring pleas, for I have ſwore
By the drop in April's eye
Shed for joy that May is nigh,
Swore by all the vernal powers,
By falling dews and riſing flowers,
By the ſtream that winds the vale,
The ſweets that op'ning buds exhale,
By the wood-doves's tender moan
Which plaintive echo makes her own,
By the bloomy ſhaded groves
Where meditation ſilent roves,

By

By the lambs and by the ſheep,
By the goats that brow'ze the ſteep,
By the does and by the fawns,
By the woodlands and the lawns,
By ——'s hoary brow I ſwear,
Hear ye muſes, PHOEBUS hear,
By ev'ry roſy charm of ſpring
I vow I never more will ſing.
No more, by fancy led aſtray,
Will I waſte the live long day
With muſty books, no more ſhall rhyme
Beguile me of my precious time;
And ſhould ſhe aſk why I rebel,
Enchanting tyrant! O too well
She knows the cauſe, by fools perplext,
And teiz'd and ridicul'd and vex'd,
Fame ripens genius, as the ſun
Matures the vine; but I muſt ſhun
Her ſlighteſt glance, for folly's breath
Still baneful blaſts the female wreath.
No—never more I ſtrike the lyre,
Tho' ev'ry muſe the ſong inſpire;
No more the nymphs ſhall give my ſong,
Or point me as I paſs along,
'There goes the muſe, the poet there,
'Or ſometimes the philoſopher,'
As jeſting oft I hear them ſay,
'PLATO has ſet her cap to-day.'
And then another cries, 'Dear NANCY,
'Had ever mortal ſuch a fancy?
'Look with her coat, a ſober brown,
'She wears green ribbons.—Now in town
'We wear bright blue to make it ſprightly;
'But ſhe treats all theſe matters lightly,

'Affects

'Affects to ſmile when we adviſe her,
'She little thinks the men deſpiſe her.
'But theſe are nothing to her airs—
'She reads a book about the ſtars.
'Tis really true, my brother ſaw her,
'In hurry thruſt it in a drawer.'
Thus am I made the ridicule
Of ev'ry wit-pretending fool.
Nor is this all, ſome matron wiſe
Comes in expreſſing her ſurprize
And prudence thus, 'Dear Stella, ſay,
'What you've been doing all this day;
'What! writing;—and in verſe—for ſhame!
'Believe me, child, you're much to blame.
'What man alive d'ye think will wed
'A girl with ſuch a rambling head?
'Then ſuch a heap of books ſurround you;
'Why all this learning muſt confound you;
'You can't remember half they ſay.
'What's this! who's Homer, what was he?'
—Madam, the Prince of Poetry.
'Prince, ſet him up, I cannot bear 'em;
'And what's this here book,—Doctor Derham.'
He treats of ſtars—'of fiddleſticks,
'I prithee leave theſe idle tricks;
'This fooliſh ſtuff will ſet you mad,
'Or you'll be thought ſo, that's as bad.'—
Then half provok'd, yet with reſpect,
Dear Madam, what do I neglect?
Can any of my friends complain
I fled them in diſtreſs or pain;
Careful and ſilent I obey
Each parents voice,—the houſe you ſee
Is regular,—I'm always clean,
And chearful. Am I ever ſeen

Ill-tempered? do I make pretence
To wit, or to ſuperior ſenſe?
The common lab'rer hir'd for pay
May ſing the remnant of his day.
My taſk too done, what if I chuſe
To read or trifle with the muſe?
Sure 'tis a harmleſs liberty.
Is every creature free but I?
Even this ſmall liberty I ſteal;
Am I not ſtudious to conceal
My little flights, my little lore?
'What if you be, I aſk therefore
'What good they do you?'—O ye powers!
Are not theſe gifts, theſe talents yours
Which I poſſeſs, and dare not own them;
Why then this heavy tax upon them?
But I have done, yes, done for ever,
And FANCY I diſclaim your favour.
Scarce had this ſentence paſs'd my pen
'Till blightſome FANCY enter'd then,
Array'd in thoſe bewitching ſmiles
With which ſhe ev'ry heart beguiles,
And cheers my ſullen fit, and cries,
Well I proteſt you're mighty wiſe.
Then, in a ſomething graver ſtrain,
'Art thou indeed ſo very mean
'To bow before the ſhrine of SPLEEN?
'Of ENVY's darts are thou afraid,
'Or by the voice of IGN'RANCE ſway'd?
'For this doſt thou my bounty ſhare,
'Still ſhielded from the frown of care?
'Have I not ſtrown thy path with flowers,
'And ſooth'd thy ſolitary hours?
'Say have I not?—But PHOEBUS hear,
'For I too in my turn will ſwear.

By

'By the nine Æolian maids;
'By the flowry path that leads
'To high Parnaſſus; by the rills
'That glitt'ring gild his ſloping hills;
'By the ſky-lark's dulcet note
'When rapture ſwells his warbling throat,
'As ſoaring t'ward the rolling ſpheres,
'Their melody divine he hears;
'By the various tints that glow
'On Iris robe or deck her bow;
'By all the light enamell'd dyes,
'That gild at eve the weſtern ſkies;
'By ev'ry paſſion of the ſoul,
'That bends beneath my ſtrong controul;
'By all I ſwear, nor ſwear in vain
'Stella ſhall never break my chain.
'What muſt ſhe ſwear, muſt ſhe invoke.'
Believe me Myra 'tis a joke,
For ſee, the vow's already broke.

No. 57. Thurſday, October 5, 1770

Probitas fideſque conjugis, mores, pudor
Placeant marito. Seneca.

WHEN Henry the IV. of France was converſing with his Prime Miniſter and favourite Sully, on the ſubject of marriage, he made the following obſervation. "That I may not repent," ſaid he, "of taking ſo "dangerous a ſtep, nor draw on myſelf a misfortune,

"which

" which is with juſtice ſaid to exceed all others, that " of having a wife diſagreeable both in perſon and " mind, it is neceſſary, that in her whom I marry I " ſhould find theſe ſeven things, beauty, prudence, " ſoftneſs, wit, fruitfulneſs, riches, and a high birth." For my part, I think his Majeſty was very unreaſonable: he required too much; for, though I would not exclude any of the circumſtances he mentions, yet I cannot but conſider many of them as ornamental, or at moſt, qualifications of a ſecondary nature, by no means as eſſentially neceſſary. Though this ſubject, the choice of a wife, is a very trite one, yet as it nearly concerns the happineſs of both ſexes, I hope I may be indulged in being rather prolix on the occaſion.

Beauty is too well known by ſad experience to
Grow familiar to the lover,
Fade in his eye, and ſicken on the ſenſe.
I ſhall not inſiſt upon what has been ſo often repeated, but cannot help a remark or two; that very few marriages, where beauty was the only conſideration, have ever produced happineſs of any continuance; and that moſt reigning toaſts, relying on the all-conquering charms of their perſons, have neglected every accompliſhment of the mind, and being accuſtomed to conſtant adoration, have been overwhelmed with pride, vanity and affectation; whilſt girls of more ordinary features, deſpairing of making conqueſts by external means, have endeavoured to make up their deficiencies by attainments of a more valuable and a much more laſting nature, by good-humour, affability, and a wiſh to pleaſe.

As for wit, it is a moſt dangerous weapon in the hands of a woman. It is almoſt always accompanied with ſeverity, and ill-nature, and more frequently exerciſed

exerciſed upon the foibles and weakneſſes than upon the vices of her acquaintance, particularly thoſe of her own ſex. If practiſed in this manner in large companies with a deſire of ſhining, it is the height of ill manners, and the more juſt the ſatire, the more rude it is. Beſides, the habit of ſaying ſmart things gives an air of manlineſs to the behaviour, and is diametrically oppoſite to that ſoftneſs and tenderneſs of thought and manners, which is ſo attractive in young women, and which ſpreads ſuch irreſiſtible graces over the whole female figure. The huſband too is often the object of it, and what was before marriage vivacity and ſpirit in his eyes, afterwards ſinks into petulance and perverſeneſs.

Lord bleſs me! what would the man be at, to attack both wit and beauty in ſo unmerciful a manner? Yes, Madam, and riches too before I have done.

Riches are conſidered as infallible means of procuring happineſs, and I am ſorry to ſay it, are thought by both ſexes to ſupply the places of all good qualities whatever. Young people are confirmed in this notion by the common cry of *prudent matches*, which are inceſſantly rung in the ears of every man at his firſt entrance into life. He accordingly obtains a liſt of the principal fortunes in his own and the neighbouring counties, and without any conſideration, choice or liking, enters into a ſtate, where he acquires what he ſought for indeed, money, but never the felicity of loving and being loved. I am ſurpriſed the ſpirit of the Ladies does not riſe at ſuch proceedings, and induce them to deſpiſe the man, whoſe wiſhes and deſires are confined to their fortune.

High birth, or what we call great family, is the laſt, and indeed the leaſt, qualification a woman can

poſſeſs. When unattended with a proper quantity of the ore, it is ſo futile a conſideration, that no man above an ideot would ever think of it. A family, who pride themſelves on their alliances with perſons of rank, without means to ſupport it, is the moſt ridiculous object in nature. The ſatiriſt expreſſes it ſo forcibly, I can't forbear quoting him.

Malo Venuſinam quam te, Cornelia, mater
Gracchorum, ſi cum magnis virtutibus adfers
Grande ſupercilium, et numeras in dote triumphos.

That is to ſay, I had rather have a farmer's daughter than Mrs. Such-a-One; if together with the high rank of her anceſtors, ſhe brings intolerable airs of quality, and inſtead of a fortune produces a catalogue of how many of her family bore the worſhipful office of Mayor, Alderman, or Knight of the Shire.

Well! to be ſure you're a ſad man. Let me know what you would have in a wife. I'll tell you, Madam. The three following qualifications I think indiſpenſibly neceſſary; GOOD HUMOUR, GOOD NATURE and DISCRETION.

Good humour and good nature, though frequently confounded, differ exceedingly. Good humour is a quality of the conſtitution, *du temperament*, as the *French* ſay; good nature of the heart. Good humour generally attends good health, and is a diſpoſition, promoted and confirmed by a habitual deſire and endeavour, to pleaſe and be pleaſed. Good nature is conſtant and perpetual; not to be extinguiſhed by pain or diſeaſe: It has its ſource in benevolence, an emanation from the Divine Being. Good humour is oppoſed to ill humour, or a ſour temper, ruffled and fretted by the moſt trifling diſappointment;

ment; good nature to ill nature, or a delight in the misfortunes or miseries of others. Persons may be very good humoured, yet have a little ill nature about them; as on the contrary the most good natured may be apt to be out of humour. These remarks are applicable to both sexes; but, as I began with the Ladies, I will end with them.

Melanthe is a very good natured woman, a good wife and a good mother. Her charity is boundless. She has a great deal of the milk of human nature about her, and

Like the needle true,
She feels for other's woe,
And feeling trembles too.

With all this, she is constantly out of temper. She loves her husband to distraction, and yet her eternal uneasiness makes home the most disagreeable place he can find himself in. Her servants allow her to be the best mistress in the world, but the last they would chuse to live with.

Belinda was once remarkable for beauty, and no less for her affability. The smile of good humour perpetually adorns her face, and she never frets, no not even when she loses at cards, and in most exigencies of life shews the fortitude of a stoick. Yet she is exceedingly ill natured; her conversation abounds with irony and sarcasm, and the most poignant expressions our language can afford are made use of to aggravate the ill conduct of one sex, or the irregularities of the other.

Discretion is one of the most valuable qualities a woman can possess. I don't mean what is commonly called prudence, which is the insipid virtue of fools,

but would define it, a quick ſenſe of propriety, in words, action and behaviour. This not only ſupports in a remarkable manner the character and dignity of a woman herſelf, but reflects honour upon thoſe with whom ſhe is connected. The indiſcretions of the ſex are the conſtant theme of ſatiriſts and novel writers, yet I have known very many poſſeſs this virtue in a very great degree, and amongſt them ſome ſo very young, that it rather ſeemed to be an innate quality, than proceeding from the force of education.

To conclude. I am afraid it will be thought that what I have written is too ſevere on the lovely part of the creation. Read it again and you will find it a ſevere ſatire upon my own ſex, who neglect real merit for the ſake of beauty and riches. That the girls, who have neither the one or the other, but who have good humour, good nature and diſcretion, may ſoon get huſbands, is the ſincere wiſh of Sir,

your very humble ſervant,

P. Q.

No. 58. Monday, October 29, 1770.

——— *Niſi quæ terris ſemota ſuiſque*
Temporibus defuncta videt, faſtidit et odit.

HOR.

OF all abſurd errors and idle remarks none is more common, than that the world is daily degenerating, and is not equal now to what it was formerly. Were we to trace this opinion to its primæval ſource, we ſhould diſcover

diſcover it to be the offspring of folly and ignorance; beneath notice while it confines its influence to vulgar minds, but alarming when it gains admittance among the more knowing and cultivated part of mankind.

Upon the moſt diligent inveſtigation, we find that human nature ever was the ſame, and that the rational ſpecies, from the beginning of time to the preſent moment, were actuated by the ſame paſſions, impelled by the ſame deſires, ſubject to the ſame hopes and fears, incident to the ſame foibles and weakneſſes, however varied in appearance by the ruling cuſtoms of different periods. Yet ſeveral affect to believe the contrary, and indirectly infer that the Supreme Author of Exiſtence is particular in his diſtributions.

The antiquary, elate with imaginary wiſdom, deſpiſes every thing that is not half devoured with the ruſt of time; ever at variance with ingenuity, he is the implacable foe of living excellence. Speak to him of Lord Chatham's political talents, and he immediately enters into a diſſertation on the abilities of Machiavel; praiſe Garrick, he exclaims, he is nothing to Booth or Betterton; talk of medical knowledge and he ſtuns you with the ſkill of Galen and Hippocrates; he liſtens with diſguſt to the melodious compoſitions of Arne or Caſtrucci, lamenting his misfortune in not having lived in the days when Timotheus touched the lyre; the energic eloquence of Burke and Mansfield charm him in vain, Tully and Demoſthenes harangued before them, and carried off the prize of oratory; and Granby may lay by the ſword that ſpread terror and devaſtation through the embattled legions of France, Alexander fought, and Caractacus commanded, and not a ſprig of laurel is

left to wreath the brows of a modern hero; nay, ſhew him the fifter graces, who dwell on earth, diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of the M—t—g—mry's and he will bely the conviction of his heart, and frowning tell you, they are inferior in lovelineſs to the belles of the *Queen's Time*.

But many carry this ſingularity much farther, and venerate the ancients ſo highly, that they imagine they have entirely exhauſted the treaſures of ſcience. The ſole aim of this numerous claſs of criticks, is to bar up every avenue of improvement by perſuading us that our cotemporary authors are all ignorant pretenders, and teaching us to look back at leaſt a century or two for literary merit. With them the uncouth rhimes of Lydgate or Skelton are more harmonious than the poliſhed numbers of Gray, or the elegant ſoftneſs of Shenſton or Lyttleton; and the obſolete productions of our earlieſt dramatic writers more intereſting than the affecting ſcenes of Hume or Hartſon. Their dogmatical deciſions imperceptibly ſubvert the principles or taſte, and injure ſociety by ſepreſſing that laudable curioſity, to whom we owe ſo much of our intellectual pleaſure.

The ancients juſtly engroſs a large ſhare of the admiration of all readers of taſte; but it is highly irrational to depreciate our modern writers, and without regarding intrinſic worth, indiſcriminately cenſure or applaud works according to the times they were produced in. Nature is liberal of her gifts in all ſeaſons, ſhe taught Shakespear and Corneille, Milton and Taſſo. Similar ſentiments tho' nurtured in different climes, diſpenſed the ſame tender ideas to the boſom of Hammond that inſpired the breaſt of Tibullus, and bid the penetrating genius of her Newton detect the errors of

his predeceſſors in philoſophic lore, enduing him with that enlightened diſcernment which reſcued knowledge from the abſtruſe pedantry of ſchools, led it forth in its original beauteous ſimplicity, and eſtabliſhed his ſyſtem on the immutable baſis of demonſtrative truth. A lively fancy and ſolid judgment are not the growth of any particular period. In the remoteſt ages, when groveling ſuperſtition and barbarous ignorance veiled the luſtre of knowledge from mankind, genius made many efforts to diſpel the gloom, often reared her head even in the recluſe cloiſter, viſited the hermit in his humble cell, and dwelt on the unfrequented heights of Snowdon or Mona with the ſolitary Druid. And could we look forward into time we ſhould doubtleſs ſee new Homers and new Drydens ariſe, and behold the connoiſſeurs of generations yet unborn contemplating the vivid ſtrokes and glowing colours of a future Correggio or Titian.

Taſte and candour are equally neceſſary to conſtitute judgment, which can never be unjuſt unleſs totally unbiaſſed. Prejudice and partiality effectually impede the progreſs of the polite arts, and by throwing a damp on the ardour of the genius, deſtroy that ſpirit of generous emulation which rouſes the latent powers of the mind, and ſtimulates them to action. Real genius like real merit is ever attended with diffidence, and ſeeks a kind ſupporting hand to lead it on. It reſembles a tender flower which requires the benign influence of warm ſunſhine, and ſerene ſkies to bring it to perfection: If early blighted by the chilling blaſts of envy or diſcouragement, it languiſhes, droops, and ſhrinks into obſcurity, without having unfolded its native beauty.

While the virtuoſo ſets proper ſtrictures to his favourite

vourite propenſity, the world will ſuffer him to purſue it in peace. He may contemplate a half defaced medal of Cleopatra with more delight than he does the animated features of the miſtreſs of his heart; examine his collection of foſſils and inſects, pore over his moth eaten manuſcripts, and torment the Royal Society with details of his wonderful diſcoveries uninterrupted; but when he expoſes the imbecillity of his underſtanding, by ſoaring beyond his ſphere, and ſtands forth the champion of error and falſe taſte, he ſets himſelf up a mark for the keen ſhafts of ridicule, and deſervedly incurs contempt and deriſion.

A

No. 59. Thurſday, November 1, 1770.

Verum enimvero is demum mihi vivere et frui anima videtur, qui aliquo negotio intentus, præclari facinoris aut artis bonæ famam quærit.

SALLUST.

THE FEMALE PARLIAMENT.

Veneris 3 die, Auguſti, 1770.

THE Upper Houſe met purſuant to adjournment.

ORDERED,

That a ſum not exceeding one ſhilling and ſeven pence halfpenny be levied on each member of both Houſes, to enable WILLIAM FLYN, Bookſeller to print in one volume duodecimo, the firſt fifty-nine numbers of his Speculations; and that the ſaid WILLIAM FLYN be ordered to ſupply each member

with

with the volume ſo printed, neatly bound and lettered, upon paying the additional ſum of one ſhilling.

Adjourned to Friday the 17th inſtant.

I have at length arrived at the fifty-ninth number of my Speculations, with which I intend to conclude the firſt volume. It may be expected, perhaps, that I ſhould make ſome apology to the Public for obtruding on them theſe my crudities, or endeavour at leaſt to give ſome reaſons in defence of my reſolution to print them, or attempt to prove, that they deſerve a place in the library of a man of taſte, or woman of faſhion. I have reviewed them again and again with all the coldneſs of a critic, and am perhaps as ſenſible of their defects, as pleaſed with ſome few beauties, which the vanity of an author may be allowed to diſcover in the favourite productions of his brain.

My partiality in their favour (which I muſt confeſs is very conſiderable) may however appear to be better founded, when I aſſure the Public, that I have been aſſiſted by ſome Gentlemen in this city, who hold no inconſiderable rank in literature, taſte and knowledge of the world. To thoſe I acknowledge myſelf much indebted; but they muſt excuſe me, if I ſpeak with more ſenſibility of the high honour ſome Ladies have done me in contributing their aid. Small indeed it has been; but a ſingle line from their dear hands is worth, in my mind, a volume from my male correſpondents. I requeſt a continuance of their favours, which I ſhall receive with the utmoſt gratitude.

With regard to the defects with which theſe Speculations may appear to ſome to abound, I beg it may be conſidered that moſt of thoſe Gentlemen who

have

have favoured me with their assistance, are engaged in the hurry of a public profession; that independently even of their business, avocations of various kinds both of necessity and pleasure, must distract that attention, which should be called up by every person, when he writes for the Public.

The variableness of the climate should also be taken into consideration. When every fibre of the body is relaxed, and every nerve unstrung by the everlasting humidity of the air, the mind too suffers, nor can all the efforts of the will produce a single stroke of gaiety, wit, or poignant ridicule. Unfortunately too those persons, whose bodies are cast in a finer mold, and whose nerves are endued with that exquisite sensibility which produces the quickness of feeling we call taste, sicken at a cloud, revive in sunshine, and their whole frame is more immediately and more violently affected with the changes of the atmosphere, than those, whose souls are congenial with their bodies, a rough clod of inanimated matter. It is also a great unhappiness, that those men, whose bodies require most of the salutary invigoration procured by exercise, should neglect the material part, as being unworthy of their attention; and hurried away by an insatiable thirst after knowledge, should increase to a painful extreme that mobility and delicacy of the nerves, which often borders on the most horrid of diseases.

Great allowances should also be made for a periodical Essay. The author may be very sensible of its deficiencies, and be very well inclined to retouch and polish his Speculations; but the Press will not wait, the paper must be finished at a certain hour, when

perhaps

perhaps ſome unfortunate accident has ruffled his temper. cut ſhort his train of reflections, and plunged him into 'chaos and endleſs night.' The clock ſtrikes. He ſeizes the pen, and dips it again and again in the ſooty fluid. He again ſtrains every nerve, and labours to recall his fleeting ideas—in vain—they paſs before him like the ghoſts of the night; he catches at them as they paſs, they elude his graſp;

He has them not, but yet he ſees them ſtill.

By repeated efforts his ſtrength is exhauſted, and his ſpirits ſink; the Printer's boy, black as his ink, calls out aloud for copy, nor is he allowed to wait for a propitious moment to enliven his productions, and diſplay the hand of a maſter.

Labouring under ſuch diſadvantages, I have amuſed the public twice a week for above ſeven months, and without puffing, or the uſual methods of increaſing the ſale of a paper, with the greateſt gratitude I declare it, my Speculations are read by a thouſand of his Majeſty's good ſubjects in the city and county of Cork. It may be ſaid, that the novelty of the ſcheme being the firſt of the kind ever attempted in this kingdom, has been the cauſe; but I am perſuaded that that alone, without ſome degree of merit, would by no means have inſured ſucceſs.

It may be aſked; what is the end propoſed in your Speculations? I anſwer, to entertain my readers and I hope inſtruct them; to laugh with good humour at the little foibles of both ſexes, correct every deviation from virtue, and take off the maſk from the allurements of vice; to eſtabliſh the rules of propriety and decorum, and illuſtrate the truths of morality and religion. I ſhall alſo endeavour to interſperſe a little criticiſm,

criticiſm, and explain ſome remarkable paſſages in the ancient and modern, poets, to excite the exertion of the judgment and improve the taſte. This is truly my aim, and though I fail in it, the attempt at leaſt is laudable, and I hope, deſerves encouragement. But if I ſhall be found to offend againſt decency or good manners; to diſguſt by coarſe buffoonery the delicacy of a refined taſte; to pollute by the moſt diſtant alluſion the purity of a virgin's thoughts, or by indulging in ill nature, perſonal reflection or private ſcandal, hurt, but for a moment, a worthy heart; may that ſupport, with which I am honoured, be denied me; may that favour, upon which I ſo pride myſelf, be withdrawn, and may I ſink for ever in the eſtimation of the public.

As a proof of the advantages that may be derived from my eſſays, I ſhall conclude with the following letter.

To Mr. FLYN.

SIR,

I return you my moſt ſincere thanks for the extraordinary cure my daughter has obtained by the uſe of your Speculations. I think it would be a cruelty and want of juſtice to you and mankind to conceal it, as it is a diſorder ſo common among young Ladies; I therefore incloſe her caſe, which you have my leave to publiſh. About the middle of November laſt, ſhe went to Dublin to ſpend the winter with a near relation, and was then a tall ſtrait girl. She had not been long in that city, when I heard from my neighbour *Tallibo*, who had viſited her, that ſhe had got ſuch a lightneſs and giddineſs in her head, that ſhe could not keep it ſteady for an inſtant. This was the

forerunner

forerunner of a more grievous ailment. When ſhe came home in April, I did not know her. She was afflicted with the epidemical diſorder of ROUND SHOULDERS which rendered her a moſt ſhocking ſpectacle to all who beheld her. She was, juſt as you deſcribe, doubled together like a woodlouſe; her head almoſt touched her knees; her ſhoulder-points met before; ſhe had'nt the leaſt ſign of a boſom, but there was a great hunch on her back. The beſt advice that could be had was procured, without the girl's receiving any benefit from it. She continued in this melancholy ſituation till laſt June, when fortunately it was recommended to me to try what a doſe of your Speculation No. 10, would do her. She took it with ſome reluctance, but it had a wonderful effect upon her; in a very ſhort time her natural ſhape appeared, and ſhe is now perfectly recovered, and has'nt the leaſt blemiſh on any part of her body. I hope all thoſe who are in the like unhappy circumſtances will apply to you, as they may be ſure of relief. I am, with great eſteem,

your moſt humble ſervant,

Kilkenny, July 20, 1770. THO. TROTTER.

*** Any perſon ſtill doubting of the efficacy of theſe Speculations, may (by applying to Mr. FLYN, at the Shakeſpear, Cork, the author and ſole proprietor, where they may be had at one penny each) be fully convinced of their good effect, by being referred to many people of credit, who have received the greateſt benefit from them.

N. B. They may be taken at any ſeaſon, day and night, without the leaſt inconvenience or hindrance of buſineſs.

§§ Beware of counterfeits, for ſuch are about.

THE END.

TRANSLATION

OF THE

MOTTOES.

No. I.

A generous ardour works within my breaſt,
Eager of action, and a foe to reſt;
Which urges me to *write*, and fires my mind
To leave a memorable name behind.

DRYDEN.

No. II.

On new uncommon pinions borne
To nobler heights I riſe;
My former ſhape and reſidence I ſcorn,
I kick the ſubject earth, and mount the upper ſkies.

ANONYM.

No. III.

Such is their toil, and ſuch their buſy pains,
As exerciſe the bees in flowery plains;
When winter paſt, and ſummer ſcarce begun,
Invites them forth to labour in the ſun;
Some lead their youth abroad, while ſome condenſe
Their liquid ſtore, and ſome in cells diſpenſe.
Some at the gate ſtand ready to receive
The golden burden, and their friends relieve.
And whilſt they emulate each other's deeds
The fragrant work with diligence proceeds.

DRYDEN.

No. IV.

And of herſelf the fair's the ſmalleſt part.

No. V.

Oh happy! if their happineſs they knew!

No. VI.

Bleſt were the race of man, if governed by the ſame benevolence which actuates Heaven!

No. VII.

A rightful doom, the laws of nature cry!
That the artificers of death ſhould die!

DRYDEN.

No. VIII.

For you I wiſh, for you I fear,
Expoſed to endleſs toils;
Thoſe ſhelves, and narrow ſtraits beware,
That lie between the iſles. ANONYM.

No. IX.

I lay without life's animating ſpring,
A dull, enervate, worthleſs, lumpiſh thing.

ANONYM.

No. X.

Of bodies chang'd to different forms I ſing.

DRYDEN.

No. XI.

New ways I muſt attempt, my humble name
To raiſe aloft, and wing my flight to fame.

DRYDEN.

No. XII.

Nor need we bluſh from even a foe to learn.

No. XIII.

We labour under complaints which admit of cure.

No. XIV.

Oh ſouls, in whom no heavenly fire is found!
Baſe minds, for ever groveling on the ground.

DRYDEN.

No.

No. XV.

The glory's more to keep than win the prize,
Chance may do one, in t'other merit lyes.

No. XVI.

It is the buſineſs of prudence to conciliate the affections of mankind, and apply them to our own purpoſes.

No. XVII.

— Serpents now more amity maintain,
From his own tribe the leopard does refrain.

TATE.

No. XVIII.

In the black ſhelter of the night they ſtab.

No. XIX.

Through various hazards and events.— DRYDEN.

No. XX.

Detached from crowds he breathes the pure ſerene,
And guiltleſs wanders through the rural ſcene.

No. XXI.

The path to peace is virtue.—— DRYDEN.

No. XXII.

— Let me ſharpen others, as the hone
Gives edge to razors ———— FRANCIS.

No. XXIII.

Here life's whole picture opens to the view.

No. XXV.

Laborious idleneſs our time employs.

No. XXVI.

There is a MODE in all things.——

No. XXVII.

For mortal woes a mortal heart muſt feel.

No. XXVIII.

The whole extent of nature is too ſmall
For the baſe calls of avarice —— No.

No. XXIX.

To catch the heart, the ſportive muſe
In fiction's form her theme purſues;
But underneath the gay diſguiſe
A wholeſome moral often lies.

No. XXX.

Why ſhall theſe favourite ancients dare to claim,
Not our excuſe, but honour, praiſe, and fame!

No. XXXI.

'Tis not for me ſuch conteſts to decide.

No. XXXII

He who malignant tears an abſent friend,
Or, when attack'd by others, won't defend;
Who trivial burſts of laughter ſtrives to raiſe,
And courts of prating petulance the praiſe;
Of things he never ſaw who tells his tale,
And friendſhip's ſecrets knows not to conceal,
This man is vile. —— FRANCIS.

No. XXXIII.

In ſhort, the race of various men admire
As various numbers; thee the ſofter lyre
Delights; this man approves the tragic ſtrain;
That joys in *Bion*'s keen ſatyric vein.
Three gueſts I have diſſenting at my feaſt,
Requiring each to gratify his taſte
With different food; what courſes muſt I chuſe?
What not? —— FRANCIS.

No. XXXIV.

We too the ſoul's immortal eſſence claim,
And our juſt ſhare of intellectual fame.

No. XXXV.

—The man whom real genius fires,
Whom the diviner ſoul of verſe inſpires,
Who talks true greatneſs—— FRANCIS.

No.

No. XXXVIII.

—Change their order and the words tranſpoſe,
Yet ſtill the poet's ſcatter'd limbs it ſhews.

FRANCIS.

No. XXXIX.

Now ſuck in wiſdom; for the veſſel, well
With liquor ſeaſon'd, long retains the ſmell.

FRANCIS.

No. XLI.

——— When, without it's weight,
The ſpirit roves abroad ——

FRANCIS.

No. XLII.

Nought without labour ——

No. XLIII.

With curls on curls they build the head before,
And mount it with a formidable tow'r.
A gianteſs ſhe ſeems; but, look behind,
And then ſhe dwindles to the pigmy kind.

DRYDEN.

No. XLIV.

Unguarded then each breaſt is open laid,
And, while the head's intent, the heart's betray'd;
Then baſe deſire of gain, then rage appears,
Quarrels and brawls ariſe, and anxious fears.

CONGREVE.

No. XLVI.

A learned lady ne'er ſhall be my choice.

No. XLVIII.

In the four ſeaſons of the circling year
The ſeveral ſcenes of waſting life appear.

No. XLIX.

Our hearts are won by neatneſs.—

No.

No. LIII.

At the firſt glance my ſoul was loſt.

No. LIV.

Be mine, amid the breezy grove,
In ſacred ſolitude to rove;
To ſee the nymphs and ſatyrs bound,
Light dancing, through the mazy round;—

FRANCIS.

No. LVII.

An honeſt, faithful heart, ſweet manners, and genuine modeſty are the wife's beſt recommendation to her huſband—

No. LVIII.

With cold contempt they treat the living bard;
The dead alone can merit their regard.

FRANCIS.

No. LIX.

He alone ſeems to me to live, and enjoy his exiſtence, who exerts his faculties, and ſtrives to eſtabliſh a name by uſeful arts, or illuſtrious action.

Errata.

Page 15. Line 18. For *aſſent* read *aſcent*, page 16, line 5. For *precepitant*, read *precipitant*. Page 191, Line the laſt, but one, for *thaught* read *taught*.

Some others may poſſibly occur, which the kind reader will excuſe.